News Compendium

Volume 14 - 2013 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 Subj: WHAT A BAD YEAR

Tuesday, Jan 01, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!! i hope you are starting your new year off right and not like last year which was a bad year and one i am in a race to forget!!

My first job of 2012 was over when we were sitting in Ronny's roofing truck waiting for work to begin and he said he stinks today and we laughed and I said "Yes You Are Like A Knight Of Bad Smells" but he thought i meant a "Night" of bad smells which he thought to be an adult thing and he fired me on the spot so i walked home. then i remembered i left my lunch in his truck and walked back a couple hours later but he ate my lunch too. Boo on Ronny thumbs down.Lunch eater

I also worked at a newspaper phone office calling around asking people if they wanted the paper at their house. it was a bad job because almost everyone said no, then i would say "Well What If I Guarantee It" and most people would still say no but a few people would say "Guarantee What?" and then i would hang up because i don't know

i lost a lot of friends this year as well, most notably the animals at the zoo that i befriended by going every single week for a while. tickets got real expensive so i brought a big orange cooler full of sports drinks from my truck and told the ticket lady "This Is The Medicine For The Baboons" and they let me in for free. then i sat in the back of the zoo drinking all the liquid so they would think the baboons had their medicine and it would take me pretty much all day and i would walk out of there a big bloated man. well i forgot my cooler in the zoo so now i can't do that anymore

List Of Things I Buried In 2012:

- A rat named Angelo. rip
- "Exercise" "bike"
- A photo of me hugging the mailman
- A photo of me hugging the mailman's mail car (i was very happy to get my mail on the same day my neighbor Little Toe got a new camera)
- Realistic Iguana (scared me)
- No Fear shirt (I got scared anyway what a bad shirt)
- Mannequin
- A Working Stereo Playing Halloween Sounds (i buried it to see if i could tape it to my idiot neighbor's sewer pipe and have scary sound effects come out of his toilet like a big speaker. i don't think it worked because he never complained about it)
- Bigger Mannequin that someone drew a face on (Horrifying)

I'm done thinking about the year 2012 what a mess!!!!!! Barf!!!!!! GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!!

1.2 Top Holodeck Programs

Wednesday, Jan 02, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Now displaying the most popular programs in the holodeck simulation library...

Accuracy Challenge
Stand on a circular platform beside a sagely 19th-century cowboy and shoot at flying triangles. At Level 2 Difficulty, you must work to outshoot and outword the cowboy as a poetry composition component is introduced. At Level 3 Difficulty, the cowboy has a larger, more distracting mustache.

Gorn Honeymoon
A challenging relationship simulator that tasks you with taming the heart of a savage Gorn warrior all in the ultimate goal of making it to a romantic honeymoon.

Worf's Calisthenics Program2
Upgraded version of Commander Worf's Calisthenics Program. The Skull Monsters are now wearing diapers and the swamp creatures are beautiful, well-endowed women.

Game Night
Play a variety of popular games with historical figures Mark Twain, Stephen Hawking and Albert Einstein. Choose from a large selection of games, including Gin Rummy, Poker, Strip Poker, Vulcan Checkers, Competitive Eating, Truth or Dare, Romulan Arm Wrestling, Cardassian Musical Chairs, and Pin the Tail on the Donkey.

Equestrian Adventure III
New courses and landscapes brings the popular Equestrian Adventure series to unbridled heights. Outrun the rape gangs of Turkana IV, ride nude across the pleasure beaches of Risa. New features allow you to breed and name horses and trade them with friends. Purchase additional saddles, outfits and tracks from the Equestrian Adventures Store.

Sherlock Holmes Mysteries
Escape to a simpler time as you assume the role of Earth's most famous detective and match wits against the villainous Moriarty, who, due to past technical difficulties, has been replaced by a raging Skull Monster.

Barclay Program 9
An Orion slave girl electrocutes your genitals in this program designed to test the limits of pleasure and pain.

Baseball Game
Play the popular human sport of Baseball. Choose from dozens of teams to join, including 1920s gangsters, 1950s lounge singers, 1860s cowboys, 1940s hardboiled detectives and 1960s jazz singers.

Comedy Night Build up personal confidence by performing stand-up comedy in front of an audience of angry African-American humans from the late 20th-century. Try to win their favor before they summon the enigmatic Wendigo, a hideous creature from Algonquian mythology that consumes the flesh of man.

The Pleasure Maze of Quarn Naz'rk
Quarn Na'rk sets the gold standard for Pleasure Mazes by eliminating most of the maze and replacing it with additional pleasure.

Quick Wits
Unwind in an invigorating mud bath while testing your intellect against a hairy nude man in this authentic recreation of Parallax Colony. At higher difficulties, the hairy man is even wittier, and significantly closer in proximity.

Computer, access simulation "Tellarite Pizza Party."

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

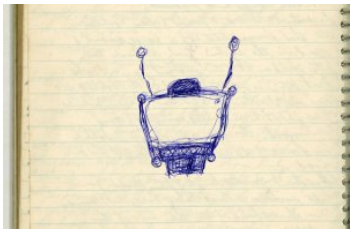
1.3 Reality Journal

Thursday, Jan 03, 2013 by Dream Self (@notoriousamoeba)

12/1/12

Total daymare last afternoon. I waked I saw all the monsters from my nightmares, but in human form, as coworkers, family members, and random people on the street. I wanted to run away but couldn't, due to a combination of social mores and anxiety. For hours the monsters tortured me in the subtle methods of the waking world - e.g. talking about sports, telling me about their weekends or comparing me unfavorably to siblings. Finally, I remembered there was a potion that would make them go away, located in the vodka aisle of a liquor store. I drank it and sure enough all the monsters started avoiding me, but so did everyone else, including the handful of people I actually wanted to talk to. Somehow I got the idea that I could reverse this by drinking more of the potion. I don't think it worked, although I'm not positive, since the rest of the nondream is mostly a blur.

12/4/12



Weird nondream last day. I was at the gym and saw that cute blonde I sometimes hook up with before she turns into a pile of mannequin parts. But I walked by her, she didn't talk to me. Granted, she usually doesn't before we have sex, but this time it seemed like it was because we didn't know each other, not because she was a hazy apparition whose mouth sometimes drips off her face. I also got the impression that if I talked to her this muscular guy on the leg press would rip me in half. Strangely, none of this seemed surprising to me at the time.

12/7/12

Yesterday I waked I was fighting monsters, exploring castles, and saving princesses - all the things I normally do in dreams - except I was doing these things on a screen, in an empty room with holes in the walls. It seemed like I was on both sides of the screen, having the adventure and watching myself - a sort of nondream-within-a-nondream if you will. The me inside the screen was handsome and muscular with spiky hair and a giant sword. The me outside the screen was ugly and ectomorphic with thinning hair and a bag of Doritos.

Ostensibly the handsome me was trying to save a kingdom from an evil old wizard. But it felt like his real purpose was to distract the nonhandsome me from his memories, surroundings and unhandsomeness. Both of these tasks involved clocks, one inside the screen that wasn't supposed to run out and one outside the screen that was, over and over again, until I resembled the old wizard. Needless to say, I was really glad when I finally fell asleep. I'm never fighting monsters or saving princesses again if this is the kind of stuff it makes me wake about.

12/10/12

Bizarre lucid waking experience. I was sitting in a room and my body felt fluid and weightless and everything looked blurry and distorted like it does in dreams. Unfortunately the sensation faded after a few minutes. It seems I'd produced it by inhaling something called "Glass-O." Spent the next few hours vomiting.

–∼Dream Self (@notoriousamoeba)

1.4 The Children's Novelization of "Hansel & Gretel: Witch Hunters"

Friday, Jan 04, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hansel and Gretel were the children of a poor wood-cutter and his pretty wife. When Hansel and Gretel's mother died he married an even sexier wife who was very mean to them. One day, the children went deep into the forest against their father's wishes and discovered a cottage made of gingerbread, chocolates, cakes and candies.

An evil witch was using the house to lure them in so she could fatten them up and eat them. She captured them briefly, but they were very quick and clever and managed to throw her into the oven and baked her alive! As she screamed they felt a great victory had been won.

"This is something I could get used to," said Hansel and he lit a cigar from the burning witch.

They purchased some folding swords, collapsible rotary anti-witch shotguns, exploding boomerangs, razor-sharp steel wires, automatic crossbows, blade launchers, and everything else they could find left over from *Van Helsing*. Rather than returning home to the house they shared with their father, who had been killed by their witch stepmother, they decided to hunt witches.

At first it was difficult, because they were only children, but in a rapid series of Ewok-style attacks they honed their skills even as they developed more and more powerful anti-witch weaponry to fire directly at you in 3D. Soon they were professional witch hunters with good trigger discipline and lots of attitude.

The legend of their talents spread throughout the land and witches became afraid and children were free to roam the woods. Children were safe to eat candy they found in the forest and climb down every dark gulley and wriggle through the most perilous crevasse. Their bed times were extended past midnight, candy was enjoyed for every meal and every boy and girl could follow any stranger anywhere.

Then children began to disappear in a small village and Hansel and Gretel, who were by then famous and very sexy, were hired to deal with the witches and bring back the children. Using their tracking skills they followed the witches to a gingerbread castle and crept up to the candy window. Inside the most evil of all witches was explaining that the children were going to be used to create a super witch, one that could eat all the world's children at once, and in two moons it would be ready.

Hansel and Gretel knew they could not assault the witch's lair directly, so they began to formulate a plan for a commando style raid. While they were planning a sexy village woman distracted Hansel. Seeking to prove herself, Gretel followed a witch into a house and was taken by a group of powerful witches. She was wearing a corset.

Meanwhile, the sexy woman with Hansel was a witch and she attacked him in her underwear! He wasted her using a special move! Hansel realized he had been tricked and had to rescue Gretel. Meanwhile, Gretel was told the secret plan to use her blood to start the giant witch in just one moon. The head witch was extra sexy and exhibited some lesbian tendencies in a creepy fashion.

Hansel was so mad that he came up with a plan to use dynamite on the witches. This allowed him to blow many witches to bloody chunks. In a very long battle he exhausted all his weapons and combat moves and kicked a witch's head off with a blade in his boot!

He had almost defeated every witch in the gingerbread castle, but the head witch started laughing. Some of Hansel's blood from the fighting had landed on the giant witch. She woke up and roared! Hansel tried to fight her but he was too tired. The giant witch swallowed him whole!

Gretel was very upset. She escaped and started fighting the giant witch too. She was doing pretty good but then there was a move the giant witch did and she knew she was going to lose!

Suddenly the giant witch exploded and her guts flew everywhere! Hansel jumped out! He had used the dynamite to explode the giant witch from the inside. He and his sister both picked up guns and blasted the head witch back to hell!

They both lit cigars and looked at all the carnage.

"I could get used to this," said Gretel in a callback to the beginning. The dead head witch moved like she was still alive and they blasted her dead body to pieces!

All the kids were safe throughout the world.

THE END...?

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.5 Comic Book Pop Quiz: What's Spider-Man Been Up To?

Saturday, Jan 05, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'm going to present you with a few Spider-Man storylines. Only one of them is the real deal, an actual plot that took place in the pages of a Spider-Man comic book within the last ten years. The remaining arcs are fakes. Can you spot the genuine storyline? The answer can be found at the end of the article.

A) An excited Spider-Man runs into the street to catch a tennis ball in Excited Spider-Man issue #50. He yelps as a car collides with him, then runs him over. Surrounded by his loved ones, Spider-Man dies on a hospital bed later that evening. He comes back from the afterlife six months later when Mary Jane Watson cries real hard.

B) Doctor Octopus has swapped minds with Spider-Man using a mechanical octopus mind machine. Doc Ock's failing body dies, taking Peter Parker along with it. He is now dead as hell. Upon Peter's death, Doctor Octopus promises to be a good guy because he downloaded Peter Parker's ethics. With an octopus computer. Also, somehow Mary Jane has no clue that Peter is not Peter. She is dating (and presumably having sex with) Doctor Octopus without knowing it, and that is not presented as a big deal.

C) A bad guy fights with Spider-Man. It looks like the bad guy might win, but then Spider-Man wins.

D) Spider-Man finds out that the radioactive spider that bit him had specifically targeted him, intentionally turning him into a mystical figure representing a totemic spider god. Nearly all of Spider-Man's enemies are bound to spirit animals of their own, all natural enemies of the spider. Spider-Man takes a nap in a web cocoon and has a trippy spirit journey that gives him new powers.

E) Spider-Man's identity becomes public knowledge. It's broadcast around the world that Peter Parker is a superhero, and the Marvel universe changes forever. Well, at least until Mary Jane makes a deal with the devil (Mephisto) which makes everyone magically forget that Spider-Man's identity was ever revealed.

F) Peter Parker's beloved Aunt May is dying. He makes a deal with Mephisto to give up his marriage with Mary Jane in exchange for his aunt's life. All of his memories of their relationship are wiped away.

G) Spider-Man is eating at a fancy restaurant in full costume. He has ordered the lobster thermidor. However, he regrets his decision. What he wants now is an order of chicken fingers and curly fries. Unfortunately, it's too late to turn back. Spider-Man summons Mephisto and makes a deal: In exchange for Spider-Man's powers and all of his memories, Mephisto will alter history so that Spider-Man ordered the chicken fingers and curly fries.

H) Everyone in New York gets Spider-Man's powers. What the heck, why not? Manhattan is now called Spider Island. A group of terrorists (emboldened by their new superpowers) attacks the United Nations headquarters. Thankfully, Frog Man is on the case. He gathers the Avengers and together they take on a terrorist named Flag-Smasher.

I) When Peter Parker attempts to sell a photograph of his homemade vegetarian pizza to the Daily Bugle, editor in chief Jonah Jameson flips his shit.

Jonah lays into Peter, screaming up a storm and biting his cigar assertively. Peter Parker dies. When sightings of Spider-Man drop, Jonah begins to wonder if there was some connection between the friendly neighborhood web slinger and his dead photographer. Peter's ghost summons an annoyed Mephisto. They strike a deal: Peter Parker will come back to life, and in exchange he will not remember having died.

J) Friendships crumble! Alliances fall! When Spider-Man buys himself a fedora, the entire Marvel universe is thrown into chaos. His closest allies try to convince him to drop the hat but their well-meaning pleas fall on deaf ears. Spider-Man has drawn a line in the sand. On one side is his fedora, and on the other side is everything else in the universe. This epic 6-month crossover event can not be missed. When the dust settles, nothing will be the same.

So, which of the above was real?

The answer:

I lied. All of these were actual story arcs.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.6 Indie Band or D&D Monster

Monday, Jan 07, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You like to think you're "hip" and "with it" and "not a dorkus," but can you tell an indie band from a Dungeons & Dragons monster? We don't believe you, so we have set up a quiz to test your pop culture knowledge.

Every item on the quiz is either the name of an indie band or a monster from Dungeons & Dragons. Click the answer beneath each name to get the truth. None included are both. To keep you guessing, the word "The" has been eliminated from band names and the monsters have been randomly made plural. Good luck. Dorkus.

- Aberfeldy
- Avi Buffalo
- Peryton
- Wax Stag
- Ultra Dolphins
- Blink Dog
- Owlbear
- Gold Panda
- Guulvorg
- Purple Worms
- Seabear
- Shambling Mound
- Mountain Goats
- Goat
- Valley Elves
- Wolfmother
- Malajube
- Pale Saints
- Spirit Dragon
- Plaid Dragon
- Karkwa
- Dire Corby
- Local Rabbits
- Tigers That Talked
- Tusk Terror
- Summer Cat
- Arctic Monkeys
- Mockery Bugs
- Blackwing
- Rock Reptiles

How many did you get right? Check the following chart to determine your grade:

No. of Correct Answers	**Grade**
0 - 5	Dorkus
6 - 10	Dorkus
11 - 15	Dorkus
16 - 25	Dorkus
26 - 30	*Dorkus*

1

2

3

PERYTON

FREQUENCY: *Rare*
NO. APPEARING: 2-8
ARMOR CLASS: 7
MOVE: *12''/21''*
HIT DICE: *4*
% IN LAIR: *10%*
TREASURE TYPE: *B*
NO. OF ATTACKS: *1*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *4-16*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *+2 to*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *+1 or weapon to h*
MAGIC RESISTANCE: *Standard*
INTELLIGENCE: *Average*
ALIGNMENT: *Chaotic evil*
SIZE: *M*
PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
Attack/Defense Modes: *Nil*

Perytons dwell in rocky hills or mountainous regions. They are omnivorous creatures of the weirdest appearance, likely the result of the same type of experimentation as brought about the owlbear.

4

5

6

BLINK DOG

FREQUENCY: *Rare*
NO. APPEARING: *4-16*
ARMOR CLASS: *5*
MOVE: *12''*
HIT DICE: *4*
% IN LAIR: *20%*
TREASURE TYPE: *C*
NO. OF ATTACKS: *1*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *1-6*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *From rear 75% of time*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Teleporting*
MAGIC RESISTANCE: *Standard*
INTELLIGENCE: *Average*
ALIGNMENT: *Lawful, good*
SIZE: *M (3' at sh*
PSIONIC ABILITY:
Attack/Defens Modes

These brown and [illegible] cre[illegible] as normal humans and have a fairly complex langua[illegible]sting of barks, yaps, whines, and growls. They are also able to use a limited form of teleportation (the blink). In attack, pack members will blink in and out in a random fashion at random intervals, teleporting individuals having a 75% chance of

7

OWLBEAR

FREQUENCY: *Rare*
NO. APPEARING: *2-5*
ARMOR CLASS: *5*
MOVE: *12''*
HIT DICE: *5 + 2*
% IN LAIR: *30%*
TREASURE TYPE: *C*
NO. OF ATTACKS: *3*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *1-6/1-6/2-12*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *Hug*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Nil*
MAGIC RESISTANCE: *Standard*
INTELLIGENCE: *Low*
ALIGNMENT: *Neutral*
SIZE: *L (8' tall)*
PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
Attack/Defens Mode

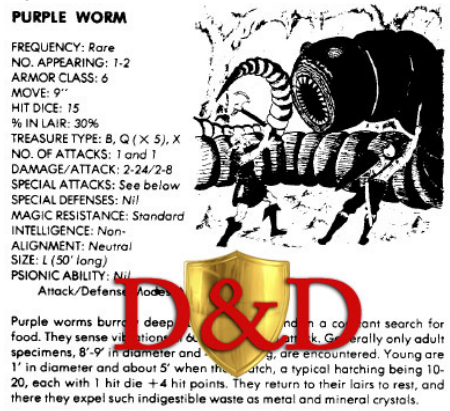
The horrible owlbe is pro[illegible]genetic ex[illegible]rimentation by some insane wizar[illegible] Thes[illegible]re [illegible]he jungle forest regions of every temperate clime, as we[illegible]editerranean labyrinths. They are ravenous eaters, aggressive hunte[illegible]d evil tempered at all times. They attack prey on sight and will fight to the death.

8

9

GUULVORG
The mouth of this gigantic black wolf can't contain the scythelike fangs that emerge from the top and bottom. Bony protrusions jut from its spine, skull, and ribs, running down its serpentine tail, which ends in a bulb of bone. The creature's eyes burn with a malevolent red glow.
D&D
Guulvorg

10



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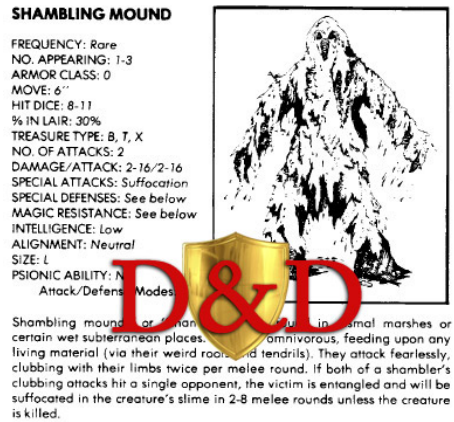
SHAMBLING MOUND
FREQUENCY: Rare
NO. APPEARING: 1-3
ARMOR CLASS: 0
MOVE: 6"
HIT DICE: 8-11
% IN LAIR: 30%
TREASURE TYPE: B, T, X
NO. OF ATTACKS: 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-16/2-16
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Suffocation
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below
INTELLIGENCE: Low
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
SIZE: L
PSIONIC ABILITY:
Attack/Defens Modes
D&D
Shambling moun or marshes or certain wet subterranean places. omnivorous, feeding upon any living material (via their weird roo d tendrils). They attack fearlessly, clubbing with their limbs twice per melee round. If both of a shambler's clubbing attacks hit a single opponent, the victim is entangled and will be suffocated in the creature's slime in 2-8 melee rounds unless the creature is killed.

13

14

GOAT

FREQUENCY: Uncommon
NO. APPEARING: 5-20
ARMOR CLASS: 7
MOVE: 15"
HIT DICE: 1+2
% IN LAIR: Nil
TREASURE TYPE: Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-3
SPECIAL ATTACKS: Charge
SPECIAL DEFENSES: Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Standard
INTELLIGENCE: Animal
ALIGNMENT: Neutral
SIZE: M
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil
Attack/Defense Modes:
Nil/nil
LEVEL/X.P. VALUE:
II/24 + 2/hp

Goats inhabit area[s] of scru[b] [h]ills, and in mountainous regions. All attac[ks] only i[f] [go]ats may charge, thereby gaining +2 on their to-hit roll [and] 1-2 points of damage. A herd will consist of 1-2 bucks a[nd] 1-2 does, and the remainder will be kids (noncombatants).

15

Valley Elf

FREQUENCY: Very rare
NO. APPEARING: 10-40 (20-240)
ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVE: 12"
HIT DICE: 1+2
% IN LAIR: 10%
TREASURE TYPE: Individuals M, N; in lair G, S, T
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: By weapon type or 1-10
SPECIAL ATTACK: +1 with bow or sword
SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE: 90% to charm and sleep only
INTELLIGENCE: High and up
ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral
SIZE: M (5 1/2'+ tall)
PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil*
Attack/Defense Modes: Nil/nil*
LEVEL/X.P. VALUE:
III/65 + 2/hp
(average individuals only)

* Possible in unusual characters

Whether a separate race of elvenkind or whether simply an offshoot of gray elves, the elves of the Valley of the Mage (valley elves) have distinctive features and characteristics. As tall as most humans, they are thin and have sharp a[nd] [fe]atures. They are reclusive and resent intrusion[s] [of] [an]y kind. [Ne]utral in alignment. Otherwise, they [te]nd to [ch]aracteristics as gray elves, although they do not use s[pe]cial abilities as far as is known. All other sorts of elv[es] incl[ud]ing [dr]ow, [Sh]un valley elves. The latter, in turn, dislike as[so]ciation with any races save perhaps gnomekind, whom they tolerate[] [w]ith respect to type of habitat, composition of a group, weaponry, and special abilities, valley elves follow the statistics found in MONSTER MANUAL I, "Elf" (q.v.).

16

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19

Shen Lung *(Spirit Dragon)*

FREQUENCY: *Rare*
NO. APPEARING: *1–4*
ARMOUR CLASS: *1*
MOVE: *12"/12"/9"*
HIT DICE: *9–11*
% IN LAIR: *60%*
TREASURE TYPE: *H*
NO. OF ATTACKS: *4*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *1–4/1–4/2–24/1–8*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *Spells – see below*
SPECIAL DEFENCES: *See below*
MAGIC REISTANCE: *Standard*
INTELLIGENCE: *High*
ALIGNMENT: *Chaotic neutral*
SIZE: *L (48" long)*
PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
Attack/Defence Modes:
LEVEL/X.P. VALUE:
9HD: VII/1,400 + 12 p
10HD: VII/2,[illegible] + 14
11HD: VII/3,[illegible]

The most common oriental dra[gon] shen lung are wingless, long and four-footed, with a spiked back and tail, whiskers and two horns on the head. Inside the brain is an inextractable magical organ which gives shen lung the ability to fly.

20

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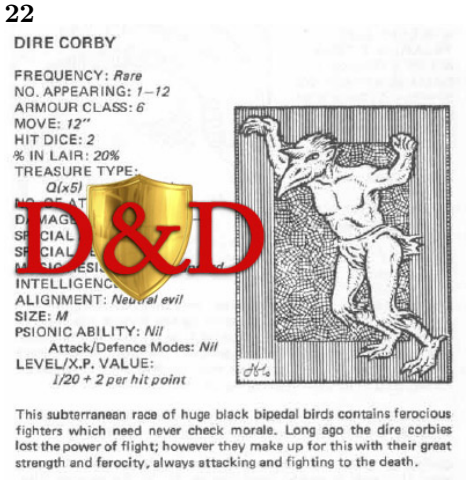
DIRE CORBY

FREQUENCY: *Rare*
NO. APPEARING: *1–12*
ARMOUR CLASS: *6*
MOVE: *12"*
HIT DICE: *2*
% IN LAIR: *20%*
TREASURE TYPE:
Q(x5)
INTELLIGENCE:
ALIGNMENT: *Neutral evil*
SIZE: *M*
PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
Attack/Defence Modes: *Nil*
LEVEL/X.P. VALUE:
1/20 + 2 per hit point

This subterranean race of huge black bipedal birds contains ferocious fighters which need never check morale. Long ago the dire corbies lost the power of flight; however they make up for this with their great strength and ferocity, always attacking and fighting to the death.

23

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TUSK TERROR

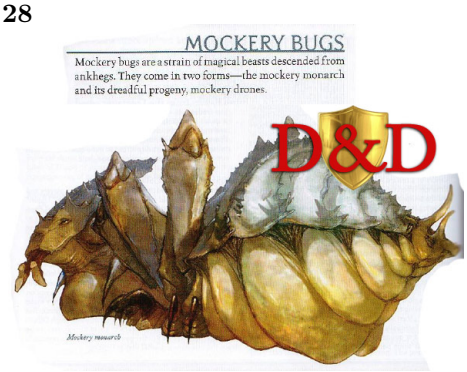
Though this creature resembles an angry wild boar, its eyes glint with a dark intelligence. The beast bears a long, flexible tail and wide-set serrated tusks that glisten with spittle. Bulges of muscle ripple beneath its mottled fur as it charges.

Tusk terror

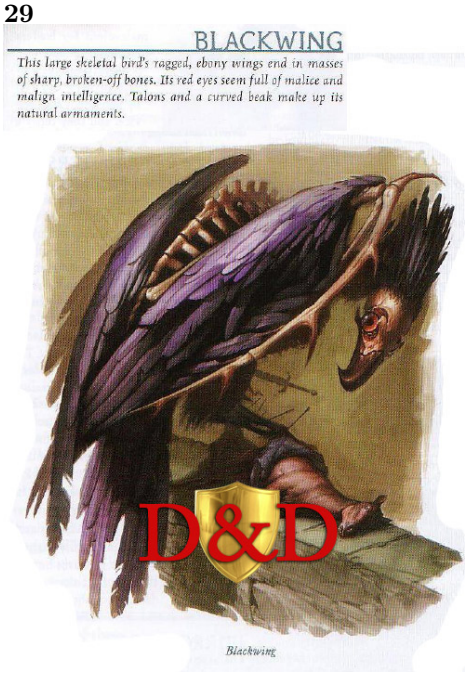
26

27

28


MOCKERY BUGS
Mockery bugs are a strain of magical beasts descended from ankhegs. They come in two forms—the mockery monarch and its dreadful progeny, mockery drones.
D&D

29


BLACKWING
This large skeletal bird's ragged, ebony wings end in masses of sharp, broken-off bones. Its red eyes seem full of malice and malign intelligence. Talons and a curved beak make up its natural armaments.
D&D
Blackwing

30

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.7 Why our Downton Abbey/Football Party Failed

Tuesday, Jan 08, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Dear Roommate,
I know you really wanted to watch playoff football on Sunday with all your friends, so thank you so much for sharing the living room and TV with me for Downton Abbey. I think our combination of parties could really work, but I have a few minor suggestions.

- It's cool that you want to role play to get into the world of my favorite show, but you can't deem yourself the Lord of the Apartment for the whole party. It's not fair. Especially when your first rule is to turn off Downton Abbey.
- Since I bought all the beer it would be nice if you called it Ale rather than Brewskies. Just has that olde tyme flare you know, unlike, say, the contest to see who could crush the most cans on their head during the opening credits to the season premier.
- When we're watching football and you're the Lord, I'm called your "House Servant." Not "Sandwich Bitch." Not "Victorian Virgin." Just "House Servant." I understand your want to show class distinction, but it loses it's fun when you're all yelling names and throwing cheese cubes at me.
- My porridge went completely untouched because your friends brought Taco Bell Variety Pack Boxes. Not Historically Accurate!
- The three sisters have names. Mary, Edith, and Sybil. Not Hottest, Mole Face Rat, and Second Hottest.
- The 1920s is not the "Gayest Generation." If you have to call it anything, try The Jazz Age.
- The show has a lot of subtle dialogue that can easily go unnoticed when you all compete to see who can give me the worst purple nurple.
- Please give it one more try. Soon a boastful "Huzzah!" will feel natural whenever your squad kicks one through the up-rights!
- It's really hard to follow the plots when you guys keep chanting for Lady Mary Crawley to "whip her t--s out." She's not that kind of lady and this is not that kind of show.
- When it's my turn to be the Lord of the Apartment, you can't immediately get your friends to go on strike. People didn't do that. Servants never gave their bosses noogies!

- No, she doesn't look like a cheerleader, but I can still like Violet, The Dowager Countess of Grantham for her witty banter and sharp personality instead of how much I want to "bang" or "f---" her. Life is more than "bang"ing and "f---"ing you know.
- The marks on my cheek are from acne and I'm just small statured. Calling me a smallpox ridden son of a pauper is inaccurate and totally does *not* hurt my feelings in the slightest.
- When your squad scores, you guys can't jump up and bump bellies. I didn't enforce the seams of the wool outfits enough, so you got to be gentle.
- If you must order another pizza, you don't have to tell the delivery boy that you're stuck in Grandma Story Snore Zone and you shouldn't have offered him a $10 tip to hold me down while you wrote "World's Biggest Grumpy Baby" on my forehead.
- FYI I've done the research and there is no Victorian gesture of putting your testicles on someone's neck while they try to watch elderly women drink tea. It's just gross.

See you next Sunday!!!

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.8 District Bulletin: Missing Person

Wednesday, Jan 09, 2013 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Reader, I trust that you have time to stop at this postpole and read this document. Our District is quiet. Dorroile has not been spied in months. His legion of tramps do not sing his songs, but shuffle past most ghostly like breezed leafs. Children are placid and understimulated; without their cherubish wriggling, Hairbank has lost his zeal to eat them. Mary, the bad lady, has laid down her scams. We do not know where Dorroile is gone.

We are very glad to not have him. He was the Worst Guy, and his gay mischief rained soaking ridicule upon us all. It is good that Dorroile has left. Nobody misses him. However, Your Superiors are required to document his absence so diligent, as with any missing fellow. In this Bulletin, as our constitution requires, a panel of superiors will offer opinions as to what might have become of our hated man.

James Feiche, Superior for Protection & Warding

Humbly do I posit that Dorroile has become, like our most older enemy Croisquessein, invisible and even nonexistent. They sinister two now are leagued as cofoulers, haunting our affairs with ill deeds, misplacing items, tripping us up on invisible obstacles so we fall on the street into a heap of discardage most rank and are remembered gaily by all assembled laughers-on for years.

Such a nonexistent duo, when mathematic notions are applied, might cause a plural depravity of mayhem. Contemplate this miserable development and you will see that I should now be paid very much more. Logic shows that double money for me is now required. With a bigger car and richer foods and fine gloves of oiled lamb's ear, I would find these men, or prove that they do not exist.

Weyre Asb, Superior for Discipline

Perhap it is with fear that Dorroile has beat a hasty one. Fear of my long wicked nails, which I have honed to righteous claws to scratch bloody justice on his face. My awful claws curl and yellow for

want of his victual softbits. He has seen how bad they got. He has run into the hills to weep and whine, to cry at the moon for Swimp's mercy. But no cookie-sweet bunnybear can ease his heart, for the gravity of justice tugs it toward my gnarly knives until it pulls at his chest so terribly.

Or it could be he left, and simply went to another place. I will keep my awful nails long for his return.

Hairbank, Superior for Education

I know what you ask. I did not eat Dorroile. I should remember had I eat him, because always I wanted to eat Dorroile. I want to eat all men, but with some particular zest did I yearn to eat him. I hate Dorroile because he does not fear me, and I love him too for it, but I would rather eat him than love him. But I have not ripped him up to stuff in me or I would recall it.

I hate Dorroile, and I love him. Once, deep in winter, in the woods outside this Weep, I had chop down a wolf with my hand. I had but leant down for mine first bite when, from no place, BOOP, Dorroile twist tip of my penis and skip away whooping.

I do not know where man Dorroile is gone. If he should wander to North, my people sure would eat him. I hope this is what.

Dr. Henboss Toots, Superior for Medicine

If you ask me from the medicine perspective: there is no medicine reason why a man should disappear. The component areas of a man-- the arm, the hand, a foot-- may disappear from getting caught in a thing, but a whole man cannot, or he would still just be intact. A man cannot become separated from himself, in the sense of medicine. If an entire man is missing, you see, the entire part of him is but someplace else.

This is what maybe is the case with Dorroile. To speak medically, his whole body is elsewhere. He is not missing, so to speak, just in a place where the location of his entire body is unknown.

Oart Toadgrave, Superior for Zoo Keeping

Our Zoo has too suffered a disappearal. Our big precious woodsbear, Hoague X, my favorite big lovely black baby, has took leave from his pen for quite some months. I have not counted how long to be exact, because in the start of it for many weeks I thought Hoague X would be right back any time (sometimes he fancy a stroll).

My supposal I tell you now: could Hoague X and Dorroile be off gone together? The two found acquaintance many months ago, when Dorroile would leap into the Hoague X enclosure to try to be killed, because of that prank where he would die [Note from Your Superiors: more on this horror to come]. But Hoague X would not kill Dorroile, or anyone, because Hoague X abhors a carnage and lives but to sleep and party. And so does Dorroile, so the two of them would do quite a lot of that, and yell and groan into the night smoking cigarettes and drinking Sour Clam Rum, the both of them, and peesleep all over the place inevitably.

I wonder that maybe did Dorroile take Hoague X, his friend, away to journey? I cry because I miss Hoague X, and I wish our sweet bear is happy. And I hope in his long gad, Dorroile has a friend [Note from Your Superiors: Dorroile has no friends].

Claude Fantsy, Head Better Superior

I think I know this. Dorroile has not been eaten by the North Man Hairbank. Dorroile fears no man's claw, and he is not invisible or nonexistent nor medically missing. Dorroile might have a bear.

Dorroile has left our District. Dorroile has gone because I am beaten. With his last trick, a masterpiece of the jokelaw's craft, I was chessmated so gravely that the mischief can never be

surpassed. Months ago, Dorroile gulled me most ingeniously into declaring him dead, and then threatened to make himself veritably and violently body-dead so I, your Claude, might be held responsible for his death (since a man can't die twice). In traffic he darted; Hairbank he tweaked; bears did he party with. Hostage to his rough whimsy, I was forced to meet his moon-beloved requests.

By Dorroile's demand, my fancy dinner is now carried to me in the foamy mouth of a dog (I do not, such is the insult, even get to choose which dog). By his demand, my great humiliations-- the "novel man experiences" of my wife-- have been turned into a quite very successful motion picture comedy called Big Engulfing Happy Wife. Each morning, I must lick the awful statue he erected in front of the Weep of Desperation. I am required at all times to do his awful dance.

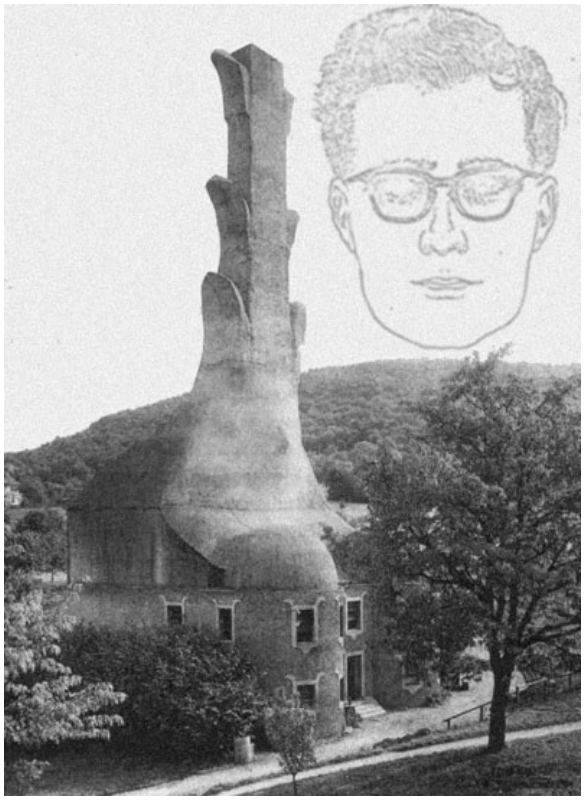
He promised to never stop humiliating me, and he never will. In our Weep, once the center of all honor and fine good governance, a nude and leering portrait of our Worst Guy has now been hung. Somehow, its closed eyes follow me where I walk. There is even a smaller one of that painting in the toilet, so they may also follow me through my intimate doings and leavings.

And so your Claude must suffer it all so smilingly for now and ever, for all my life. I cannot resign my position and suffer humiliation in private, or through his shut eyes he would somehow know. I know that Dorroile will be back if I shirk my punishment. And if The Worst Guy returns, his humiliations will rain down double on us all.

Your Head Better Superior advises you that Dorroile is gone. All things will now happen as planned. Disruptions will henceforth be minimal. This Bulletin, along with any prior Bulletins publicizing his lunar antics, will soon be stricken from our archive. His name shall not be spoken; offenders will be tethered to the pole. Should a wide-eyed youngmartin visit the Weep, and should that youngmartin ask "who is that, the nude man who is drawn so awful, who seems to dance so gruesome even frozen in paint, who defeats the room with his shut-eyed gaze, who humiliates us with his fading portrait," you are advised to answer, "that was the Worst Guy."

Bless Swimp forever.

–∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



1.9 Gun Safety Tips

Thursday, Jan 10, 2013 by By Wayne LaPierre

My friends, it seems as if guns have gotten a bad rap lately. Sure, these instruments of peace might have won the good old U.S. of A. several wars, both secret and natural, but it seems that whenever frangible bullets happen to explode inside the bodies of several schoolchildren, we as a nation forget that these tykes merely represent the broken eggs necessary to make this great omelet called America. Rest assured, your friends at the NRA are hard at work tracking down the video games and movies that keep causing these guns to discharge improperly. But for the moment, we need to focus our efforts on gun safety until this harmful media is formally banned by the government, thereby protecting our Second Amendment rights. Please keep the following in mind when using your gun at home, work, or at the funerals of friends or loved ones who passed when their curious child decided to "play cowboy" with daddy's new AR-15.

- Most parents tend to keep their guns squirreled away, which can turn these life-saving tools into instruments of murder and expensive child coffins when Junior starts sniffing around your den for Christmas presents come November. Instead of transforming your collection into a tempting series of buried treasures, display them openly, and when the little ones get too curious, display the consequences of gun misuse by opening fire on a beloved pet or possession. The reader of any classified ads section can tell you that puppies are given away for free on a daily basis, but you can't put a price on important life lessons.
- For those of you lucky enough to live in concealed carry states: make sure all passersby see that you're a responsible gun owner who leaves his or her safety on at all times, except in neighborhoods outlined in newsletter Volume 46, Number 11. Gassing up the car? "Accidentally" catch your gun on your thumb when saluting the fellow motorist using an adjacent pump. You'll know by the glint of admiration in this person's eyes that they're so excited about gun ownership they may even forget to pay or even remove the nozzle from their gas hole before speeding away!
- Have a youngster interested in firearms? Give them a "starter gun" to carry around at school. If they happen to misuse it, stick to a strictly "no guns" policy until they can be tried as adults. Then you can easily shift the burden of responsibility onto the state.

- A recent panic about specialized firearms has caused many bleeding hearts to question the purpose of these instruments outside of explicit murder. Show passersby the utilitarian uses of your automatic weapons and/or grenade launchers by using these helpful tools to chop firewood, clear brush, and aerate stuffy old garages or leaf piles. Bonus: any birds you happen to slaughter in the cross fire can legally be consumed during holiday feasts.

- Spread awareness by giving friends and family members guns for their birthdays, or, in the case of Jehova's Witnesses, a "just because" gift. Be sure to include instructions like "point and fire purposes.

- Spend at least 30 minutes of your day at likely "frenzy zones," such as playgrounds, movie theaters, post offices, and ball pits with a square footage of more than twelve. God knows we needs more stories in the paper about lone gunmen saving the day rather than retreating to the typical bell towers and loading docks for suicide-by-cop. Consider egging on nearby armed citizens who seem to be at their breaking point. Any mention of The Illuminati has been known to work wonders.

- Have an elderly relative who could be the possible victim of violent crime? Find an easy-to-handle gun and place it in their withered, arthritic fingers. The authorities may never find out if the UPS guy was trying to steal from them, and we'll make damned sure they don't if anyone attempts to take away their firearm as "evidence."

- Remember always to shift the blame. Football game get you trigger-happy? Remember that in court. "Manslaughter" may sound like an ugly word, but crimes of passion tend to receive less punishment than even non-violent drug offenders. Just remember to paint your face in the colors of your home team before delivering important testimony, because odds are you'll win over some sports fans in that jury box.

Yours in guns,
Wayne LaPierre

–~By Wayne LaPierre

1.10 H.P. Lovecraft Writes Descriptions for the Sample Clips on Brazzers

Friday, Jan 11, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

You're Busted! Now Pound Me! (Big Tits At School)

Knowledge, that curiosity that exists only in cat, raccoon, and the upright beast of man, and only in some few men does this growing ache provide motivation to unlock the doors which man should not. By device of technological manufacture a man watches forbidden images, put to motion by magic, flickering scenes painted across a flat glass as if the reliefs of Osiris have come to life to dance. But the man is caught, unaware of the woman who returns unannounced, as all women tend to do, when least expected. She reveals her body, plastic with fat, bulging in unwholesome ways like Willendorf's Venus with painted face. What brood or species produces such a creature? What transpires next left me shattered, my mind recoiling from what I had seen, the nauseating sound of rippling tissue still echoing in my ears. Trust that I dare not relate to you the horror that to this day fills my veins with ice.

Happy Anniversary, Slut! (Real Wife Stories)

Since antiquity the cyclical rise and fall of the moon's pale eye has marked the passage of time, and by the seasons we know the years, but man, once cowering and benighted, now stands proudly in electric light and commands his own rituals to mark the years. None more personal can be found than the wedding of man to woman. Man and wife venture out. They are filled with youth, beautiful in the repellently homogenous way of modern skin, their bodies marked by tattoos as if sailors from Araby, as is the custom too. They celebrate their union in a restaurant, not at table to sup, but in the airless cold of the bathroom, performing a ritual too horrid to be imagined. What transpires is an ancient act, older than druid and stone, handed down from the grappling of jelly beasts that tangle in the deep, one devouring the other upon consummation of their blasphemous act. So it is here, though I admit my mind was in tatters long before the act was completed.

Breakfast Squirt Break (Shes Gonna Squirt)

Come closer, Randolph. Let me tell you of what I saw. Do not be afraid, this madness is not contagious, unless you look upon what I have. I dare to say that after you have heard my warning, you shan't. I do not know what became of Manuel Ferrera, I do not like to guess, but the last I looked upon him he was gibbering from exposure to a queer essence I will now describe to you as best I can. It has no colour and only a fool would guess at its odor or taste. It appears with the consistency of water, but my friend, Randolph, heed my words: it is not water. It emerges with little warning, a riot of action that drenches everything in the area, from beyond a human threshold I dare not describe. The winds of the stars shiver the curtain that hangs upon the stage of our reality, then this essence stirs mortal curtains as easily as the forgotten gods lost to history. Go! Randolph, begone! Forget me and my plight. Forget I ever existed! But remember the squirt.

Shiatsu Santa (Dirty Masseur)

It is the heathen island negro of the tropic, untamed by modern vices, who embraces the most forbidden practices of giving gifts. I have heard tales from sailors of entire tribes, debased by strange brews, participating in hedonistic rituals to summon beasts from the sea by physically touching one another. These deep-born nightmares would bestow their vile gift upon the tribe. I can imagine that some of these negroes stowed away on a steam ship and worked as laborers in our docks, all the while their strange cult spreading to the west. So it is that we find our ways, of Providence and Boston and beyond, of Holiday enjoyment, perverted to these vile habits. Saint Nicholas, marked with tattoos, body bulging with muscles, initiates an Oriental massage on a young woman, similarly vulgar, that quickly diverts from Celestial practice to this secret island way. More cannot be said. I have no vocabulary to describe the positions assumed, nor do I wish to reproduce the forbidden words communicated back and forth. Leave it be, my friend. Turn back. Some doors are best not opened and some vistas should not be seen by human eyes. Turn back!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.11 Thank Goodness For Hero Dog

Saturday, Jan 12, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hero Dog Saves Owner By Dialing For Help

story filed by Johnathan Newsman

When a local resident collapsed in her home on Monday morning, a quick-thinking pup saved her life.

Darlene Crawdaddy suffered some sort of medical attack that left her lying on the floor and almost certainly at death's door. That was when her dog, in a display of brilliance and compassion, knocked the nearby phone out of its cradle and dialed for help.

The pooch's call went through to a local pizzeria, where his hungry warbling was translated into an order for two large pepperoni pizzas. Twenty-odd minutes later, the shifty delivery guy showed up to the house. When no one answered the door, he peered through a front window like a criminal and discovered the collapsed form of Ms. Crawdaddy.

Trying the front door (presumably to steal something), the delivery guy found it unlocked. He set the pizzas up on a high shelf and called 911, kneeling by Ms. Crawdaddy's side and bothering the poor woman with ceaseless chit chat until the ambulance arrived.

Meanwhile, the hero dog was very concerned for the woman whose life he had saved. He spun in circles beneath the pizza, jumping as if trying to pull it down, occasionally stopping to growl and bite the untrustworthy pizza delivery man.

Before she passed away, a clearly confused Ms. Crawdaddy claimed that the dog did not belong to her, and that she had collapsed in shock at its sudden appearance in her kitchen. Although the autopsy did not reveal any signs of head trauma or psychosis, it did not specifically rule out either condition.

Catastrophe Averted By Plucky Hero Dog

story filed by Lily LeAlliteration

A horrific car accident could have been much worse if it weren't for our brave Hero Dog.

Just three days after saving his owner's life with a phone call, Hero Dog witnessed a collision between a monster truck and a glider plane making an emergency landing on Route 18. Seven people died, and an eighth lost 4/6ths of his torso. As tragic as this was, it was on the verge of spiraling further out of control.

Displaying his trademark fearlessness and intelligence, hero dog ran to the mangled wreckage and began urinating everywhere. His tail was wagging because he was happy to help. He repeatedly bit the only surviving victim - keeping him awake so that he wouldn't fall into a coma.

Thanks to Hero Dog's thorough urine dispersal, fire did not consume the scene of the accident and spread to engulf our idyllic town. In fact, there was no fire at all in the first place. On behalf of everyone we would like to thank our beloved hero dog.

Hero Dog Locates Missing Boy

story filed by Perd Hapley

A missing nine year old boy with a lazy eye and a terrible haircut was brought safely home today by Hero Dog.

The boy, who has not been named by his parents because they can't decide between Julian and Weakly, went missing three weeks ago. Many had feared him dead or pinned beneath a very heavy book or abducted by forest spirits.

Thankfully, Hero Dog never gave up hope. He discovered the lad pinned beneath a very large bag of discarded frozen burritos in an abandoned lot. When Hero Dog ate enough of the burritos to free the boy, he wisely bit the child. This made the boy run away screaming and crying. According to Hero Dog's plan, a passerby discovered the kid and called the proper authorities. Those authorities were police men.

Bank Robbery Foiled By Hero Dog

story filed by Jonathan Newsman

A group of masked bandits attempted a daring daylight robbery of Town Bank on Friday. Unfortunately for them, Hero Dog was on the case.

When the crooks forced bank manager Gerald Normalname to open the vault, they were in for a nasty surprise. All of the money - stored in burlap sacks with large dollar signs printed on the sides - had been chewed up. Hero Dog was splayed out in the center of the vault, licking himself. He locked eyes on the robbers and sprang into action, running from the bank and biting a nearby police officer.

The officer called for backup, which accidentally rear-ended the dejected thieves' getaway car.

Hero Dog Leaps Into Action To Stop Chainsaw/Sledgehammer Fight

story filed by Edna Crawdaddy

A long-standing argument between local women gave way to bloodshed on Tuesday night.

For years, Francesca Wheelbarrow and Olivia Pronoun debated the merits of their favorite weapons. Francesca claimed that her chainsaw was the better instrument of violence, Olivia preferring the heft and simplicity of her sledgehammer. Their disagreement reached a boiling point when the women got into a shoving match, then broke apart to grab their respective weapons.

Hero Dog arrived on the scene just as the battle unfolded. It was a gruesome sight, with limbs hacked and crushed, blood splatters and broken teeth littering the scene. Someone was surely going to die.

As the two exhausted fighters braced themselves for one final clash, Hero Dog began laughing. Very clearly laughing. Disturbed, the women backed away and retreated to their homes.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.12 My 70-inch TV Will Fix Everything

Monday, Jan 14, 2013 by Techdad75 (@sexyfacts4u)

Picked up the new Jorby 70-inch LED 3D TV, unboxed, hooked it into my surround, and let me tell you what, that baby is pretty impressive. I put on my Avatar disc, just to test it out, you know, but it was like a whole new experience. I had to sit down and watch it, start to finish.

You should get one. Great blacks, great color range. You can switch back and forth to 2D and 3D, but I like to watch 3D whenever I can. You should get one. Great blacks, great color range. Fills the emptiness in my life so much better than the 52-inch we had. Keeps my vision from narrowing to a red beam of hatred.

What phone are you using these days? You still got that iPhone 3G? Oh, what is that, like a Samsung? Jeez, man, I think I would poison everyone in this house and cut my own throat if I didn't have a 5. I mean, naturally, when the 6 comes out I am right there in line for it. I'll give the 5 to one of my babies that I hate to look at. Maybe it will shut him up for a second.

Hey, remember back in high school when we used to sit around and play Genesis in your dad's basement? Well, like, I'm the dad now, and my basement blows his out of the water. Kids aren't allowed to touch anything, of course, especially not my PS3 or Xbox, but we can game if you want. Just like back in the day.

You play PC games? You got, what, like a Dell or something? I built mine from the ground up off New Egg man. It's easy. Two Raytheon Hueycobra Fat Dogs. 64-bit 16 gig overclocked video cards. Trust me, bro, pushes some crazy pixels up that pipe. So many triangles flying at the screen I swear I can almost recapture that month or so I was happy back in 1995. Back before all of this bullshit.

What kind of sound system you rockin' in that gamer rig? It's not integrated, is it? Oh man, you've

got to get a Thrilby Pompar XKM with a Jengler Pro Audio woofer and Kutcher 6-way speakers. It's what I have down in the basement for my gamer shrine. Pop a Leetware haptic gamer chair in the middle of the 6-way overlap and it will be like you are inside the game and not living a joyless nightmare in which one day your family will come home from the store and find you hanging in the basement.

You got a Tom Tom? The nav system in my car is Gizmodo's number one pick of 2012 to help you fill the void that threatens to swallow you up with madness. I'm so happy with it. You should get one. You can download voices off the Internet. Mine is Quagmire.

Hey, quick question for you: when a giant baby is forced by society to take on the full responsibility of a man, what can you buy from Think Geek to fix that? Something off Amazon? The PS Vita?

I'm guessing that iPad Mini will be able to do it. Want to camp out with me? We can watch TV shows I TiVo and don't watch from my Slingbox. I hate everything about my life except that amazing Slingbox.

–∼Techdad75 (@sexyfacts4u)

1.13 Subj: THINGS I RAN AWAY FROM

Tuesday, Jan 15, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! It is probably no surprise to you but physically i am a good runner, and when it comes to flight or fight i always get the heck out of there. you have seen me jump over stuff and once or twice you may have seen me do the "slide n hide" which is what i do when it's time to hide under a car or truck, but what you don't know is that there are many times i have ran from things that you did not see or hear about and i want to tell you about some of them so you can learn from my secrets

1) The Time I Hid From The Barber

This happened at the good barber shop downtown not the weird one with the long fingernails man. i made it clear before i sat in the chair that i was going to pay with half coins and half coupons and the barber man laughed and said "Ha Ha You Better Not" and he was almost done with the haircut and i said "But What If I Do" and then i said "Well It's Getting Pretty Late...." and then HE said "Oh No Ya Don't!!!" and chased me most of the way home. the moral of the story is i got the haircut bib for free which i use to eat my Sloppy Beans to this day

2) mailman

The mailman and I have a feud going way back from the time i mailed a cobbler to the district attorney (long story) and did not have the postage so it sat in his truck in the autumn sun (the sun is at a lower angle those days so the sun's rays hit directly inside where the box was and heated it up real well) and he brought it back to me to demand postage so i declined the return of the hot cobbler and he had to drive it to the dump and hose out his mail truck and he was gone until 10:30 pm. i know this because i was out watering the plants the next day feeling proud and then he told me so i dropped the hose and took off (guilt)

3) Truck bugs

There were some Bugs In My Truck i ran home and came back the next day and the bugs were gone so i drove it home but the memory of the bugs hung around a long time and for a bunch of months i would always run away from my truck when i got out of it

4) Chased By A Man

i don't know who this guy was or what his problem was but he chased me around the park and was trying to get me. i ran off and we were at a stalemate across a pond and we each sat down and stared at each other and when he fell asleep i snuck off. never found out what was going on with that guy but it wasted my entire day off

5) Moth

We have all seen the gag where a moth flies out of someone's clothes but this time a huge moth flew INTO my jacket so i started jumping around and slapping myself in the jacket. I took the thing off and did a stop drop and roll on someone's lawn and got back up and picked the jacket up with a stick and took it home and put it in the washer. I don't know where the moth went, maybe it flew

out when I was doing the jumps

6) catcher at a baseball game
I was minding my own business at a small time ball game and the catcher for the local team "The Goblins" came running up after an inning and started climbing up the seats to chase me and i had to run to my car. I don't know what he was mad about but it might have been the same man from the park

7) Rollerblade away from chicken house
In spring one year I was teaching myself to rollerblade and i went down a slight hill out on the far side of town where life is a little different and people have chickens as pets. one of the chickens flew up at me when i was gliding down the hill and i caught it and kept petting it while gliding and a man got really mad, I believe he thought i was getting away with the perfect crime (faster than running speed chicken theft) when i looked back and saw the man was chasing me i let the bird go and tumbled into a bush where i waited until night time to go home

I ran a bunch of other times too but those were the ones i think about on days like today. I hope you are a good runner too!!!!!!! GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE FASTEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

1.14 Memos from Bear Cave: General Complaints

Wednesday, Jan 16, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 24, 1980
SUBJECT: Strong Month

I have just finished a survey of our inventory and it appears we produced 27 cans of soup this month. After our recent troubles, that is a huge increase in production. But it's not good enough.

While I was putting out one fire after another in the past year, you idiots have apparently been sitting on your thumbs dreaming up new ways to clog my toilets. If not for all the money I made from my hostile takeover of Man's Reach Soup Co., you would all be out on the street corners working as prostitutes and selling your bodies to Johns. Take it from a guy with ample knowledge of that profession: you have to do some pretty horrible things to remain competitive.

Next month I expect us to produce 10 times as much soup. I want those soupyards overflowing until every itinerant in town is salivating outside our gates. With any luck we can use some of that as broth.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 24, 1980
SUBJECT: The Conspiracy

Please disregard the 30-page memo about Dick Van Dyke's conspiracy to discredit me which I circulated last night. It has come to my attention that while it is factually accurate, now is not the time to disseminate this information.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 24, 1980
SUBJECT: Nerds

I just read an article about the so-called "nerds." These are men who are awkward around women, wear thick glasses and dress poorly. As I was doing my morning ritual of sizing each of you up, I noticed many of you fall into the "nerd" category. I don't want to be known as the kind of man who hires or abides nerds, so the whole lot of you have one week to get your acts together or so help me god I'll get the Dallas Cowboys to come in here and personally tackle each one of you until you're all quadriplegics. Then I'll fire you.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 24, 1980
SUBJECT: Strange Odor

Supposedly I released a live cobra in the office some time ago. I don't remember when or why, but I'm sure I had a damn good reason. Anyway, I'm told it's been hiding out in the ventilation ducts ever since, eating the odd rat here and there. Now the damn thing is dead and that's what's stinking up the office. Don't bother bitching to me about it anymore, because I don't give a damn. It'll decay on its own in due time.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 24, 1980
SUBJECT: Rumors in the Workplace

I didn't realize I was running the National Enquirer since everyone here seems obsessed with spreading rumors. Well, I don't tolerate rumormongering on the clock, especially when you all have the facts wrong. Phil Bison's wife is leaving him because she's having an affair with me. She's sampled what a real man is like, and can't even stand to look Phil in the eyes anymore. Also Phil is a "nerd."

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 24, 1980
SUBJECT: Lip Smacking

Lip smacking. It's a goddamn epidemic here. I hear it through the walls. If you can't refrain from smacking your lips, you're going to be getting awfully familiar with the heel of my boot.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 24, 1980
SUBJECT: Prison

According to Tall Charlie, one of you was heard to remark "Bear Cave is run like a prison."

I run this company like a business. Sometimes businesses have to lock their doors with all the workers trapped inside for days at a time. Sometimes businesses have to divide everyone up by race and pit them against each other. These are standard business practices designed to improve efficiency and boost morale.

During my time in the war, I ran several prisons. I know the difference between prison and business better than anyone here.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 24, 1980
SUBJECT: Bouillon's Birthday Party

I have been officiating a birthday party for Bouillon, my beloved dog and Bear Cave's indefatigable mascot. During this time not a single one of you aside from Tall Charlie has put in an appearance. This dog has taken bullets for the company. He has coughed up his innards and licked them back up. He has oozed blood and pus out of every orifice, including some unique to him. He's lost his hair and much of his skin. But yet he gets up every day and comes to work just like me. He is the hardest working son of a bitch in this business, and the only one allowed to talk back to me.

The least you can do is come show some goddamn respect by petting him and feeding him a piece of cake. Attendance is now mandatory.

J. D. BORUFF

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.15 The Video Game I Made about My Mom's Third Divorce

Thursday, Jan 17, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

In 1996 I won Fox Kids' Create a Video Game Sweepstakes, one of those contests they announced on the Fox network in between Spider Man and X-Men cartoons. The sweepstakes gave one grand prize winner the chance to live every gamer's dream: a trip to Sega headquarters where they'd get to design their own Genesis game.

As a 13-year-old nerd, I should've been thrilled about winning the contest. But one thing kept me from enjoying my victory fully, or at all really: my mom and current stepdad were getting a divorce.

The divorce, my mom's second after leaving my dad, was pretty traumatic for me. Maybe it was all the fighting, or trying to figure out how two Jehovah's Witnesses, supposedly on a mission to save the world, couldn't even save their own marriage. The discomfort was so intense that my soul seemed to leave my body, until I was watching myself from a 2D sidescrolling perspective.

Fortunately, instead of letting the trauma wreck my life, I used it as inspiration. A lot of great art comes from adversity, so I figured that video games, which are a thousand times better than art, might benefit from it as well. That's why I ended up using my mom's divorce as the subject of the game Sega and I made.

Level 1

Your mom and stepdad are yelling and throwing things at each other. While this level is mostly non-interactive, pushing random buttons will occasionally affect the volume of the yelling or the type of objects thrown, making you think you're responsible for the fight somehow.

Level 2

You and your mom are in a car being chased on foot by your stepdad. This level uses an altered palette and weird distortion effects to reflect how surreal the scene feels. Press the B button every few seconds to tell yourself this is just a bad dream.

Level 3

In this splitscreen level your mom and stepdad are fighting on one half of the screen while you're playing the Genesis game Midnight Resistance on the other, trying to make the explosions in the game drown out the sound of your mom yelling and throwing your stepdad's stuff down the stairs.

Level 4

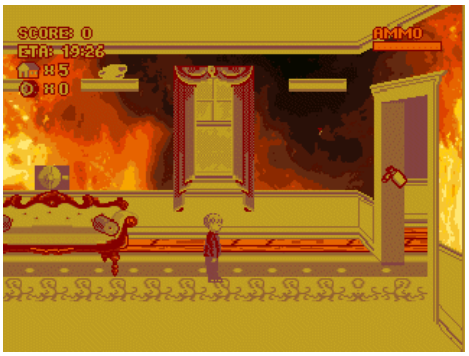
Your mom and stepdad are going at it again, so you call your dad and try to get him to come pick you up so you can spend the night at his house. Pick your sentences from a multiple-choice menu, trying to select the ones that inspire the most pathos. In part 2 of this level you're reading magazines at your dad's house and have to guide your eyes across the page while avoiding the white

space in the margins, where all your bad thoughts and memories project themselves.

Level 5

Your mom says she's quitting the Jehovah's Witnesses because of a dispute with the church over her divorce. This gives you a nightmare where you go to hell, which is exactly like your current home except with flames in the background. You have to end the nightmare by killing yourself, either by jumping out the apartment window or finding that knife your stepdad keeps telling your mom he's going to stab her with and stabbing yourself with it.

Level 6



Your mom's constant yelling and erratic behavior has given you an intense fear of women, making you question your sexuality. This level is similar to the slot machine minigame in Super Mario Brothers 3, except you have to line up three segments of a human body to determine what sex you'll be attracted to for the rest of your life.

Level 7

Several years later, you're trying to keep your memories of the divorce repressed. This level resembles Breakout except the paddle is in the middle of the screen and the goal is to keep the ball (your memories) from breaking through the wall (your mental defenses). This task is complicated by the paddle's tiny size and the wall's low number of bricks, which can only be replaced by special powerups or therapy sessions.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.16 George R. R. Martin Writes for a Baby Toy Catalog

Friday, Jan 18, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Safe and environmentally-friendly toys to tickle your little one's imagination *ARE COMING....*

Peek-a-Boo House Baby and Toddler Toy (1+ Years)

MELISSA

Melissa turned it over in her hand. Hard to believe such a simple thing of wood had laid waste the entire army of her cousin, Corwyth Grimfrost. Hidden beneath the articulated panels of wood were

the leering ursine faces. Mother. Father. Baby. Each panel, when removed, unleashed a different misery upon her cousin's army. By the time the men began to die it was surely too late.

"Its wild magic has been exhausted," assured Ibrahim Emmanuel, the Jew of Delaware, as he handed the wooden house over to Maester Jeff. Melissa snapped the peek-a-boo doors closed, not wanting to gaze upon the grotesquely merry bears any further. She stared out instead across the carrion field, hands massaging the fluffy egg of fur in her pocket, the corpses swirling with vultures and teeming with rats, where lay the rotting scraps of her cousin's banner men and army. But where was Corwyth? And how had Doug's witch whore known Corwyth was here at all? Betrayal was the only possibility.

Picnic Basket Fill & Spill (6+ Months)

DOUG

"More wine?" laughed Doug, waving the BPA-free grape juice toy bottle in front of the swollen face of Corwyth Grimfrost. Hung by his heels from the beams of the great hall of Hartford, Corwyth's face was grotesquely engorged with blood. Foam drooled from his lips and slipped upon the baby-soft fabric of the picnic basket with which Doug was mocking his wife's defeated cousin. "You can have all the watermelon you wish, a nice ham sandwich, if only you will tell us where she is going."

Corwyth choked with laughter. "You will never have her, Doug. And none of your franchises will survive from Danbury, to Waterbury, to Griswold. All of Connecticut will belong to Melissa."

Sharvella Blite appeared at her lover's side. "The old gods hunger, my love. This fool has no more to tell. Give him his picnic." Doug stared into her dark eyes and kissed her, savagely, a hand down her dress. He tore his mouth away from her tender flesh only long enough to snarl to his brother, the Red Stag of San Diego, "A picnic, brother. Cut off his prick and feed it to the dogs."

Wiggling Worm Grasping Baby Toy (6+ Months)

MELISSA

Melissa intruded upon the tent of Maester Jeff, expecting to ask him about the plans for the attack on Hartford, but she discovered instead Ibrahim Emmanuel. As she stepped into the tent a raven took flight from his hands. He turned quickly, surprised by her presence. "Melissa," he said. "You are ill-timed." She stepped farther into the tent, and seeing the crumpled form of Master Jeff upon the ground, she attempted to retreat. Ibrahim seized her by her wrist. She felt a pang in her arm.

"A needle is all. A little sting, my lady. Milk of the puppy to help you rest." She became weak in the legs and fell to her knees. She saw that Ibrahim wielded a wooden maggot grasped tightly in his hand. Its hidden stinger extended from a segmented body easily gripped and manipulated by even the smallest child. It could conceal a hundred doses of Manticore's venom. It was not a choking hazard and was great for teething tots as young as suckling babes. Ibrahim would deliver Melissa alive to Hartford. When Doug had his empire, Ibrahim would have that which he desired most. Melissa.

Clicker Crab Pail and Shovel Sand Toys (2+ Years)

DOUG

The Red Stag lifted the shovel up over his head and, bringing it down, split the skull of Ser Josten into halves. Quivering brains slopped from the open bowl of the unlucky champion's lower skull as he dropped to his knees. Doug and Sharvella and all the attendees of the games cheered and laughed. The Red Stag, huge as his namesake, spun the crustacean sand pail overhand and dropped it atop the gagging remains of the dead man's head. The inverted pail's lurid devil-mask overflowed down the dead knight's chain as his body convulsed violently. It was the dance of the crab, for which the Red Stag was famous.

The merriment was interrupted by a squawking raven that alighted on the arm of Doug's throne. He took the message from its grasp and read it out. His amusement shifted to elation. "Ser Bernstein," said Doug to his massive brother, "Ride out with my banner men to meet our old friend, the Jew of Delaware. He brings my wife. Ensure he gets what he deserves and return her to me."

Luster Dragon Stuffed Animal (All Ages)

MELISSA

The skinless, skewered remains of Ibrahim Emmanuel continued to kick with the sickening motions

of a Marionette, flinging blood from raw muscles, drooping yellow belly fat, and the unfurling loops of his entrails. Doug's bannermen patrolled the tall grass along Interstate 91, searching for her. Melissa knew the Red Stag was out there somewhere too, indefatigable, riding in the pale carriage of his top-down Seabring. She knew they would find her and what then? Could she plead for death? Anything but return to Doug.

Her hands went to the fluffy egg of fur in her pocket for comfort, but she did not find the egg. She was panicked, as much by this as by her impending doom. Where had the egg gone? The brakes of the Seabring screeched and the Red Stag leaped out, charging down into the ditch where Melissa was hiding. He loomed over her, the shadow of a giant, and she feared he would reach to his belt for long were the tales of his raping. Scrambling for a weapon, a stone, anything,

Melissa's hands instead found the fluffy egg she had been seeking. Egg no more, it was a handsome dragon, fur glittering, wings completely safe and non-toxic. She imagined children of all ages would enjoy her shimmering dragon and it appeared Ser Bernstein agreed. He took a knee and bowed his head. "Queen of the Dragon," he said and in that moment Melissa knew, the war was not yet over.

To be continued in Part 6 in 2018.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.17 Escape From The Lair Of The Evil Devil

Saturday, Jan 19, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As I hiked my way through the old pine woods, the sky grew mysteriously overcast. Within moments I found myself caught in a brutal drizzle of mildly cool rain. Calling upon my extensive knowledge as an outdoorsman, I knew that I only had ten minutes to seek shelter and get out of the sprinkle before my body would shut down and die.

Covering as much ground as I could, I threw myself off the top of a hill. Tucking and rolling as I shrieked, I kept an eye out for a rocky outcrop to huddle under, a long abandoned tent, anything. An upscale resort appeared on my left but I passed it, instinctively knowing that the rates would be unreasonable. Then salvation came.

It was an entrance to a cave. Somehow, though, it felt unnatural. Wrong. The plywood boarding up the entrance had been spray painted with words like "unnatural" and "wrong" and "go away". Knowing that I only had moments before succumbing to the fierce drizzle, however, I had no choice. With a running start, I leapt through the plywood and into the cave, leaving a perfect silhouette of my body. Well, almost perfect. The head was too big. My head is actually very normal so that was wrong. Also, the silhouette didn't seem muscular enough to capture my dynamism. In retrospect, it was actually a disappointing likeness.

Picking up a convenient torch from the ground and thanking my lucky stars that it was conveniently lit, I began an inspection of my surroundings. The torch cast an eerie reddish glow upon the jagged walls of the cave. A series of bizarre paintings started before me. In the first image, a crude stick figure of a man was in the woods.

In the second painting, he entered a cave. As the painting went on, the man encountered numerous hardships. He was crushed by rocks. He fell into a pit lined with spikes. A pack of mysterious beasts tore his body apart. Like all art, it was incomprehensible. Yet somehow I couldn't shake the feeling that it was trying to tell me something.

Glancing about, I suddenly realized that I had lost my way. The entrance was no longer visible. All I could see was the light from my torch and the closest wall, which was covered in drawings of arrows pointing back the way I had come. Frowning, I took a deep breath and thought things through. This place was evil. I was sure of it. To place my trust in anything within its confines would be suicide. If those arrows told me to go in one direction, I had to go the opposite way.

Soon I came across a strange river cutting through the floor of the cave. It was red and glowy, like lava. Since the cave was not a volcano, however, I ruled lava out. This was something different. Something evil. As a man of science, I tested my theory. The liquid tasted horrible - much like brimstone. My lips, tongue, and throat hurt very much, as did the hand I had used to scoop the drink. The only explanation was some sort of curse. Desperate to return to the entrance, I crossed this river which I had clearly not crossed on the way in, careful to remove my shoes so they wouldn't get burned.

Soon the narrow confines of the passage gave way to a broad chamber, roughly circular in shape with a high ceiling. This was the lair of the foul beast. The creature was there, no more than twenty yards away from me. I froze, a mixture of dread and revulsion locking me in place.

In many ways it was a bear. It was the size and shape of a bear and it looked just like a bear. But it was also not a bear, because it was a skeleton. It was as if a bunch of bones had been arranged in the form of a bear. Like a bear skeleton, if bears had skeletons like people do. A perversion of nature. I had come face to face with true evil. Before the demon could animate and attack me, I charged into the fray.

Roaring a primal battlecry, I leapt forward and grabbed the skull, pulling it up to my face and using one hand to clamp the creature's jaw down on my flesh. The plan worked. It was too shocked to react to my surprise attack. My vision obscured by a waterfall of my own blood, I fumbled open my jacket, revealing the sticks of dynamite strapped to my chest.

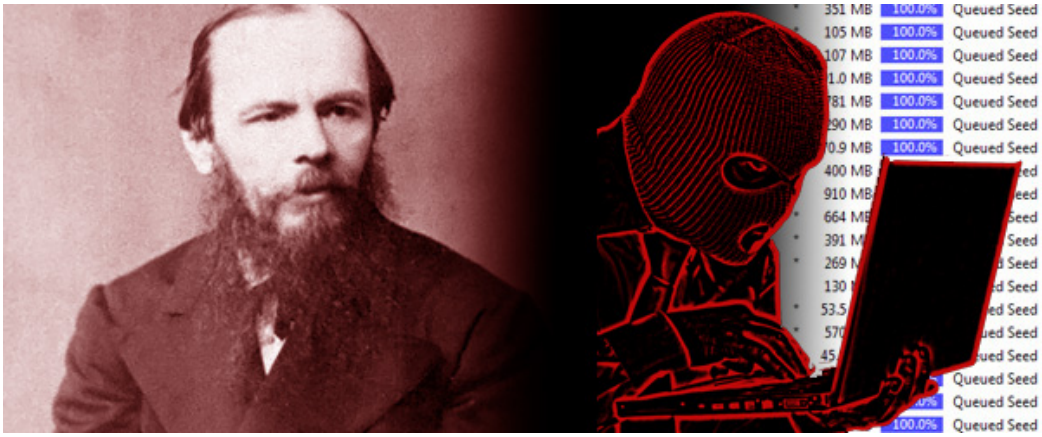
"I'm taking you with me, you son of a bitch," I snarled, detonating the explosives.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.18 Dostoevsky's Copyright Crime & Punishment

Monday, Jan 21, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



The Torrentist

Artyom Zaytesev's regret manifested in his deep-set eyes and the furrow of his brow. It was a face of worry, passed down from mother to son, and before that across many generations cursed with enough intelligence for full understanding of consequence. The mouse moved beneath his hand and he closed out the window.

It did not matter. What had been done was irreversible. The torrent had commenced. **Deuce Bigalow: European Gigolo** was on its way to his computer one piece at a time, though it would take some 705 hours to receive it from the one seeder available.

Artyom pulled at his shirt. The agony of his deed was hot on his skin. He knew that he would wake with this feeling and wished, rather than to watch the exploits of Deuce Bigalow, to have his skull and brain crushed by a large stone.

"I did not buy this on digital versatile disc," he said aloud. The ticking of the clock a reminder that with each breath he drew nearer his ultimate judgment. "I did not pay for a rights managed download."

Over the coming years he would construct a prison of regret and beat himself against its bars until every piece of him was broken.

Without Permission

Her belly growling and empty, her many sisters and brothers living in squalor and deprivation, it was easy for Yelizaveta Kuznetsov to justify the use of unlicensed digital images on her website. It began with only a few, on her personal blog, but when her sister, Irina, asked Yelizaveta to design a page for Irina's Etsy necklaces, Yelizaveta made a decision that would change many lives.

She searched Google for "woman in necklace" and "smiling woman" and found a bevy of images with faint watermarks of stock catalogs. So skilled in her craft was Yelizaveta, that she easily removed the

watermarks in a freeware image editor. One after another, as if gaining momentum, her misdeeds compounded as she stripped away watermarks, attributions, and used clever tricks to disguise the original source.

Days later, Yelizaveta awoke with a start from a nightmare in which her sister was held responsible for all these crimes. Poor Irina never knew about the stock art. Quickly, Yelizaveta went to her sister's apartment. She arrived to find there was a police van outside.

"Do not go inside," warned a policeman in a dark uniform. "The woman inside has cut her own throat."

"No!" cried Yelizaveta. "Why did she do it?"

"We do not know," said the policeman. "But before she died, she said, 'Getty.'"

As war will come for the sons of a generation and cast them to their graves, Yelizaveta learned that misdeeds are equally indiscriminate and the vultures have a taste for innocent bodies.

The Violator

Vladimir Petrov believed it would be fun to violate the terms of service of *Star Wars: The Old Republic*, and for a time it was, but soon enough his account name of "Bilbo Faggins" was reported. His account was suspended. He read the email in disbelief. Why had he done this? He had so much future, so many unfinished quests, and now? The deed sat inside him like a parasite, always gnawing at his innards. There was no quieting its teeth, nor recovering what he had lost so carelessly. Forever he would exist, a man by appearances, but a worm inside, coiling through him and chewing so loudly that on most nights Vladimir Petrov could not sleep.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.19 The Time Tooth Tooth Tasted Swine: Part 5

Wednesday, Jan 23, 2013 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

It has been some time since we had occasion to build together, god. For that you have my deep apologies. I been mad busy in the Library of Righteousness, educating myself on matters of righteousness and supreme truth of existence.

I ain't mad.

And also my boy got a damn Sega so we been on that shit a lot too. But you know it was not my intent to leave your ass hanging with this Tooth Tooth story, for that shit was just getting interesting. Interesting, yea, and deeply consequential to the very soul of our city, god, for I was telling the tale of how our proud brother had been poisoned with a particle of hated swine flesh by Jeremy Birdcastle, the whitest boy in town, who sought to undermine the moral perfection of our most righteous teacher. So where we leave off at?

If I recall correctly, Tooth had gone to the nexus of all alabaster sorcery: the county fair. There, a seven-foot Nordic warrior been explaining to Tooth how the Yacubian white devil overran the cultures of the darkest north with his despicable mystery god, and now the righteous Black Metal warriors been burning down the vile churches of the soulless white man and praising their warrior god Odin in song, right?

Word. That seven-foot Nordic man, Valp Kattunge, was just saying all how Tooth's eagle was perched for millennia atop Yggdrasil, the world tree, until the foul white man had imprisoned it in a zoo; and how the eagle had not truly forsaken Tooth, his brother, the man who freed him from the bonds of white zoology, even though Tooth ate a mote of the meat most vile- - the eagle merely had to stay away a minute, lest its righteous rage over the scent of unclean meat on Tooth's breath provoke the avian fury that has been the undoing of so many bacon-wafting miscreants of the Yacubian variety.

And finally, Valp Kattunge told Tooth of an unholy syzygy of white spiritual power that was occurring right then up in the fairgrounds: Jeremy Birdcastle, the blinding-white parody of a man who favors uncouth bitch shit such like bikes and Stargate and shit, was present to display a big-ass turnip he grew on his damn windowsill on some urban farming bullshit. Simultaneous to that, we got the world's largest swine, pinnacle of perverse white science, being given a medal by the twisted warlocks who run the fair. Big turnip, big swine, Birdcastle. An alabaster apocalypse in the making, god. So that's where we at.

OK, cousin. I'm ready.

So yeah, god. Valp been telling Tooth how they got this big-ass swine at the fair, and Tooth immediately knew the swine gotta be some step in his path back to righteousness, only he don't yet know just how. He got corrupted in the first place by unwittingly ingesting the fruit of a hog, so how is yet more hog exposure possibly gonna be any help at all? Tooth can't quite figure it. But at his disposal right there he got the rarest of beings: a white-skinned man who is not beholden to the Yacubian evil of most devils. In fact, he has been building quite favorably with this Valp Kattunge,

honorable man of the north. So he feels it would not be inappropriate to seek the counsel of this rare bird.

"What, pray tell, am I to do with this huge-ass hog they got, my friend? Am I to slay it?"

And Valp says to him, "This I cannot tell you, Tooth Tooth. You must seek out this pig, and you must find the answers yourself."

Tooth bid Valp adieu for the moment, telling him he'll catch up once Birdcastle has been defeated, but Valp won't have it. "I must return to my homeland, Tooth Tooth. I have other tasks to complete in Odin's name, more mystery-god churches to burn and more white devils to hypnotize with my songs of agony. Go in peace, righteous original man; defeat the whitest kid in town, reclaim your eagle, and return to your streets with head held high."

And Tooth shook the seven-foot Nordic man's hand, and he felt something peculiar: rather than the clammy softness of the usual white handshake, Tooth Tooth felt the electricity of one original righteous brother meeting another original righteous brother.

"Game recognize game, Tooth Tooth." And with that, Valp Kattunge whipped his spiny cape around and strode into the dark backstage area.

Tooth set off to find the huge-ass swine, not knowing what he would do when he saw it; he was still so weakened by hog shock and porcine poisons that he could barely limp his ass to the agricultural area of the fairgrounds. And in his path were many obstacles: stupid-ass white clowns; booths of poisonous Yacubian foodstuffs; regular buster-ass white people in stupid shirts. Tooth's vision began to go red. By the time he handed his ticket to the hillbilly cracker at the World's Biggest Pig exhibit, he could barely even stand.

They made the World's Biggest Pig area all dark and spooky like, right, with lots of curtains and shit, so as the white man could appreciate the false devil grandeur of their pork idol. Through the throngs of white swine-worshippers, he could see a single spotlight in the center of the tent, illuminating a tremendous pink shape. The smell of hog was palpable as he pushed his way through them assorted herbs and busters.

And lo, Tooth Tooth was face to face with the hugest swine in creation. He was almost afraid to meet its eye; he feared that staring into the black pools of a pig's gaze would immediately seize his heart, wilt his soul and rob him of all hustle that remained in his bones. Tooth fought past his fear and met the stare of the animal, and a familiar sensation washed over his body. And you ain't gonna believe the sensation to which I refer, cousin.

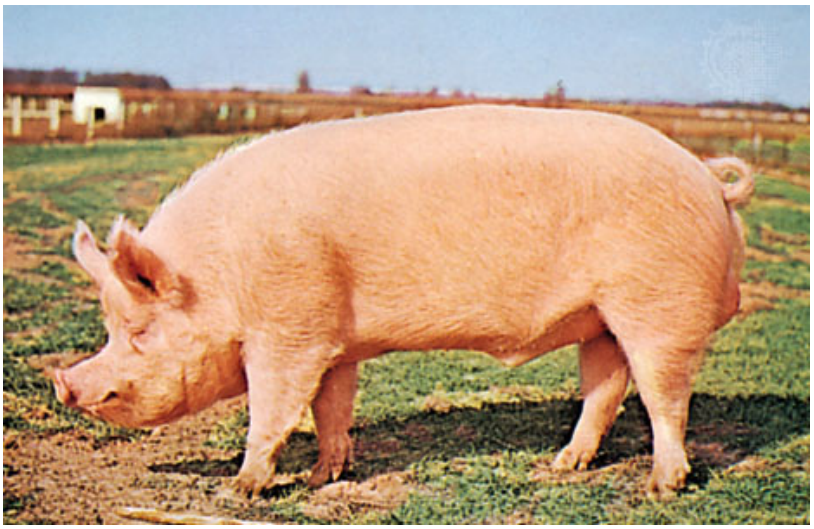
It could not possibly be...

Yes, cousin. At that moment, meeting the eyes of the garbage-browsing hog most emblematic of white foulness, game recognized game.

Suddenly, Tooth felt revitalized; though the pork morsel still burned in his belly, he felt the vibration of some cosmic strand that still connected him-- just barely-- to his stolen righteousness. He had enough strength in his frail body to utter a statement to all assembled white devils: "Begone, ministers of Yacub, for I seek to build awhile with this pig." And those hillbillies, sensing the profundity of a righteous man's command, scattered to the four winds and allowed Tooth the space to converse with this hog.

Of course, hogs can't talk, but Tooth sensed he might be able to commune with this beast in a similar manner like he could with his lost eagle. And so he continued to stare into its tiny black eyes, and with its eyes it told him the tale of its people.

"Swine are not filthy creatures by nature, Tooth Tooth. We do not favor garbage, and it does not



please us to live among our filth. Nay; we have merely been brought low by the evils of Yacub's white creations; we have been bound, caged, butchered and murdered. Swine burns within the righteous man not because it is poison, but because it is evil to eat of the flesh of intelligent and sensitive creatures. When you eat the hog, you eat the sins of the murderous alabaster race."

And as the pork morsel burned inside Tooth Tooth, he knew it to be true.

"No," cried Tooth. "Too long have I been gulled by the depraved lies of the white man. Too long have I been prejudiced against the noble swine, calling them garbage-browsers, when in truth they are merely victims of Yacub's wicked progeny. I will not have the proud flesh of your swine brother inside me one second more."

Tooth Tooth's body trembled. He kneeled to the ground, put an elbow to his knee, and bit his fist. He clenched shut his eyeballs and concentrated hard. He began to shake and seize, whipping and writing violently on the dirt floor of the World's Biggest Pig tent. He coughed and choked and wheezed, he scrambled once more to his knees and gagged. Finally, with one great and poweful heave, he coughed out one miniscule particle of matter, no bigger than the head of a pin. The swine was out of his body.

He felt the righteousness rush back into his body in a torrent of Supreme Mathematics. He strode-- his limp was gone, miraculous like-- over to the gate on the World's Biggest Pig paddock, and he karate-chopped the lock off with the swiftness of a kung fu sensei.

"You are free now, World's Biggest Pig," Tooth Tooth said. "You may roam where you please, but I extend my humble invitation to join me in my manse and live as my lifelong friend." And the pig looked into his eyes and uttered a bellowing oink of agreement.

"Furthermore, I apprehend that these hillbilly pig-enslaving crackers have cursed thee with a name most herblike, which is Buford, and I cannot let this be. You shall have a name that is both righteous and dope, should you allow me the honor of choosing it," and to this also the swine agreed.

"Your name shall be Odin, to honor the righteousness of my friend, Valp Kattunge, for you are much like Valp: you are wise and just despite the pinkness of your skin." Tooth Tooth patted Odin on his big-ass head, and it was not a pat of condescension but a pat of a man honoring a homie.

And so Tooth Tooth walked from the World's Biggest Pig tent with his head held high, and Odin trotted after him, eager to join a quest for soul brother justice against Jeremy Birdcastle, who even

among the world of pigs was widely known and regarded as a white idiot bitch. Tooth Tooth, hillbilly country-ass crowds now parting for him with reverence, made his way through the Giant Turnip Pavillion to confront his nemesis.

As he flung open the doors, he did not know what barbarity he might see within, but the sight before his eyes confounded him to his very soul: there was Jeremy Birdcastle on a stage, holding aloft his huge-ass turnip like the damn Lion King, and all these hillbilly-ass old men weeping at the sight of it, as if they had been shown the Holy Grail of the damn evil mystery god.

"I grew this turnip on my window box," Birdcastle squeaked in his white-ass voice. "It weighs over seven p--"

And then Birdcastle's dumbshit words froze in his mouth, for in the doorway he saw the man he thought he had beaten, the man to whom he had secretly fed the meats of the swine-- meats he knew to be poisonous to the soul of the righteous.

"I am here, Jeremy Birdcastle," cried Tooth Tooth, "to bring justice to your white ass." A screech pierced the air. Tooth Tooth's eagle smashed through a window, raining glass down on all assembled white devils, and perched upon Odin's head. Odin honked with a delight known only to a swine freed from bondage.

The room fell silent as the hillbillies cowered before the moral strength of the original asiatic black-man; Jeremy Birdcastle cowered like a porcelain statue of whiteness itself, too wack to speak.

"I gather that you expect me to whip your ass, you white cracker warlock. But I will not give you that satisfaction, for to whip your ass would only be a waste of righteousness. My eagle will not peck out your eyeballs, for they have witnessed too much wack Kevin Sorbo television programming to be palatable to the righteous bird. My pig will not bite your lame ass. Your punishment will be far greater than all of these things."

Damn.

And Jeremy Birdcastle trembled, for he knew Tooth Tooth was not a man to make threats that couldn't be backed up with supreme justice. Tooth Tooth slowly walked to the stage where Birdcastle stood, cowering but still holding his damn turnip aloft. Tooth Tooth slapped the turnip out of Birdcastle's hand in NYC streetball fashion and looked directly into Birdcastle's eyes.

"Your punishment is thus, spawn of Yacub: you will look into my eyes at this moment and you will see the soul of a righteous man. You will, for just one minute, witness the possibility of a life that is not wack. You will hear the truest guitar solo of the Isley Brothers ring in your head; you will see the unbeatable spirit of Biggie, the street guile of Big L."

Jeremy Birdcastle was paralyzed by righteousness. A single tear rolled down his cheek.

"You have seen the face of god, white man. Not the mystery god that lives in the imagination of your people, but the true black god who lives on earth. You will walk through my kingdom forevermore knowing that you have no place in it. You know now that your life is wack, that bicycles are stupid, that Stargate SG1 is a thing for children."

Jeremy Birdcastle saw that his life was wack as fuck, and he began to sob like a child.

"But you cannot ever do anything about it, Jeremy Birdcastle. You are cursed to live a life of whiteness, and that is a curse I could never wish on the most misguided of my own people. You will be a white ghost on the streets of my city, shunned by the righteous man forever. You will never be able to read wildstyle tags, and all hip hop will ring hollow in your ears-- except Drake. Goodbye, Jeremy Birdcastle."

Jeremy Birdcastle was on the floor now, his racking sobs filling the Giant Turnip Pavillion. Tooth Tooth turned away, unable to stand the sight of this simpering whiteling destroyed by the magnitude of his own wackness. Tooth Tooth picked up the huge-ass turnip and handed it to Odin, who ate that shit in like two bites.

Odin looked up at Tooth with that wise and humorous countenance that we now recognize on the noble swine. "That shit pretty good though, Tooth," it seemed to say.

Damn.

And that is the story of Tooth Tooth, cousin. That is the story of a man who tasted swine and lived to tell it; a man who defeated the most odious of alabaster warlocks with only the power of his soul; a man who called a pig his friend and called an eagle his brother. He calmed down a bit, but you still see Tooth out there in the streets, making sure the kids are living right, building with young men on the nature of Supreme Mathematics; he is loved by his city, feared by those Yacuban barbarians who would taste the flesh of a wise and good animal. He but a poor righteous teacher.

–~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.20 Rules and Regulations for Sylvester Stallone Movie Extras

Thursday, Jan 24, 2013 by Terminal Pictures

Hello extras!

If you're reading this, it means the man we pay to cycle the tater tots at the craft services chafing station is capable of handing out more than just your three allotted ketchup packets per day. That said, we hope you have a wonderful time milling about in the background of *The Exit Wounder*, which is sure to delight moviegoers next summer, and give millions of airplane passengers something to distract themselves with after they're done making fun of the SkyMall catalog. As an extra, working with one of America's favorite action stars for 40 years running may have you feeling intimidated; after all, Mr. Stallone has shown the world that he can successfully adapt to any genre, from comedy (*Stop! Or My Mom Will Shoot*) to romance (*F.I.S.T.*) to punching (*The Rockies*). But there's no need to worry about standing slightly behind a star of such caliber, so long as you follow these simple and mandatory commands. Doing so will ensure that every morning at 4:00 you'll walk away from the set happy, healthy, and ten dollars richer.

- Nicknames may be an easy way to let someone know you're on friendly terms, but under no circumstances are you to call Mr. Stallone "The Italian Stallion." Contrary to what you may have heard, this unfortunate slur is not related to Mr. Stallone's ethnic background or equine physique, but rather the three quarts of horse semen he must consume daily to maintain his aggressive testosterone levels. The studio would rather this fact remain an outlandish rumor, like Richard Gere's gerbil thing or Mike Tyson's hollow leg filled with ancient Roman coins.
- Avoid making eye contact with Mr. Stallone whenever possible. Please note that this is in no way related to how much money he has compared to you; Mr. Stallone's lizard brain actively destroyed most of his frontal lobe thanks to a virus found only in great apes he paid top dollar for. Locking eyes may make him view you as a possible predator, or a stealer of his mate. Note that the release form you signed prevents any lawsuits if Mr. Stallone tears you apart and hangs your limbs from tree branches as a display of aggression.
- If you find fleshy, goo-filled wrappings somewhere on the set, odds are they won't be the famous "squibs" that once simulated gunshots before our industry turned to computers for creating

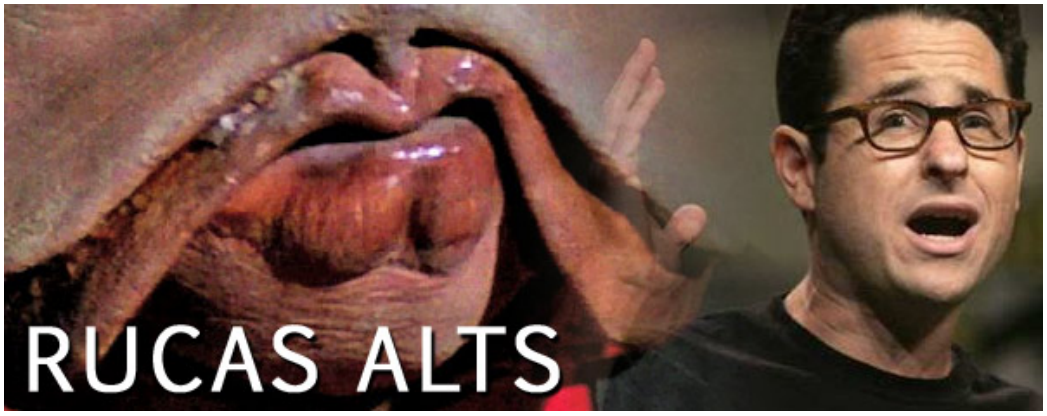
the simplest of natural effects. Thanks to his accelerated muscle growth, Mr. Stallone needs constant skin grafts to prevent any sort of fatal accident caused by biceps or pectorals bursting through his taut, leathery flesh. Please return any stray bits to the "skin bin" located adjacent to the on-set first aid tent.

- "What's the deal with the shaved Bornean orangutan wandering around the set?" A common question from those working on a project with Mr. Stallone. Thanks to our star's accelerated fitness routine and advanced age, he requires 22 hours or cryo-sleep in his hermetic tube every day, which means that Mr. Freckles tends to take his place for any shots that don't require close-ups. Since Cop Land, few critics have been able to tell the difference, and have even praised Mr. Freckles on his diction and poise. We ask that you keep this an industry secret.
- It's rare, but Mr. Stallone may mumble to you in a manner that bad stand-up comedians have mocked since the late 1970s. In the event of the on-set interpreter's absence, simply nod politely as if you have understood a single word of Mr. Stallone's generous helping of vowels. The results are usually positive, and this technique even managed to land our star his third wife, who he still mumbles at to this very day with varying degrees of success.
- Asking Mr. Stallone to sign a personal item is strictly forbidden, as it reminds him that his hands have transformed into misshapen lumps that resemble Vienna sausages stuffed into a tiny can. We instead request that you ask him to "rubber stamp" those DVD copies of *Tango & Cash* and *Assassins*, as even the simplest hand tools have been unusable to him since 1987.
- Above all else, have fun! It isn't often that regular people get to see first-hand how the power of money can make an action star viable well into his late 70s. Just be sure to steer clear of the unexplained sulfurous fog that mysteriously wafts from his pores on a near-constant basis.

–∼Terminal Pictures

1.21 J.J. Abrams, This Perfect Time to Reboot Nien Nunb

Friday, Jan 25, 2013 by Nien Nunb (@sexyfacts4u)



J.J., let me tell you something, hot stuff, you have opportunity now to reinvent 1980s acceptable racism for new generation of moviegoers. Remember when that was okay? Long Duc Dong have no time for love Doctor Jones. Monkeyman Nien Nunb is at your service ready to flap gibberish at heroes.

I have two thing go for me: recognizable and no dignity. I literally do anything for part. You want sex? I give it up easy. You want odd jobs? My friend, Nien Nunb is the oddest. I wax your dog. I put glitter on your walls. I clean out your lazy susan.

Or should I say RAZY susan! You like that? See what I did?

You notice maybe I no speak English in Return of Jedi? This perfect opportunity to make franchise yours by giving large dialogues to me. I am recognizable but no character! Here idea: I speak fluent English after learn from droid and go on many adventures with Rando Carlissian. I main character. China rising. Big box office success in world marketplace. Nothing Chinese people love more than to see cartoonish racism of themself from America.

Another idea: Hear of computer graphics? Render my foldy, gross wet mouth head in 3D popping from screen. Rig up big top Andy Serkis for Nien Nunb locomotions, maybe I have signature dance I do in cantina. Take off shirt. Take off bottom. I do it for you J.J. You like to see me no top no bottom? Nien Nunb will go all the way for you, hero.

Third idea: Benedict Cumberbatch or Danny McBride. Take pick. You want serious Nien Nunb or you want drunk jerk who does not give crap? I act and they do lines. Maybe I am inscrutable, good at math and love computer. Hilarious joke for you, J.J. Whatever you need. You want me to live in a hut and wear kimono, whatever, make no sense, but I am game.

Maybe we go Mexican route. I am Nien Nunb in pancho with space sombrero. Works both ways. Give me mustache I say "Ariba!" I be first pan-racist character offending all race.

Let me set scene for you, J.J. Alternate dimension Han Solo walk into bar where a frog lady is singing. Lots of puppets and lens flares all over. Han Solo has to find Luke Skywalker but he no have idea where he is in this time line. He see me and remember me from his reality.

Ohhhh Han Solo twenty credits I put anything in my gross mouth. No, it's okay Nien Nunb, just need help. Where is Luke Skywalker? Ohhhhh I don't know, but if you got a ship I show you.

Then rest of movie is me with Han Solo and I show him where to go and have adventures. And Chewbacca is dead from dog disease parvo so he need me full time.

I cook and clean and keep that sailor warm at night. You like Lars von Trier? Dogme 95 style I will show full penetration. Whatever you have in mind. You want me to hop around and use abacus. Cook up burrito for hero? Dance in background. Get blasted by anything, anywhere. I do it.

Think about it J.J. Not a lot of work out there for me. Need some help here. I got car repair bills to pay and children need to feed chop suey.

–∼Nien Nunb (@sexyfacts4u)

1.22 Making Sense Of All Those Confusing Butter Labels

Saturday, Jan 26, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You just want to buy a stick of butter for your family. Unfortunately, there are so many buzzwords and misleading labels and confusing sexual signals that your head gets to spinning. You're left in the fetal position in the dairy aisle, your nose bleeding, a cell phone in your hand as you whisper to your family that there will not be dinner tonight or ever again.

We've all been there. It seems like the butter companies are doing everything they can to mislead customers. You deserve better. Your family deserves better. It's time for someone to clear the issue up.

Easy To Grab

You find yourself in a fracas. Within moments this melee will turn into a brawl. You reach for a stick of butter to defend yourself, and it slips out of your hands, leaving you completely defenseless. A biker runs you through with an ear of corn, your guts flying everywhere. This is what happens when you don't buy butter that's been rated Easy To Grab. Don't skimp out. Buy the Easy To Grab butter. Even if you don't think you'll need it, it just might save your life.

Easy To Hold

Unlike Easy To Grab butter, this variety is specially designed to be cradled against your body. It will not melt as you hold it to your breast for hours on end. The built-in handles make this the perfect butter to hold during a marathon, or a day-long trip to the beach. Many people find it hard to let go of this butter once they've held it. And why should they let go? It makes them a better person. They're happier. Their thoughts are clearer. Maybe the people telling them to drop the butter are just jealous. Maybe those people secretly want the butter for themselves. Of course. It all makes sense now. They were never really your friends. The only friend you need is the butter.

More Buttery

This label is the butter industry's way of denoting butter that has dangerous amounts of poison.

Chock Full O' Bones

The standard process of making butter ("buttermaking" to those in the industry) involves multiple filtering processes that remove almost all of butter's naturally occurring bones while removing various contaminants. When you buy a stick of butter that has been labeled as Chock Full O' Bones, it has been similarly filtered, but the bones have been set aside then added back into the butter in the final step before packaging. The result is a rich, flavorful butter that contains all the bones you want without containing any of the veins that you don't want.

Easy To Yell At

Due to its unique concave shape, this butter is specially designed to catch soundwaves. Not just any soundwaves, mind you, but those produced by a human being yelling and hollering and generally losing their shit. You will not find another butter that can hold up to hours of sustained yelling. Unless you visit certain illegal clubs in Thailand, that is. Save yourself the trip and a possible stint

in prison.

Refurbished

When a stick has been sold to a customer, returned, then repackaged for sale it is refurbished. This may not seem like the ideal way to purchase butter. Keep in mind, however, that the refurbishment inspection process at most butter companies is quite rigorous. Butter will not be repackaged for sale if it has been eaten entirely, turned into gold through some sort of alchemy, or cursed by a virgin witch. Buying refurbished butter is a great way to get your daily recommended serving of butter while saving cash. Just scrape off the saliva, pluck away and loose hairs, and enjoy!

Good For Suckin'

If you see this label, you know that a stick of butter is prime suckin' material. Do not bake with this butter. Do not spread this butter. Do not use this butter in a heated pan to keep other food from sticking. This butter is good for one thing and one thing only: Suckin'.

Threshold Safe

This butter can be carried across practically any threshold. You can enter a house, walk through an airport security checkpoint with it, and even take it in and out of a car. Please note, however, that federal regulations do not require "Threshold Safe" butter to be tested for the ability to be carried into a church.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.23 Glenn Greenwald's Oscar Picks

Monday, Jan 28, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

GLENNGREENWALD
ON FILM AND CULTURE

UPDATE: I am adding this note at the top so that some of you from the comments section pay attention. Read it as many times as is required for you to understand what I am saying: I have not watched any of these movies. Films, with the exception of a few documentaries, are frivolous distractions from the pursuit of justice. I specifically do not claim that these are reviews of movies, they are descriptions and analysis of Academy Award nominated films, derived from factual information. If you say that they are reviews and that I should watch the movie first you are only making a fool out of yourself.

Oscar time is here again. I have little respect for the profession of Hollywood filmmaking, I feel it falls somewhere between cola marketing and pornography, and honoring its producers is inherently ridiculous. However, movies have an unfairly profound effect on our culture and so I feel it is necessary to discuss this year's uniquely problematic nominees for Best Picture.

Action scenes at the end may justify "Zero Dark Thirty" to the blood-hungry chest-thumpers that celebrate a murder, but the pro-torture propaganda makes the film a poison pill.

Zero Dark Thirty

It should come as no surprise that Kathryn Bigelow, the director of 2008's celebration of American imperialism, "The Hurt Locker," has returned to form with "Zero Dark Thirty." Claiming to be journalism, and working closely with the Obama CIA, Bigelow's latest is a mendacious account of the pursuit and murder of Osama Bin Laden. She has effectively become the 21st century's Leni Riefenstahl, portraying a Manichean world in which, as *The New Yorker*'s Jane Mayer puts it, "They believe torture is not a necessary evil, but rather a necessary good." Although some have disputed the assertion that Bigelow's film advocates for torture, I remind you all that one of these people is insufficiently repentant Iraq war booster Andrew Sullivan. We can only hope the Academy considers his endorsement.

Argo

Watch "Argo" and witness evil turning to good and villains portrayed as heroes, or so I have read.

After reading several articles about "Argo," the idea of Ben Affleck running as a United States senator is beginning to sound scary. This Hollywood hagiography of the CIA's attempts to subvert the government of Iran manages to glorify an agency of state-sanctioned murderers, as well as crediting Hollywood itself, the industry that helps perpetuate the mythology of the noble CIA agent. As Jeremy Scahill noted in his article on "Argo" for *The Nation*, a true history of the CIA's involvement in Iran would begin with the CIA's shameful 1953 overthrow of the democratically-elected president Mohammad Mosaddegh to protect British oil interests. The Academy's incestuous salute of a film like "Argo," a film that helps promote a pernicious falsehood as noble, puts the Academy on the same level as Julius Streicher, publisher of *Der Stürmer*, and chief hate merchant of the Third Reich. "Argo" must not win.

Django Unchained

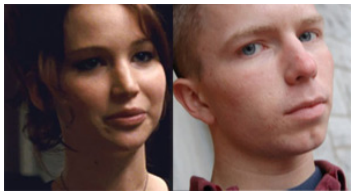
Unfortunately, present-day Django would face something far worse than chains.

I have not yet seen "Django Unchained," nor do I ever intend to see it, but based on what Ta-Nehisi Coates wrote for his excellent piece at *The Atlantic*, I am dismayed Tarantino's latest ahistorical murder orgy is being considered for the honor of Best Picture. Tarantino's prodigious use of the n-word is ironic considering we live in a time when it is impossible to even offer rational criticism of Barack Obama without being piled upon by his defenders. I ask only for the Academy to consider a simple question before final voting. Would an African tribesman rather be shackled and placed on a slave ship and brought to the United States or, as is the case in the America of Obama's progressives, eliminated from history without due process by an American drone? I am considering asking Ta-Nehisi Coates this also, but I need to be very careful about how I phrase it on Twitter.

Les Misérables

The unthinking beast of law could not find a more brutal rider.

I rarely read fiction, but when I was a child I read Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" and found it tolerable. In fact, I could not help but recall Javert, Victor Hugo's oppressive policeman, when President Obama nominated John Brennan to head the CIA. The key difference being that Javert loses all sense of morality in hewing to the letter of the law, while Brennan, as MSNBC's Chris Hayes recently explained, subverted the law itself to conduct torture and expand Dick Cheney's drone program during the Obama Administration. Barack Obama's decisions to expand Bush-era counter terrorism strategies and his failure to prosecute war criminals like Porter Goss and Donald Rumsfeld have enshrined many of the catastrophic decisions of the years following 9-11. Victor Hugo understood that orthodoxy, established by the oligarchs, was doom to an underclass victimized by the henchmen of capital. Naturally, Hollywood has perverted the messages of justice present in the book to produce a pageant of irrelevance seemingly isolated from modern America. I have not watched the film. May the Academy follow my example.



The silver lining to this film is the subtle reminder that Bradley Manning is still suffering.

Silver Linings Playbook

I did not watch this film, nor have I read any articles pertaining to it, but I have seen the trailer playing on a flight I took recently to appear on the Democracy Now! TV show. I am normally disgusted by any sort of tribalism, particularly the empty distraction of American professional sports, but I took notice of "Silver Linings Playbook" star Jennifer Lawrence. From just the right angle she bears a striking resemblance to unjustly persecuted whistle blower Bradley Manning without his glasses. I do not know if this was intentional on the part of the filmmakers, but with little else to decide this moronic contest of excess, I recommend this film for the Academy Award for Best Picture.

Were the Academy Awards an actual meritocracy, it is clear that Peter Jackon's "The Hobbit," which mocks conventions of good cinematography, subverts fundamental Hollywood truths like "frame rate" and "not vomiting," and elevates the least among us to heroes, would be the winner for Best Picture. "The Hobbit" disposes of the bourgeois notion of the great figure of history. Of course Bilbo Baggins is the right man for the job; we are all Bilbo Baggins, a part of a movement for justice, rather than a figure elevated to the heroic.

I have seen this film several times and will be seeing it again.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.24 Subj: DO NOT GO TO "ROAD GYM"

Tuesday, Jan 29, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!! I hope you are doing good!! Ten days ago i felt mighty hungry so i stopped at a restaurant and was eating in my car. I thought I was alone but I looked over and a number of men were standing around my car watching me eat and it looked like they were placing bets on me (throwing money on the ground and pointing at me) so i started to put the car into reverse and the started saying "Aww" like they were disappointed so i turned the car back off and finished my burger and then got out of there. I decided to get healthier so I wouldn't need to eat so much. the small man in the cowboy hat looked to be the winner

I saw a sign on the drive home that said "ROAD GYM" with a big red arrow pointing down a small road so i went down it and there weren't any buildings at all until i got to one where there was a great big guy inside his house eating and watching TV. i knocked on his screen door and said i was trying to find the gym and he said "Ah Yeah, Come On Let's Go" and got up with a big groan and was licking his lips and fingers. We got inside his truck and he told me how he and his wife opened a brand new gym and it's down the road a little further. he was wearing a shirt that said "Numero Uno!" and it was all stretched out and greasy

It was a big room in a strip mall with lots of weight machines and i could tell it was going to be a good place to get some heavy lifting done. Some of the weight machines had the big black iron bricks replaced with huge buckets filled with concrete and there was a man watching tv and not doing any lifts. i asked when I could get started doing my power lifts and we started talking about my goals as a fit man. he suggested i start with cardio and said I should take his wife's class and that she was probably in the aerobics area right now so we walked around the tv man and over some big slabs of drywall that i thought were gym mats but nope they were drywall.

He led me into a small room where there was a terrible small woman tumbling around on a couch. She was very old and doing front flips and landing on the cushions and she was dressed in a leotard and it was very upsetting to watch i was not a happy camper. the couch had many stains. Her gyrations were out of control and there was lots of really high intensity music and she was very pumped up and excited and i wanted to get out of there but the big man was standing in the doorway. I was trying to gently push to get out but he was keeping me in there and made me watch until the little woman got all tuckered out (about 10 minutes) and he said

it was his common law wife and they started kissing with tongues and that's when i was able to go back to the truck and wait there for the man to come back and drive me back to my car (he did) and when he got in the truck and started to back out she came to the doorway and winked and blew him a kiss and it was the grossest thing to me. he told me that the couch was an old one from his house

I told a bunch of lies really quick about how i would come back the next day and pay the fees to get started right away and told him my real name is Chet and to call my phone number which was a number i made up on the spot but i remember it being mostly 2's. i also asked him which grocery store he goes to and now i know all the hot spots to avoid.

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

1.25 SkyMall Product Reviews: Home Cellulite Smoother

Wednesday, Jan 30, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Developed in France after 20 years of engineering research, the unit's motorized rollers use gentle suction and massaging pulsations to stimulate fat metabolism. This activates lipolysis--the natural breakdown of fat cells--and boosts the production of collagen and elastin, proteins that contribute to elasticity. Ideal for use on the thighs and buttocks, the device includes five detachable heads of different widths for smoothing and tightening skin elsewhere on the body, including the delicate areas around the eyelid, lip, and neck.

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By John Smith from Hoot Springs, ID

I have been waiting centuries for a sign while marooned on this god-forsaken world, clinging to hope. My kind have a saying: Watch the skies, for the Empire has not forgotten you. That sign has now appeared to me in the Sky...Mall. This device is nearly identical to the one my progenitor used to convert protein cubes into a convenient vapor for storage in his viscera sacks. This cannot be a coincidence.

I have ordered this device. I do not yet understand how to operate it properly in the way my people intended, but I will learn, then I will leave this awful place forever.

Age: 551-554

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By bniunbib from bf rvvr

Work good. Have using itt on face. No longerr have nose. Small holes ffor nostrils smooth, featureless face. Have getting lots of looks. Feel beautiful, not much else. sensation stoped. Right hand now just palm pad... fingers smoothd out. Typig hard.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Plumpster from Macon, GA

The head on this device is awfully small and can easily become lost in folds of fat. I have been unable to remove it and it continues to vibrate. I think it has worn through skin and is now grinding away at exposed tissue somewhere on my backside. It hurts greatly and I am unable to unplug it since I cannot get up. My feet are stuck in the Shiatsu Leg Massager (item FB7262) and I have long since lost all circulation. I believe they are necrotizing. My right arm is tangled up in a Mobile Massage System (item 2510TGH) so I have very limited mobility right now. I am hoping this product takes effect and starts reducing cellulite so that I become thin enough to escape and go to the hospital. If

not I will be very disappointed and ask for a refund.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Darrel from Ornery Hill, KY

Dropped this thing on my crotch and it instantly buffed my scrotum to a disturbing egglike smoothness.

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Deter from Berlin, Germany

i'm a director for marilyn manson videos and i love to set this thing on reverse and dimple up marilyn's rump for just the right grotesque levels

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Hern from Hazleton, PA

Seriously underpowered. I have been waiting for SkyMall to sell an upgraded model with more power. I've managed to iron all the cellulite into my left leg, around the knee joint. Every other part of my body is smooth and nigh on featureless, but I've got this big ol' clump of cellulite there I can't get rid of, no matter how much I use the smoother. If I could just get more power, I could finally get rid of this for good. No way am I wasting a single penny on another aesthetician.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By 5CatMom from Toledo, OH

DOES NOT WORK AS ADVERTISED. Thought it would smooth out my fat, but all it did was move it to the right side of my body. Now I'm debilitatingly asymmetrical and can no longer hold down gainful employment as a toll booth operator.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Big Russ from Tallhead, AR

my cobra hated it.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By PleasuredDad from Palm Springs, CA

Correct me if I'm wrong, but the copy for this states "Ideal for use on the thighs and buttocks." I tried this out on my buttocks using one of the more rounded heads to squeeze on in. Managed to get it in deep enough and activate. Worked well and got the ol' prostate firing on all cylinders. But then it started running extremely fast, and next thing I know light beams are shooting out of my eyes and projecting star charts on the walls. If this thing ain't designed for rectal use, SkyMall needs to state in no uncertain terms "NOT DESIGNED FOR RECTAL USE" instead of stating the exact opposite.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By John Smith from Hoot Springs, ID

PleasuredDad, I am in route now. You will guide me home. We will leave this world together. Prepare.

Age: 551-554

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.26 A Complete List of Dogs I Have Killed So Far: A Memoir

Thursday, Jan 31, 2013 by Haoma

Chapter One

Once, I was walking back to my mud hut late at night (it was night time) and a dog attacked me with his sharp teeth. The teeth wanted to slice and dice my arms and perhaps torso -that is to say the dog controlling the teeth had this murderous intention- and the dog barked several times in an extremely dangerous way. To make a long story short, when the dog lunged towards me, teeth first, I swung my crab arm at it in a circular motion. (To specify, that is my left arm.) Actually, my whole body did a 360 degree spin with my crab arm acting like a hammer or some other blunt weapon. Or I guess it was more like what happens in a washing machine. Anyway, to sum it up: the dog was instantly knocked way the fuck down on the ground.

I thought to myself "It's fairly fucking possible the dog just stands right back up and fires its teeth at me again, possibly even at my torso." In a split second, I fired my knees at the ground next to the dog. When my knees made contact, I grabbed the dog by his throat and squeezed out the life in him, before his teeth could tear me up. He coughed, and wheezed, and I think was not breathing correctly due to my strangling actions, and finally, perished. He looked me in the eyes for a brief instant, as if asking, "Why are you currently strangling me?" To answer, I just looked down at his teeth, and then back in his eyes, as if to say, "To protect myself from your teeth." At that moment, there was a deep understanding between us. I buried the dog on top of a pile of garbage and lit the dog and garbage on fire with a piece of fire.

fig. 1 As I stand watch over the funeral garbage pyre, I gain a deep respect for the honourable but vicious members of *canis lupis familiaris*

Chapter Two

By March, I had upgraded my mud hut. The mud hut was now constructed of some kind of tree material; that is, I had killed some trees with a kind of thick knife (I do not know exactly what that is called) and put the tree bodies in stacks to mimic mud. Now at this new mud hut there was another dog who sometimes wanted to purchase or more likely steal the food I had accumulated and stored there to nourish myself.

To distinguish this dog from the previous dog, who was now very much dead and burnt to smithereens: This dog was a different dog. This second, alive dog, hereafter referred to as the dog, also had dangerous teeth but for whatever reason the creator decided to endow him with more control over his teeth-or, let's say-a more developed capacity for reason and as such a greater restraint from employing the dangerous teeth.

One day (it was day time), I returned home from dicing up vines (the purpose for which I will elaborate later in the narrative, do not forget this detail!) and witnessed the dog burrowing his body into my upgraded mud hut. I say burrowing to reinforce the malicious intentions this dog had toward me, my food, and my upgraded mud hut, but in reality there was no actual "burrowing" per se; the walls were of a dead tree materials and the floor, well... the floor was mud and could be burrowed into quite easily to be completely honest, but the dog was not burrowing into it at this point in time. The dog had entered through some other means, which is beyond the scope of this narrative.

Catching the dog red-handed, his gelatinous eyes fixed on my stored food, I decided to destroy his life before his teeth could rip apart my condensed milk, or maybe my torso if his mood changed. (There was also the potential he could fall haphazardly onto the floor from old age and afterward have to be cleaned up.) This time I had a medium-sized knife, which I used to dice vines (ring a bell?) in my right, non-crab arm; that is to say, my hand. This knife I used to dispatch the dog.

Chapter Three

There comes a moment in every dog's life when it must decide between being destroyed and later incinerated by me or not firing its goddamn dangerous teeth at me in a completely outrageous, murderous way. To be fair, I do not know if every dog needs to make this decision, but I am 100% positive at least 2 dogs thus far had done so, and until evidence can be provided to the contrary (burden of proof, etc.) I maintain that this characteristic decision identifies not just 1 or 2 dogs, but all dogs, and maybe even Indians.

Not long after I had slain the second dog, a third dog crossed my path. I use this expression in its most literary sense in that there was a path in front of my highly upgraded mud hut that I considered mine as far as any object or idea can be attributed to or owned by an individual in this world. And one evening (it was neither day nor night, I cannot think of a more accurate way to describe this complicated state), a dog crossed it. To the credit of dogs everywhere, this third dog was as close to being my friend as I could comfortably imagine, due to the fact that this dog had lost its teeth in some kind of accident- a misfire, if you will-at some previous time and in some distant location.

As to whether his teeth were lost in an act of aggression or perhaps even a stroke of misfortune, I cannot say. But as you may suspect, given my prior experience with dogs, I still did not trust his intentions. Dogs without teeth are, in a very tangible way, harmless, but as one very famous President once said: "Trespassing is as much of a crime as biting."

Due to our more intimate relationship, this third dog I decided to punish for attacking my path by causing it to drown it in a river. I fashioned a net out of a material excellent for making nets, snared the beast, and tossed him into the drink. In retrospect, I cannot confirm if this dog died immediately, or farther downriver, or even at all. I can conclude, however, that I lost forevermore my Hudson Trail Outfitters brand woven microfiber hunting net, and can only assume some murderous Indian and/or dog recovered it from the river and has some terrible designs in store for me.

Chapter Four

In December of the previous year, before I had killed a dog by method of strangulation, and before I had killed a dog by method of dispatching it with a knife, and before I had (possibly) killed a dog by method of throwing him in a river, a fourth dog engaged me, if in this moment we are counting dogs sequentially and backward in time, starting at that moment previously described in which an entirely harmless but trespassing dog almost certainly drowned in a river not far from a complicated, then-reinforced mud hut structure that was, at that time, my home.

This fourth dog (who was the first dog, really, in time) engaged me through the crystal pane of a sturdy car window. And yet the danger that radiated from the beast was in no way diminished by the seemingly indestructible plane of glass that contained it -for the moment anyway- at a relatively short distance from me in space. I could not hear this dog's teeth mashing, nor smell its teeth or surrounding organs. And I certainly could not touch its dangerous body. (My first tactile encounter with a dog came later; see: the strangling.)

fig. 2 From behind the safety of a car window, I discern the malicious intent of this and all dogs using my sixth sense

Although it is true that I could see the animal due to the transparency of the window and if we are counting senses (and I will assume we are), it would not be an exaggeration to say that I could also sense this fourth dog and its murderous attitude toward me in the sixth-sensory way that, looking back at it now, really quite accurately embodied the attitude that ALL dogs would thenceforth express towards me, my food, and the path near my mud hut (at all stages of upgrades and modification). I conclude that this painful first encounter left a deep impression on me and was no less violent -at least not explicitly so- than my future encounters with dogs and functioned as a perfect example of what scholars and educated Indians often call "foreshadowing."

The End, So Far

You can reach illustrator **William "ryorininseven" Cook** at this site, to request commissions and such, but please don't call him a monster for drawing dog death, he was just doing his job.

–∼Haoma

Chapter 2

February

2.1 Franz Kafka Writes for Sodastream's Website

Friday, Feb 01, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Cola

K. returned each day, from the small shop where he was employed as the junior-most clerk, to the squalor of the apartment he shared with the invalid mother of his former roommate. K. was not at all friends with Frau Grauhoff, yet he felt compelled by long-forgotten friendship to care for the woman, fetching her soup and bread though he had little money to afford any for himself. So it was one cloudy November day, while returning from work, K. chanced upon a cola vender selling bottled cola in the Old Town square of Prague, and after enduring the man's long harangue about the salutory qualities of his cola, he purchased two bottles. It was every pfennig he had meant for the grocer.

He returned to the apartment to find Frau Grauhoff was mysteriously gone. Not a trace of her at all. He smiled and sat upon the threadbare sofa and drank both bottles of cola for himself, thought he felt not at all nourished, he was glad. When he felt the urge to relieve himself he stood and crossed the apartment to the water closet. He opened the door only to find another door. This he opened and found another, which opened upon another. The doors began to close behind him as fast as he could open a new door. K. felt shame for what he had done. A single vial of **Cola** from Sodastream might have proved just as flavorful as the vendor's elixir, providing 50 servings. Though more expensive at the outset, amoratized carefully, it would have freed K. of his burdens, for he would not have been forced to shirk his responsibility to the invalid Frau Grauhoff.

Fountain Mist

The hill tribes of distant Amerika have strange ways. In the upper reaches of their ancient forests, with trees as large as ten hotels, they congregate and distill from cauldrons large as a motor coach a beverage known as Mountain Dew. It tastes of that uniquely American essence of citrus, pulped and pressed through the fantastic process of industry. A fine flavor, perhaps, but one too costly to be worthy of a peasant nation not touched by Liberty's Sword. So then, must we settle with gutter water and the drippings from an old rag? Not any longer. By the invention of Sodastream, and the chemists of Western Europe, a taste indistinguishable from Mountain Dew has been produced at a much lower cost. **Fountain Mist**, they call it, and with each taste you will be transported, from your wretched world of split shoes and tinned horse meat, to the mountaintops of Amerika, where golden peaks pierce the purple mists, proud as Avalon, and cities as large as Germany contain a billion men. This place of dreams, of electric lights and flushing toilets, where heroes turn the soil to plenty, and the frenetic pace drives every man, always to more. Sip **Fountain Mist** and see.

Diet Dr. Pete

The Institute produced a singular strain of medical expert. Professional, well-mannered, but wholly disinterested in the health or well-being of patients. These doctors were more akin to engineers serving in the factories of the arms manufacturers of Western Europe. Dr. Klaus, Dr. Schwartz, Dr. Toten, and Dr. Pepper. They had devised a machine that, from gunpowder and fire, could distill a sweet and calming flavor, at once good for health and pleasing to the senses. The papers wrote of their invention with great excitement and so K. was sent to visit them at their workshop.

The machine was nine meters long, cast from iron, with arms that held in place a man atop its length. Dr. Pepper was the Operator on that day, assuring K. that he would enjoy the flavors immediately. The device was set to action and the arms began to move, slicing immediately into the man strapped into the device and causing his blood to spill out as his skin was cut away. The man's eyes bulged and he bit his tongue to quiet his moans of pain. "Enough!" cried K., but he could not be heard over the sound of the device. All told, a hundred men suffered such a fate, reduced to scattered bones and scraps of meat by the pitiless arms. K. tasted the potion produced and, though the taste and effects were as promised, he could not help but be reminded of the agony endured to produce it.

Some years later, while waiting for a carriage in the rain, K. would spot an advertisement for an identical competing elixir by one **Dr. Pete**. He tasted it as soon as possible. No men died to produce the same distinct flavor, no Operator to scour the flesh, no screams or haunted nights, and so, judged K., there was a single ingredient lacking in this new imitator: futility.

Sparkling Green Tea Pomegranate Peach

The apartment was heated by a single coal stove and a pebble of coal that hardly kept warm for an hour. Five brothers and three sisters slept all in one bed. It was too many and the nights were long and full of turning and kicking, awakening in the dark to find a mist of breath above their heads. Life was a misery, and yet, they would look back fondly upon those times when older. Even the chewing of the rats in the wall, imagined as goblins in the darkness, would be recalled fondly by the four of them that survived the war and famine to reach middle age. No matter their poverty, mother always brewed a sweet, refreshing tea. For as long as they swallowed the concoction, it would alleviate their sores, the perpetual rattling coughs, the gnawing hunger in their bellies, and the bites upon their bodies from the lice. Sparkling Green Tea, fizzy and flavored with Pomegranate and Peach. They had hardly seen a wormy apple in all their years, let alone a pomegranate, but mother always provided her tea. After she was dead and the formula was lost they gathered in the shrinking circles of light that surround us in the dark, touching circle to circle, wondering if ever they could have their worries eased. Yes. Yes! cried brother Joseph. Put down your poison and noose. Life can be endured. Sodastream has just such a flavor. **Sparking Green Tea Pomegranate Peach.** Available now, by mercy of fate.

Crystal Light Wild Strawberry Energy Drink

"Guilty," pronounced the constable, though he would not say of what crime. Jacob K. was placed in irons and loaded into the carriage to be taken to the penitentiary. He did not even have the will to protest his treatment. They photographed him and carried him to a dank cell where he was made to strip down and put on the uniform of a prisoner. For that was his lot, until the judge could hear his case. His attorney was a speckle-faced man named H. and he was kindly, but simple, with a seeming disinterest in the details of K.'s plight. "No matter, my boy," said H. "Have some of this." It was a full-calorie fruit drink, so sweet it turned K.'s stomach. "Strawberry flavor. It is good," said H. K. drank it, if only because it covered the iron and sulfur taste of the water, but as the days passed and he drank more and more he came to realize it was a torture.

K. looked upon the stone walls of his cell and imagined a window and through it he could see to the sunny shores of the Black Sea where some day he would sit and drink a calorie free strawberry beverage, both delicious and invigorating, and love a woman with golden skin. It made him smile to think such things. Later, K. was found guilty, and before an audience he was tied to a chair and shot with a pistol in the heart. There was a sack over his head, so the witnesses could not see his smile as he departed from this cold, gray world to the golden embrace of a woman and the sweet nectar of **Crystal Light Wild Strawberry Energy Drink**. You need not be executed to taste it yourself.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 A Routine Checkup

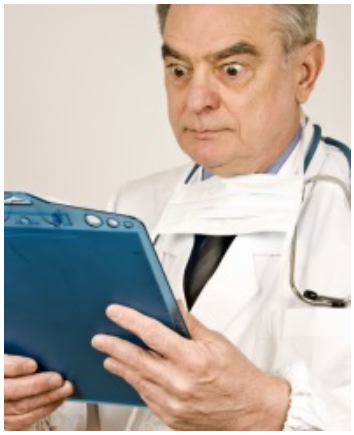
Saturday, Feb 02, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Thanks for coming in on such short notice. Your lab results from last week's physical just came in, and there were some... unexpected abnormalities. Everything seemed fine during the exam. Remember how you breezed through the hula hoop exercise and drank the quart of milk in record time? You appeared to be in tip-top shape. To be quite honest, these results caught me off guard. They're horrifying. Puzzling. I had to look up a few of the terms - actually, most of them - because they seemed made up, but now I know them to be all too real.

Please, sit. Let me break this down as best I can. If you need to cry, your chair has a swivel. You can spin it around and face the other way so I don't have to see your tears.

First, the blood workup. The good news is that you have plenty of blood. Unfortunately, you also have an unusual amount of mud in your bloodstream. As you know, all veins have some mud in them. It's a necessary part of your body's ecosystem, absorbing the naturally occurring dirt in your blood, along with assorted debris

such as tiny clumps of grass and leaves. Without mud, these items would be pumped directly into your organs and clog up their filters. Your veins, however, contain far too much mud. It is constricting the flow of blood, building up pressure. Over time this pressure finds a release in the form of arterial spray, much like the stream that is currently arcing from your neck.



Is that all? Goodness, no. If only.

These lab reports indicate that your feet have swollen to six times their normal size. The skin has stretched like an overfilled water balloon, your toes swallowed up by the expanding flesh so they resemble belly buttons. I now recall you mentioning having some trouble putting on your shoes, but I attributed that to an inability to tie your laces. Nothing seemed out of place at the time. These scans, however, clearly show a pair of enormous, deformed feet puffed up by venom. If you look closely, you can actually see the snakes. Note how their fangs are still buried in the skin, their bodies coiled around your ankles and calves.

Also, one of your arms is broken. It's your... let me look at the x-ray again. Let's see, you'd be facing this way so it would be on that side of your body... but is this mirrored? I can never remember. Well, time for an educated guess. I'm going to say it's your left arm. According to this, there are seventeen complete breaks starting just below your shoulder and ending at your fingertips. The arm has been so horribly mangled that in its natural state it wraps around your body behind your back, taking countless turns in all sorts of impossible directions. Your fucked up hand is peeking out from the opposite armpit. Do you mind wiggling all your fingers for me? Ah, there it is! I knew it was the left arm.

I'm going to show you another x-ray. This skull-shaped area right here is your skull. Look closely right... here. See that? You might have to get closer. It's easy to miss. That is a chainsaw that has been impaled in your skull. The blade has entered at a spot just above your nasal cavity and went all the way through, protruding several inches out from the back of your head. The handle and motor are sitting directly in front of your eyes. These spots where the x-ray is sort of blurry? I suspect that is the motion of the blades, which might still be spinning. We have no way to verify

that the chainsaw is, in fact, running until we get you scheduled for further testing.

Have you experienced any skin discomfort? Itchiness, throbbing, that sort of thing? Fever? Problems with your clothes? Well, according to the lab the entire surface of your body is engulfed in flames. We have a few options. You can dunk yourself in some water, which will probably put out the fire, OR you can continue to live your life as usual. The water option is invasive. You get liquid up your nose and run the very real chance of getting some water lodged in your ear. Deciding to accept the fire as part of who you are can often be healthy. Maybe your religion calls on you to let God decide your fate rather than putting it in the hands of science. That's perfectly valid. Perfectly sane. I'll let you think about it.

Oh, one more thing. Your bloodwork uncovered a disease. We would have caught it sooner, if you had come in for checkups more than once every ten years. It appears you have hypochondria.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.3 Something Awesome's 9 Wildest & Wackiest Super Bowl Ads

Monday, Feb 04, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Fans of football enjoy the pigskin action on the grid iron, but we all know why we really tune in: the amazing commercials. The football passing throws and halfback hikes are just filling time between the commercials. If you tuned in to the Ravens and 49ers game expecting some great ads, this year's Super Bowl did not disappoint. We round up our 9 favorites.

9. The AXE "Astronaut"

The Pitch: A handsome life guard fights off a shark and saves a bodacious babe, but no thanks in store for him, because here comes mister astronaut, a goofy nerd in an astronaut suit. SPLOOSH. Horny for astronuts? You better believe it.

8. OREO's "Library Whisper Fight"

The Pitch: Everybody wants an OREO brand chocolate and cream filled cookie and they can't decide which part of this is better, the molded chocolate fructose wafer or the delicious lard nugget paste compressed between them. It's a real madhouse up in this piece, yo!

7. Bud Light's "Lucky Chair"

The Pitch: Football magic spells on recliner. Makes you think about beer, right? Sexy babes and voodoo black men. Get a beer for your mouth, horny magic man. FOOTBALL!

6. E*TRADE Baby's Latest

The Pitch: Baby talks tough about stocks. Put your money on a computer and let a baby do it. Why not? Fuck it. Here baby. Download some apps for my droids. Got to invest in this touchdown. Good sellllll!

5. Redd's Apple Ale "Bar Apple"

The Pitch: Never heard of this. Brand impression apple but tough apple. Brand concept memorized. See bottle and drink apple, but tough apple not pussy gay apple. *Macbook*.

4. Doritos' "Goat 4 Sale"

The Pitch: From the cloud. The worm eating its own tail. Doritos are top tier snack brand. Monetize corns. Salt. Flavor dust. More salt. Give anything for Doritos. Way to ad for free, slaves.

3. Doritos' "Cross Dressing Dads"

The Pitch: Dad humiliate yourself for my brand. I hate you, dad. Sissy dad. Piss for my brand? America watch diaper fill. Smear on mouth. Rat press button. I'D FUCK ME.

2. Taco Bell "Viva Young"

The Pitch: Olds are slaves for grease to put in tracts. Death to mind. Death to body. Intake fourthmeal. Hardbody club DJ fun. Expel fifthmeal.

1. Budweiser's "Black Crown"

The Pitch: BUY DRINK HAVE FUN LIFE. WOMAN OBJECT STIMULATE MATING INSTINCT. BUY DRINK. NEW BEER. **DRINK THIS, MY LORD. BUY.**

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.4 Only Garfield Can Save Timbuktu

Tuesday, Feb 05, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

There is blood on Jim Davis's hands.

For the people of Mali, everyday is Monday. Executions, famine, amputations, murder, coups, and unrest. Things have gotten so bad militants are burning libraries, destroying (I imagine) a few computer labs filled with creepy old men and countless copies of *Guinness Book of World Records*. Meanwhile, nations of the world are unable or unwilling to support. They're left with no real military, no supplies, and minimal logistics. The children of Timbuktu don't even know what lasagna is.

There is only one choice. Garfield must mail Nermal to Timbuktu. This might be my flu-induced fever, but it makes so much sense. We don't need congress or the United Nations. We just need a boring gag. Boring orange cat must box up boring grey cat, address it to al-Qaeda in the Islamic Maghreb and be done with it. That's all. No one, no one, cares about Garfield, and yet here is a chance for the most significant animated moment since Bugs Bunny opened America's eyes regarding Albuquerque's confusing directions.

For over 20 years, Garfield has had no problem sending Nermal to Abu Dhabi, and in that time, it's grown from a desert capital to one of the world's premiere economic centers. I don't pretend to know how, I don't pretend to enjoy Garfield, but I cannot ignore facts. Garfield is a nation builder. Just one year worth of Nermal Support packages has to equal whatever the Red Cross is trying to do. It's easily outpacing those polio vaccinations.

And yet, in this time of need, Jim Davis is silent. Garfield is motionless, wrapped tight under his blanket of consumerism. It is the kind of blind eyed injustice that only a bumper sticker can capture.

And why has Garfield ignored a chance to mail Nermal to Timbuktu? Does Jim Davis only support oil rich countries? Is it too expensive to ship a kitten to central Africa? Doubtful. A package to Mali from Jim Davis's fortress in Muncie, Indiana is only $240-- even less if he lies and says it's media mail. They never check that stuff! Or he could strap Nermal to a drone and not ask permission because we do whatever we want with those things.

The world has never needed a Garfield comic more than now. Hell, the world has never needed a Garfield comic before now. But here we are. It's a strange time. So please, Jim Davis. I beg you. Aim the World's Most Adorable Kitten Drone at the heart of Abu Musab Abdel Wadoud. Deliver

work in progress

Nermal and watch the world prosper.

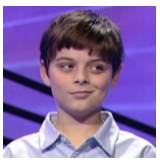
–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.5 The Best Jeopardy Stories

Wednesday, Feb 06, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

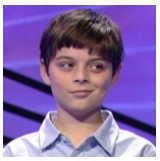
Ted Baumer
I spent all day looking for my hat. Is it in my bedroom? Is it by my computer? Is it in my fridge? I couldn't find it anywhere. Then wow, I found it. It was on my head the whole time!

Neil Heidrick
When I don't shower, my feet smell like popcorn, my belly-button smells like Wonder Bread, my mouth tastes like milk and bologna, and my hair clumps up like linguini. I'm what they call a real Foodie, Alex!



Max Marlar
Alex, is it not interesting that we call them twins yet they cannot feel the darkness within our hearts?

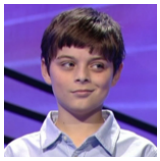
Jamie Facio
And right there in the pet shop I realized that all iguanas are reptiles, but not all reptiles are iguanas. Makes you think, doesn't it?



Max Marlar, Day Two
Sometimes, late at night, alone, I close my eyes, and all I see is the skulls, Alex. All I see is the skulls.

James Ekker
A lot of people hated middle school. It was okay in my opinion.

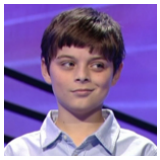
Lorrie Zeiger
Bookstores are the best place to meet members of the opposite sex. Or the same sex even. Most of the people are really nice and everything smells nice. There are books and a few chairs that mostly have old people in them. Sometimes I think I could live in a bookstore, but then the bookstore workers remind me that no, I cannot. Bookstore workers aren't very nice.



Max Marlar, Day Three
Alex, the only time I ever feel alive is watching CCTV footage of train casualties.

Chris Pidgeon
I really wanted a turtle but my mom said no. When we put her in the home, I could have gotten one--a turtle--but I didn't want one anymore.

Cody Vassel
It was an interesting 2003, but how many other people can say they've reshot Hot Shots Part Deux scene by scene?



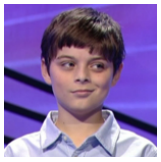
Max Marlar, Day Four
Alex, can you imagine the things we found clearing out her room. We try not to, and yet when we wake in the morning, our minds are already swollen with fear. We were so young, Alex. How were we to know the horrors of this realm? How could we realize how hopeless it is, how there is no escape?

Britany Strine
Baba booey, baba booey, baba booey.

Jeanie Milbourn
I wanted a new cellular phone, but I couldn't afford it. Well, I just waited for a year until I could get an upgrade. I didn't end up getting that phone, but with a two year contract extension I got another good one that takes pictures.

Katherine Laury
Remember those Beggin Strips commercials? Whenever I see a dog I still imagine them talking in that silly voice. "Bacon!" People at the dog park ask me all sorts of questions, but I sort of just giggle by myself. "Bacon!"

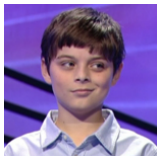
Lorrie Zeiger, Day Two
Grocery stores are just okay at meeting people but they're A++ for buying ginger ale.



Max Marlar, Day Five
When a man enjoys tastes forbidden by humanity, Alex, is he surpassing his species or devolving into hatred embodied?

Caleb Sporer
After the emergency workers shot me full of adrenaline, they told me what seems obvious now--I'm really, really allergic to Silly Putty.

Allan Garnes
I'm pretty involved in social media networks. Check me out at At Symbol Wacky Vintage Bacon. Just like that. Hashtag laughs.



Max Marlar, Day Six
Do you have any idea how many mongrels you can get from the Humane Society before they grow suspicious? Infinite, Alex. They never catch on.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.6 J.J. Abrams News of the Past Fifteen Minutes

Thursday, Feb 07, 2013 by STAR WARS NEWS

J.J. Abrams Still Really Directing Star Wars

Star Trek's J.J. Abrams is still pegged to direct the seventh installment of the Star Wars trilogy, industry insiders say. Being that the act of Disney and Lucasfilm choosing J.J. Abrams for this role took place in the past, we can surmise that the partnership has remained unchanged -- and J.J. agrees. When reached for comment, a representative for Abrams told the press "J.J. is still excited to work on a creation that's touched millions of lives, including his. He still plans to instill this movie with the mix of wonder, adventure, and morality that continues to define the Star Wars legacy." Well, there you have it, folks. This ambiguous statement no doubt means there could be a real shake-up with pre-production on Episode VII, and whether or not that will put a stop to the near-endless amount of J.J. Abrams news remains to be seen.

J.J. Abrams on Star Wars VII: "Probably a Few Hours Long"

Rejoice, Star Wars fans! Episode VII will be just as long as most other movies, according to J.J. Abrams during a recent interview at a Home Depot parking lot in the Westlake area of Los Angeles. "I don't know, a couple of hours? It's a movie. Probably a few hours long. I really don't know why you're asking me this," said Abrams, struggling with an armload of cedar planks. He added, "If you guys aren't going to give me a hand with this stuff, I'm going to ask you to get away from my car and for my five dollars back."

Star Wars might take the form of your average movie, but this certainly won't be your average Star Wars; when asked about the structure of Episode VII, Abrams seemed secretive, if hostile: "Jesus. Three. Three acts. I don't know." It may be unclear if Star Wars: Episode VII will disobey the central tenant of storytelling in

movies, but this breaking news at least tells us one important detail about the future of our favorite sci-fi franchise: J.J. Abrams lives in a house with an incomplete deck.

J.J. Abrams Had a Weird Dream About Chewbacca

In a move that may shock some Star Wars fans, Episode VII director J.J. Abrams had a weird dream about Chewbacca. At some point last night within Abrams' subconscious, the world's favorite wookie reportedly "took the form of my 8th grade teacher, except it was the '90s and we were married but I still had my kid body," said Abrams to his stylist at a recent haircut. During the complimentary blow-dry, Abrams added: "It was wild. Woke up in a cold sweat. Probably because all of those kids keep asking me about Star Wars."

This news came as a shock to Star Wars veteran Peter Mayhew, the 68 year-old actor who once portrayed Han Solo's furry companion. In a tweet that caused much controversy, Mayhew claims to not be on speaking terms with Abrams. The former Star Wars actor tweeted at theforce.net: "For all those interested, I have not been contacted by J.J. about Episode 7." Chewbacca blacklisted? Needless to say, we'll be back with daily updates until this feud is settled.

J.J. Abrams Rents RoboCop, Hints at Political Commentary in Episode VII?

This Tuesday, a small, red envelope showed up in the mailbox of a certain Mr. J.J. Abrams. The co-star of the TurboGrafx-16's J.J. and Jeff and future Star Wars director received RoboCop by mail on Blu-Ray, and within just a few days, this simple NetFlix delivery has sparked controversy within the Star Wars community. Will Episode VII take an anti-corporatist stance? And how does this message mesh with the extreme merchandising of the Star Wars franchise?

"I don't understand," said J.J., flustered, "I'm not sure what you want to know anymore. I-I just got this on disc because the wi-fi in the rec room's kind of spotty and -- listen. There's a box of Cloverfield screeners for you in my garage if you'll just leave me alone." Abrams' continued hostility with reporters may indicate some serious changes ahead for the Star Wars brand, but until the locksmith gets back to us with those copies of J.J.'s house keys, we'll have to assume that Disney may respond poorly to the director's fixation on boardroom violence.

J.J. Abrams Seen Speeding North on I-5

Han Solo might have made the Kessel Run in less than ten parsecs, but there's no telling how long it'll take J.J. Abrams to travel California's famous stretch of highway. The Episode VII mastermind fled from an impromptu Q&A session in front of a West Hollywood Baja Fresh Mexican Grill restaurant after refusing to answer a question about which font he uses in Final Draft. "It's just ridiculous!" said Abrams, his tires squealing off to meet the much-traveled interstate that's moved Californians north-to-south and vice-versa since 1957. Abrams' wild swerving and improper use of his turn signal could be a sign that the pressure of helming Star Wars could be catching up with him. We'll be

sure to ask a follow-up question once Abrams is pulled from the fiery wreckage that used to be five cars.

–∼STAR WARS NEWS

2.7 Ayn Rand Promotes Anime Culture for J-List

Friday, Feb 08, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Kracie Happy Kitchen Hamburger
Japanese Snack Treat

https://web.archive.org/web/20130315022518/http://www.jlist.com/product/KNS479

The signs were upon every wall in the city, pasted to tenements and inscribed on placards by the door of every bureau and wellness center: NO HAMBURGERS. Dr. Feelmitch of the Food Control Bureau had concluded that such foods were unhealthy and they were subsequently removed by the state. In order to preserve maximum fitness, the government had deprived the nation of hamburgers.

Scoby Darling shuffled along with the slumping crowd, but there was a knowing smile upon her handsome face. Within the finely cut greatcoat she wore about her shoulders there was concealed a Totoro bento containing a Kracie Happy Kitchen Hamburger. When she returned to her apartment she would meticulously assemble a miniature Japanese hamburger candy that tasted exactly like the real thing. This small act of defiance, this denial of the power of the state over her tastes, was her way of fighting back. Who is Josh Gulp? Until she knew the answer, she would satisfy herself with the liberty she earned from Kracie Happy Kitchen Hamburger.

Oriole Bognerd looked at Needry Takert with cold eyes. Pity was no longer a part of his emotional vocabulary, not after what the Takerts of the world had done to his father's Japanese Poop Candy shop. When Oriole began to speak, the others fell silent and listened, for the tone and volume of his voice demanded such attention.

Unchi-kun Candy ~ Japanese Lucky Poop Candy
Japanese Snack Treat

https://web.archive.org/web/20130209072638/http://www.jlist.com/product/AHP066

"Lucky Poop? Not every man can be born to fortune, and no such thing as luck exists, for it is will alone that propels the course of human events. The will of the individual to achieve creates what the soft-minded would call luck. Make your own fortune, or inherit it, and you can buy all the luck you need. In the form of *Unchi-kun* Candy." He held the cartoon poop candy aloft as the others began to slowly applaud and cheer, "Hooray for Nippon!"

Yoko 3D Oppai Mouse Pad 6th Episode ver. ~ Gurren Lagann **Preorder**
Mouse Pad

https://web.archive.org/web/20130303044049/http://www.jlist.com/product/PRE1984

"If only every man and woman used a basic hard plastic mouse mat, there will be sufficient quantities for everyone," said Dr. Careslimp. He slumped his shoulders and adjusted his spectacles with tiny, pink hands as soft as those of a fetus.

Strempf Goldswell had heard enough of such ideas. He bore not a trace of anger as he stood, adjusting the Tanto he wore at his hip next to his smart phone holster, and his voice filled the room. It was a voice that pressed down on Dr. Careslimp and his compatriots like the foot of a man climbing a ladder made of their faces.

"Equality can itself be inequality if it deprives those with the strength to claim better. If you deny a man an Oppai soft breast mouse pad based on Gurren Lagann, you deny him his dreams and aspirations. No. Emphatically, no. Until you allow free markets to determine the course of breast mouse pad development, I will not participate in the Mouse Pad Council. In Japan there is a different way. A better way. It is called the way of the Bushido, and you would do well to study it."

Necomimi Neurowear (International Edition)
Neuro Wear

https://web.archive.org/web/20130315105623/http://www.jlist.com/product/US-PRE1291W

Robert Baron listened to what Dr. Wimpton and the men from the Public Good Department had to say. He listened, lips tightened, square jaw set evenly against his fist, betraying no emotion, but the threat of emotion was apparent in his steel gray eyes.

When his turn came to speak he stood without hesitation and announced, in a monologue unlike those you might have heard prior to this one, "My sweat and blood have gone into making these articulated cat ears. If the unions and the men in Washington will take them for 'the people' then let them come up with their own mechanical cat ear headset. I will take my articulated cat ears to Japan, where things are better and the women are more attractive. This pitiful country of *baka gaijin* does not deserve my genius."

Immediately everyone in the room became afraid about what he said. They had no ideas of their own and no abilities. They were like babies.

The Tentacle ~ Melancholy of a College Student -- Azumi Harusaki (region 2)
DVD (*zoned for Region Code 2*)

https://web.archive.org/web/20130323092329/http://www.jlist.com/product/ATID168

Who is Josh Gulp? Scoby Darling knew the truth, that no such man exists in flesh, but within us all. Every man and woman, excluding those born with chronic diseases, mental illness, or undesirable genetic traits, possesses the capacity to become Josh Gulp. He is the potential to achieve our goals and work our will upon the world, just as a man must become a beast to satisfy the desires of a woman. Specifically, a man must become a tentacle beast, taking what he desires, unshackled from those who would hold him back on subway, in the water closet, or in a slime-wrecked panty dorm.

Scoby leaned back against the wall and sighed, her handsome Eastern-European gaze searching the transom for the shadow of appendages that might creep through and perform what the superior Japanese call *paizuri* (titty fucking) and *gansha* (facials). There were no creeping tentacles today, but back at Scoby's apartment, Azumi Harusaki waited behind government mandated mosaics on Scoby's region-liberated DVD player.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.8 Pizza Is Far Healthier Than Vegetables

Saturday, Feb 09, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Every time I eat pizza, I find myself realizing that at that exact moment I have lived longer than at any other point in my life. The tasty Italian treat is a miraculous health elixir. It's a wonder food. I can feel its restorative properties radiating into my body as I mix the dough from scratch, make the sauce, and slice the cheese. When I remove a finished home made pizza from the surface of a 500 degree stone, the pie magically protects my hands from being burned. The gloves help. So does the fact that I use a peel and don't really come anywhere near touching the stone with my hands, but mainly it's the pizza magic that protects me.

As you might imagine, it makes me sick when loudmouth jerks refer to vegetables as the ultimate health food while dismissing pizza as some sort of junk for babies. They are wrong. Pizza will make you stronger, more virile, and happier than you have ever been. Vegetables will only bring you misery and ruination. There's simply no comparison between the two.

How unhealthy are vegetables? Let's say you save up enough dollars to go down to the grocery store and buy yourself a single stalk of celery. You've been waiting for this. You're in a good mood. As you begin your long walk home, clutching that tasteless stick like it's all that you have going for you in life, you are hit by a car. It has a spinning razor sharp propellor on the front and spikes on the hood. You die. It is, in a word, terrible.

The last thing you'll see before your gruesome death.

Now imagine that instead of buying celery, you order a pizza. When the delivery person shows up to your house you lock eyes and instantly fall in love. This is your soulmate. You had never believed in love or the notion of settling down with one person exclusively, but in this moment you know that the two of you will be together for all of your days. This is true happiness. Also, the pizza took like forty minutes to get to your house so it's free.

Of course, one example is hardly enough to draw scientific conclusions, no matter how convincing that example may be.

On a completely different day you decide to have a carrot. It's fresh, good for your eyes - at least that's what they want you to think - and crunchy. Sounds lovely. How healthy is it, though? As you attempt to eat the carrot it spears through the roof of your mouth. Your mouth fills with warm blood and chunks of ruined flesh as the tip of the carrot punches through your skull and stabs your brain. No amount of vitamins are worth this tragic fate.

Instead, you make yourself a pizza. In your eagerness to taste its perfect blend of rustic flavors, you push the pointy end of a slice into your mouth too quickly. Does it kill you? No. It harmlessly collides with the roof of your mouth. If anything, you simply get more pizza in your bite. A nearby talent scout marvels at your ability to bite off such a large chunk of pizza. He signs you up for a movie deal on the spot. The following day, your new elite Hollywood friends share their secret immortality juice. You live forever. As the universe winks out in its inevitable heat death, you nod a salute and eat one final slice of pizza.

Still not convinced?

Spinach is supposed to be really good for you. It's dark green. It's nasty as hell. That probably means it's the best possible thing to eat if you want to be in good shape, right? You decide to see for yourself. After buying a three hundred pound crate of spinach, you try to lift it without any assistance. You manage to get the crate almost two feet off the ground before your arms rip out of their sockets. Before you fade out of consciousness your desperate thoughts turn to the idea of calling 911. Even if you could push the buttons without your hands, however, that's simply not an option. Your cell phone fell under the crate. Also, there's a bomb in the crate and it's going to explode in one second. Spinach claims another life.

If you buy a three hundred pound crate of pizza instead, things turn out remarkably different. You decide to use a forklift to move the crate. The process occurs without incident. Inside the crate, you discover something in addition to your pizza - a mysterious cooler. You open it and discover a preserved kidney. It's a perfect match! You were going to die in weeks for lack of a donor, but now the transplant can be conducted.

As you can see, there is literally no scenario in which vegetables are healthier than pizza. I'm not even sure why they're legal. Adjust your life accordingly.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.9 The "Yo Gabba Gabba!" Creation Myth

Monday, Feb 11, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In Gabba lore's reassuring creation myth, life is physically placed, fully formed, onto the earth.

The creation myth of *Yo Gabba Gabba!* begins, like most creation myths, with the universe in a formless state. The void echoes with the footsteps of the approaching godhead, DJ Lance Rock, dressed in a bright orange costume that would fit right in with the costumes of Matthew Barney's *Cremaster*. DJ Lance brings forth the holy vessel: life-giving music reified as a boom box which contains the dormant bodies of his progeny. He towers over a world represented by a diorama keyed to the four elements important to Gabba lore: stone, woods, flowering hills, and ice.

Into these realms, Lance Rock thrusts the four lesser deities who watch over the mortal world. The first god named and created by Lance Rock is Muno, a tall cyclops with a crimson body. Muno watches over the rocks. Foofa comes next, and with her plump, pink body and flowering head, she is clearly the Gabba fertility goddess. Toodee, a fanged, blue reptilian, watches over the ice land, and Brobee, with his waving arms and awkward body, is the master of the woods.

The fifth creation of DJ Lance is the robot known as Plex. This being moves freely among the realms and serves the direct word of DJ Lance, at times even using his worldly powers to summon DJ Lance to the earth realm. He is much more aware of the contextual reality of Gabba and this, coupled with his powers, make him the Messiah figure of Gabba lore.

The monsters exhibit extremely naive behavior, often needing basic concepts explained to them by Plex or by DJ Lance himself. They seem to have little understanding of subjects ranging from birthdays to pets to sleeping. This makes the entire Gabba reality a sort of extended creation myth,

where the godhead interacts with his progeny, shaping their development in a direct way.

The very first lesson DJ Lance teaches to his creations is eating. Creative destruction and an understanding of the cycle of life and death are lessons imparted by many mythologies. Food in the reality of Yo Gabba Gabba! is partially anthropomorphized and instantiated. Carrots and peas and chicken have faces and literally ask to be eaten, begging "to go to the party in [Brobee's] tummy."

Guests arriving for Dancey Dance are seemingly disintegrated by Plex.

In some Native American mythologies animals are revered for the sacrifice of their life. In Yo Gabba Gabba! the act of being eaten is not a sacrifice at all, it is a pleasure. Internal cutaways of Brobee (and later other deities) reveal primordial digestive tracts and internal organs. The consumed food dances and laughs in the stomach.

Ritualized dancing, or "Dancey Dance," plays an important role in practicing the religion of Gabbaland. Minor celebrities from our world are transported into Gabbaland by Plex and remain just long enough to teach the deities a dance, before being returned to our world, or possibly disintegrated and destroyed.

Conflict in Gabbaland is minimal and almost always a result of clumsiness. Songs, dances, and profuse apologies heal most wounds. One notable deviation from this pattern is an incident in which Muno bites Foofa, forcing Plex to petition DJ Lance for intervention. Muno ultimately learns, "Don't, don't, don't bite your friends" and Foofa, seemingly unharmed, accepts Muno's apology.

Widely reviled, Gooble serves as the pathetic, beaten anti-god.

Although death is never dealt with, there is a minor anti-god who rules over a Gabba underworld. Gooble, the crying god, is a perpetually sad entity. He appears infrequently and can be seen moping around in the background, usually weeping. He is greatly disliked by the other gods, although this mistrust is scolded by DJ Lance, perhaps suggesting Gooble was an early experiment in creation that went awry. Gooble lives in his own realm, a dark and sinister place apart from the other gods of Gabba myth, though he seems able to come and go from this underworld as he pleases.

Gabba lore is syncretic, incorporating elements of our reality and beliefs, like cowboys, cars, and Biz Markie. Tolerance is fundamental to Gabbaland. Rival beliefs are treated as acceptable alternatives to the world described by DJ Lance and his gods.

Humans interact frequently with the gods, sometimes visiting for the Dancey Dance or for other reasons. Outside of the context of the Dancey Dance, humans encountering Gabba gods for the first time react with extreme fear.

The fear of mortals in Gabbaland is justified, for although the gods of Gabbaland would seem benign, they alone are returned to the boom box, suggesting that only the gods are worthy to be reborn each new day. We mortals can only dance and hope that death, or Plex's unforgiving beam, does not ultimately send us to the morose underworld of Gooble.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.10 Subj: TRUE LOVE... OH BABEY

Tuesday, Feb 12, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! I'll tell you what the big love day is right around the corner and there's nobody in town with more love experience than yours truly. That is not to say I have had a lot of lady friends (i have not) but the ones i did have i loved as much as 400 women or more. I don't mess around in matters of love too much these days but I want to tell you about them all and what happened so you can learn from my problems AND MY SOLUTIONS

BETSY - Wow now there's a name i haven't heard in a long time... ahh yes Betsy was my prime babe in grade school and we did everything together for a number of years in fact we were close from first to third grade, but then i brought her over for a family get-together and my uncle who could not swim was in the pool flailing his body and shouting, "I'm Going Tits Up" over and over which made her entire family uncomfortable and they left and we broke up in the coming weeks. She did not want to say it was because of my Tits Up Uncle but i knew

BRENDA - Lost a bet with this lady and she forced me to change my name temporarily to Mitch Passion to shame my mother and father and other loved ones. what a bad lady and it was just a friendly bet between us at the dog track since we already ran out of money and i still had the urge to splurge

PATSY - Her family had a big food dehydrator but instead of being a box on the countertop it was an entire room because they really loved their dried up gross apples so when they showed me the room i said "Wow It Smells Like Bad Breath In Here. This Is The Bad Breath Room" and 2 days later we broke up probably from pressure surrounding that incident. Also her dad was the bigwig down at a deli and i said "lets rename all cold cuts to Passion Cuts" and he didn't like me from the start

NATALIE - She broke up with me because i kept saying "Coober" in my sleep and she would hit me with her purse in the mornings and ask "Who Is Coober" but the fact of the matter is i have no idea who coober is

CHRISTINA - Tried telling me about her brother who went to Supermax and i thought that was a grocery store

YOUR MOTHER - What a timeless love but alas it was not to be, we had a fundamental disagreement on what constitutes a chicken coop. She said the attic with a network of toy car tracks running down to funnel eggs ot the kitchen was not a coop and I said it was so she did the horrible thing of poking her head up into the attic and screaming many times a day to scare the birds. This hurts to talk about even now.

JANE - Wanted me to print up flyers and banners for her big promotion about horses called STOP HORSE SLAUGHTER but either she wrote it down wrong or i wrote it down wrong and on the big day of the promotion all the sign stuff said STOP HORSES LAUGHTER and nobody donated any

to the cause except for me

NATALIE AGAIN - we got back together to market and sell a carnival food of my own creation "CORN BLOBS" which was just corn dogs without the dog in it and it was a blob of corn the size of a golf ball on a stick. They sold very well for the first 15 minutes until everyone realized what they were and told the other people

What a bunch of babes if you ask me boy howdy!!!! Why just thinking of some of them gets me all hot under the collar! Wow

WHAT A MAN!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

2.11 Spout.ly February Hot Sips

Wednesday, Feb 13, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly

February has proven especially thirst-quenching for Shaggy Butte's fountain aficionados, with a spate of new arrivals and new discoveries bringing in some much-needed freshness. February's Hot Sips deliver some surprises, but most of all, they'll take care of your thirst. *-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

HOT SIPS

Shaggy Butte First Presbyterian

87% CERTIFIED FRESH

TOP COMMENTS:

"This is absolutely stupid. There's no reason why a religious institution should get one of the better DFs in town. We have something called separation of church and state that makes this sort of thing illegal. I don't want anybody asking me about God when I come to gulp up." *-Sipswell*

"I tried to remove this fountain from the church, where it should not be, and was yelled at by an old bearded man who I think lived there. I gave him a stern lecture about separation of church and state, pointed out the incorrect nature of his faith, and told him to read Atlas Shrugged. Feel like I opened his mind for sure, although I was unable to liberate the fountain." *-DeepDrinker*

Blockbuster Video

TOP COMMENTS:

"This place has been closed for several months, but some kids knocked out the window with a brick. After that it made perfect sense to go in and see if the water was still hooked up. It is, and it's heavy. Low use, so expect a long button delay, but the water you get has that nice, brown, mineral-heavy quality you get from virgin founts." *-FountainClimber*

"If you can stomach all the teens hanging around asking you to buy them beer, there is a great fountain here. Heads up: one of the teens might be dead. If not, he's been sleeping for a few days. But the water is strong. It's like drinking whiskey and leaves you just as hungover." *-Drooler*

Dalton Funeral Home

TOP COMMENTS:

"One of the best fountains of 2013. The guy who runs this place really cares about providing a quality sip, but he's a bit of a jerk. The first time I visited he was very nice, but he's gotten more rude with each subsequent visit, and tried to run me out a few times. Also the crying and depressed people can make drinking here unpleasant, but the water is just so good." *-Sir Sips-a-Lot*

"It's a pretty somber place to grab a sip but well worth it. If anybody asks you how you know the deceased, it's best to just make up some story. People get really uppity if you say you're just here for the fountain. Some pregnant lady started crying when I said that once. Made it really awkward to finish filling my water jugs." *-BigSlurper*

Shaggy Butte Women's Shelter

TOP COMMENTS:

"As far as I can tell, the women here have no real appreciation for the fountain my tax dollars are providing them. It's disgusting. And the looks they give me when I come in to enjoy a drink. I'm not a monster, I'm just thirsty. Good water though. Crystal clear and light. I'm a loud gulper, though, which apparently ruffles some feathers here." -*Evenflow*

"Talk about your Debbie Downers. I've never seen a more ungrateful crowd. This is arguably in the top twenty or top thirty drinking fountains in town, and the residents couldn't care less. You may have some trouble getting in to try it, thanks to the extra security guards. I guess they've never heard of a little thing called 'Men's Rights.' I'll drink where I want." -*The Sip Doctor*

Costco

TOP COMMENTS:

"One of the employees here spiked the fountain. For about two weeks it was pushing out soda syrup without the carbonation. Cherry Pepsi by my estimation. I'm pretty sure he got fired. I think he was a latino." -*Slurp*

"A great fountain for sure. Water quality here is above average, and it's near to one of the best meal deals in town. I save this fountain for dates where the girl is also above average. Most women aren't knowledgeable on the local fountains and appreciate me educating them." -*Waterbaron*

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.12 Erotic Cashier Stories

Thursday, Feb 14, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

There's this cute cashier at Hot Topic I've wanted to talk to, but whenever I buy something I get the other cashier instead - there's one line and two registers, so the cashier one gets is more or less random. Granted I'm sort of attracted to the other cashier - she's overweight and I sometimes imagine her sitting on me - but I'm much more attracted to the cute one. Last week I was buying a leather collar to go with the trenchcoat, boots, and bondage pants I'd bought while trying to talk to her - all of which I was wearing. I was next in line, waiting for whichever cashier finished with her customer first when, amazingly, they both finished at the exact same time. All three of us looked at each other, like we knew this wasn't supposed to happen. It was up to me to choose which cashier I wanted. I looked at the fat cashier, then the cute one. She looked at me and I knew instantly that she was attracted to me, liked the same bands I did, and would love me for the rest of my life. All I had to do was show that I wanted her love, by choosing her over her coworker.

I hesitated for a moment. I'd never made the first move in romance before, and even this tiny gesture seemed both incredibly bold and incredibly vulnerable. I wanted her to reach out to me, say "can I help you," but I knew she wouldn't, and if I didn't act now she'd let her coworker take my order and deny ever looking at me this way.

I began to step forward, but something was tugging at my waist, holding me back. I realized too late that one of my bondage pants' straps had snagged on a shelf of Marilyn Manson t-shirts, which was falling toward me. I dove out of the way and landed on my back. The fall knocked the wind out of me and I started gasping. The guy behind me - a fat goth in a Bauhaus t-shirt - mistook my gasping for a seizure, so he sat on top of me, holding me down. The cute cashier took the next guy's order and the guy in the Bauhaus t-shirt told the other cashier to call 911 and I noticed his weight on my chest was giving me an erection.

I was depressed about being single, so I bought myself a cake. It was a day old chocolate cake that said "Happy Birthday Ina" - whoever ordered it had never picked it up. The cashier, a brunette in her mid-20s, asked if Ina was my girlfriend. To avoid confessing I was buying a cake for myself, I said yes. Just then, the TV behind the counter showed a news report about a local woman named Ina who died in a car crash yesterday. The cashier gave me a horrified look and I knew I was in trouble. I started blubbering about how Ina was the love of my life and I couldn't believe this had happened. After a few seconds it felt strangely natural. I said that now that Ina was gone I was all alone, with no one to hold me, kiss me, or even just talk to me, no one to give me that basic intimacy one needs to feel human. Real tears welled in my eyes. The cashier felt really bad and gave me the cake for free.

The next day I thought about going to Ina's funeral, but decided that if I saw her husband it might feel awkward.

As I stepped up to the counter at Burger Hub I asked the cashier how his day was going. Horrible, he said. I asked him why and he said he didn't want to talk about it. I said okay and looked at the menu. He said I wouldn't understand anyway. I said I might, since I worked a fast-food job too. He asked if I was a cashier and I said no, I was a cook. That was why I wouldn't understand, he said. Cooks just read their slips and did what they were told. Cashiers, on the other hand, wielded all the power. They told the cooks what to make, and the customers what they could or couldn't order. It was a huge amount of power, and gave him a huge amount of stress. He wished he didn't have all that power sometimes, but was also afraid of losing it. What he needed, he said, was just to briefly give it to someone else.

I nodded, pretending to understand, and asked if he'd take my order now. He stared at me for a second, then asked if I'd like to take the order myself. I shook my head, but he insisted, so I reluctantly stepped behind the counter.

The touchscreen had an interface I didn't understand, and as I searched for my food I kept hitting the wrong buttons, flooding the screen with error messages. Each one made the cashier cringe, but he didn't stop me. My hands started shaking and I knocked over a gift card display. The cashier clenched his teeth, but told me to keep going. As I fumbled through the menus trying to upgrade my meal he began breathing heavily.

When I finally finished the cashier was drenched with sweat, but looked oddly relieved. He thanked me and when I tried to pay him he waved my money away. He even offered me a few dollars from his wallet, which I refused.

As I ate in my car, I wondered what had happened between the cashier and me. Whatever it was it had been sort of exciting, maybe even something I'd like to try again, but only once in a while. Being a cashier had a certain thrill, but all that power was too intimidating. As demeaning as it sounded, I'd much rather be a cook.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

2.13 George Orwell Offers 1,984 Reasons to Put Fatheads On Your Wall

Friday, Feb 15, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

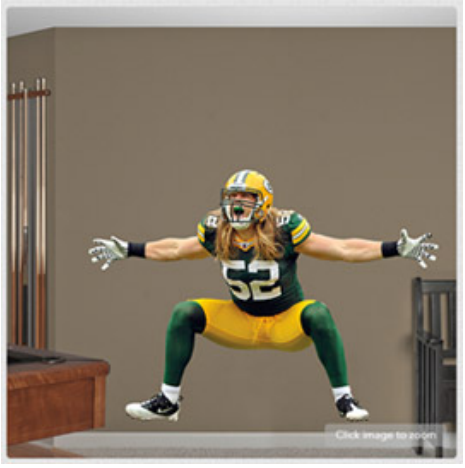
This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Big Show Big Head
17"W x 27"H

Each man is born with an innocent face and grows by deeds into the face he deserves. We are fortunate that Big Show is no man. He is a god rendered in flesh, as perfected by the tribulations of life as David was by the chisel of Michelangelo.

Big Show is every bit the equal of the heroes of Spain. If only the Lincoln Brigade had possessed him, we might have held the river at Jarama. A head of realistic proportions would not suffice to terrify fascists with the raw power of Big Show. You require an officially-licensed WWE Big Head (TM) upon your wall to remind you that, like Kane at Wrestlemania, or like the people will judge the lying priests for siding with Franco, Big Show will judge our every action and know if we are not true to the cause.

Clay Matthews Sack Celebration
5’11"W x 4’3"H



Jay Cutler was knocked down to the ground again. We were on our feet, every man of true heart, cheering faithfully. The feeble man of Chicago writhed in pain. The hated blue and orange of his uniform was smeared with the midfield paint so that he seemed bloodied. The man called Clay Matthews spread his arms and flexed his glorious muscles. He was a titan in green, roaring as if to give voice to our primal, triumphant screams. We have always been rivals of the Chicago Bears.

We came with the Packers to the field of soldiers not only for victory, but for carnage. Blood and pain were not sufficient. We clapped each other on the back and forgot our lives of factories and rations and became the men competing in the mud, fueled by hatred, delivering violence to those who deserved it most. If only we could return to our blocks and enjoy these moments every day, in static-clinging, life-size vinyl, stuck to the walls above the beds of our children.

Black Widow: The Covert Avenger
6’1"W x 3’1"H

The animals looked in through the windows of the farmer’s house, curious at how the woman was held in the air. "Did he take up another wife?" wondered Old Red Pig. "No," said Taggert the duck. "There would have been much more trouble. One of us would have been killed for the feast. Although the detail is so incredible it seems this new woman must be real, I do not think that she is." The chickens agreed, as was their way.

Old Red Pig was not so sure. He did not like the way that the woman was kicking. It reminded him of the boys who came at night and kicked the sows and stomped on the piglets. They were worse in their way even than the farmer and his silver knife.

"It is a sign," pronounced Old Red Pig, "that we cannot ignore any longer. We must act soon." The ducks bit their worried bills. The goats were resolute. The sheep knew their time was coming already and bleated their support.

The chickens agreed, as was their way.

Horse
6’6"W x 4’4"H

He was stretched out upon the table and held down with straps. The music began to play and the Hypnodrops began their work. Lowman regressed to his childhood. He was a boy and Mum took him to where there were animals they kept in a cage. These were beasts that had once devoured the flesh of men. There were photograph placards beside each cage that depicted fearless animals with terrifying jaws and muscular bodies. Through the bars he saw the truth. The animals that sulked in the cages were diseased and sunken, left chewing at their fur. They were wild things that could not accept mastery. To them, being caged was death.

Later, Mum took Lowman to see the horses. They were trained to run and prance and if you had a penny you could walk up to the fence and give them a bit of carrot. He could recall the snuffling lips and whiskers of the horse as it ate from his palm. It ran, free within the arena, its mane flowing. It was muscular and proud. The horse was broken, the bad dreams of hope receding beyond the horizon of memory. It was a slave and it was free.

After nine days in the Relaxment Room Lowman was returned to block eleven-ninety. The Truth Guard had gone over his flat, tearing books from shelves and burning them in the trashcans. In place of the poster of the film that Lowman once loved, the Truth Guard had placed a massive 6’6" by 4’4" vinyl horse with realistic color. Lowman looked at the way the horse was frozen at its moment of greatest freedom, galloping across the lavender wall, and he finally understood it all. He loved Fatheads.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.14 How Far We've Come

Saturday, Feb 16, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The very first cell phones were little more than technological curiosities. Far more distracting than truly useful, they wasted a lot of time and led owners to be remarkably inconsiderate in the presence of other people. They had terrible, unreliable coverage and required you to deal with predatory phone companies that charged far too much for basic functionality. Now you can buy a bunch of apps.

Our society was once unjust. Men laid claim to a higher place in the hierarchy than women, and white men took the top spot among other races. This was simply the way it was, and to voice a complaint was an unspeakable faux pas. Now we are able to speak about injustice freely. In fact, we get to argue for decades about glaringly obvious imbalances before the tiniest step is taken to correct them.

We were once unable to believe that mankind could escape the Earth's atmosphere and venture into outer space. The math proved it was possible. The science backed it up. Now tens of thousands of people believe Jenny McCarthy when she tells them they shouldn't vaccinate their children, and she doesn't even have science on her side.

Long ago we were small and dumb and helpless creatures. Our bodies were stocky, our heads oversized. We had no concept of hunting or gathering or the use of tools. Now we are no longer infants. We are much larger, perhaps five or six times as tall. Many of us carry portable basketball hoops at all times, so that if we encounter a child we can dunk in front of them to prove our superiority. We take every opportunity to lean in close to a baby and tell it, "No baby is taller than I. Not even the biggest baby."

We used to buy magazines that were full of pornographic material. It was the only way to get it. Now our magazines are completely blank. They contain nothing but glossy white pages stapled together. We buy them every week and our local magazine stand owners are barons of unequaled wealth and power.

Cars were once ridiculous things, clunky piles of machinery that consumed gasoline and got into accidents. Now we huddle in the tenuous safety of our buildings, peering out through barricaded windows as the sentient motorvores prowl the streets. Only fools risk the night. Only fools feed the machines with their blood and cries of anguish.

Our sporting events were originally terrible and brutal things to witness. We gathered in stadiums, screaming with delight as large men collided with one another and inflicted traumatic injuries that would linger for their shortened lives. Today our athletes hang themselves in the locker room, and when the stadium announces their passing we applaud politely.

We once gathered by fires, sitting in circles made up of our loved ones. We told stories, sang songs, and enjoyed each other's company at the end of a long and arduous day. This basic human connection was the reward for our struggles. Today we stand in the shower with our clones. We silently rub soap across the nipples of those to our left. This goes on for hours, for it is our work. Our reward is a troubled sleep and the soft embrace of regenerative medical bras.

Thousands of years ago we gave in to senseless bloodlust and clashed on muddy fields of battle, hacking away at one another for no good reason with swords that were little more than dented wedges of metal. Today our swords are formed from Shards Of Blightkeep. With but a gentle tap from a sacred hammer in the precise spot on the legendary crystal formation, a thousand blades fall free. They are slotted into perfectly weighted handles, which have our names written on the sides

with magnificent rhinestones.

Long ago we knew nothing of nutrition. We greedily ate up whatever we happened upon, and were glad for it. Now we have a reliable food source. The tentacles emerge from the ground at the same five times every day, finding us no matter where we are and wiggling their puckered tips in our faces with helpful insistence. We suckle and the juice fills us with betterment. It pushes away our own feelings and reminds us of our duty. The torch was taken to crop and cattle alike. This is all that's left for us. Sometimes when we resist and our own thoughts begin to creep back in there is doubt, but doubt over what I cannot say.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.15 Unbelievable Deals at the Unfinished Basement Depot

Monday, Feb 18, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

No flooring? No wall covering? **No problem!** You got an unfinished basement? My friend, you've got an **opportunity**, and we've got just what you need! We can help *you* turn any room from your wildest imagination into a disappointing reality.

Home Gym

Who needs an expensive gym membership when you can get all the working out you need right in the part of your home you don't like to go down to at night. Time to pump it up and battle the bulge while you're battling those black spiders that just keep coming out of the window sills. Set up a gym in your unfinished basement with this collection of irregular and mismatched exercise equipment.

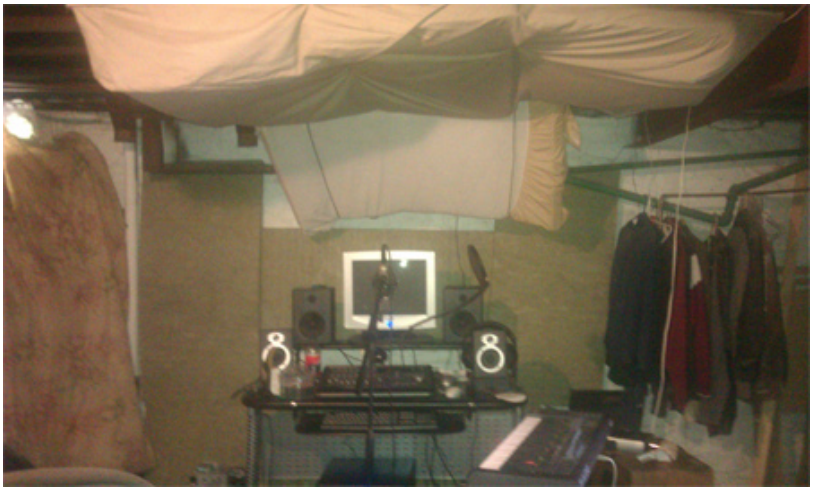
Includes:

- Rusty bar.
- Too many of one size of curling weights.

- An exercise bike from 1975.
- Dirty towels in a pile.
- Another exercise bike, but be careful on the pedal it comes off sometimes.
- An old tube TV, but we can't find the remote.
- Extension cords from the Christmas tree.
- Plus FREE motivational cricket! It's like live music with no cover charge!

You can't beat our unbelievable low price of ***$199.95!*** Act now and we will throw in a full-length mirror without a frame that is cracked at the top and leaning against the wall!

Sweet Bachelor Pad



Do you like speakers? How about entertainment? How about mysterious padding falling from the exposed ceiling? If you answered yes to this and possibly other questions we did not ask, then we can help you outfit your adult child with the ultimate bachelor pad in your unfinished basement. He'll definitely recover from dropping out of business school once he's locked away like a Morlock playing Call of Duty all night long.

Includes:

- Computer and media center that has to use extension cords so it is on two different circuits to prevent blackouts.
- A bare, queen-sized mattress on the floor.
- An old comforter that smells like sweat and has not been washed in over a year.
- A poster of a woman in a bikini covering a large spot of mold on the wall.
- Hot water pipes just the right size for coat hangers.
- Great speakers that shipped with a Gateway gaming computer in 1998.

- A musical keyboard from the hottest manufacturer in Cambodia.
- Optional Christmas lights for decoration.

Wow! All that for just ***$309***. You're not asleep and dreaming on that mattress yet! This is real!

Laundry Room

WOW! Sometimes you have to get dirty to get clean, so let us get dirty for you. We'll do all the work in setting up a laundry room wherever you want in your basement. We'll provide technically functional appliances, we'll kind of try to rig up all the electricity and ducting, and we'll even add some finishing touches to make it feel like house.

Includes:

- Extremely loud washer from "Magtag" slides and shakes across floor during operation.
- Dryer blasts laundry-smelling hot air straight up into your child's bedroom.
- Recycled wood paneling from a suicide estate sale.
- Industrial sink that attracts centipedes.
- Inadequate shelving comes installed with half-empty paint cans.
- Water line runs 30 feet across the floor from inside weird, closet-sized room that smells like a swamp. Line occasionally kinks which causes "issues."
- Free extensive water damage to everything in your basement.

Just ***$289!*** Act now and we will paint your concrete slab flooring one of three handsome colors that never quite dries, but attracts all of the dust in your basement.

Basement Bathroom

When you're in the basement sweeping up beetle husks and nature calls you don't want to have to try to use that sink in the creepy closet room that smells like a swamp. That drain goes straight into your washing machine now! Perfect for Blair Witching. What you need for your unfinished basement is an unfinished bathroom.

Includes:

- Basic toilet, with seat and free lid, located just a wide stance away from the sump pump.
- Gnats that somehow got into the sump pump. Might have been the banana we left on the toilet tank.
- Privacy curtain made from the same paper material that rips and falls off a doctor's examining table.
- Located beneath a vent, so all sounds are amplified and transmitted to the ground floor living room.
- Uncomfortably close to the hot water heater.
- Sink located only 50 feet away, in the tiny closet room.
- No light within the privacy area.
- Toilet becomes clogged on urine.
- A badly-curled copy of a baby magazine that nobody remembers buying.
- Spare rolls of toilet paper stored conveniently upstairs in the closet.

All for only ***$399!*** For only ***$49*** more we will install a shower that drains improperly, leaks out of several joints, and is placed very close to exposed electrical outlets.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

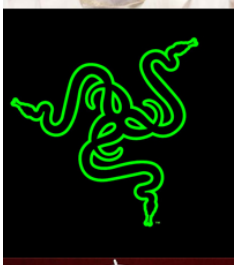
2.16 Pope's Gamer Status FAQ

Tuesday, Feb 19, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

What is the transition as Pope Benedict leaves the Catholic Holy Gaming Sect?
Benedict must relinquish all admin rights to his ventrilo channel, twitch.tv account, and the twitter handle @papwncy. He must also remove the Holy Gamer Tag of p0pe from his name, playing as 3endix until he joins a new clan/team/guild.

Does this change what the Pope has said in game?
Benedict is no longer infallible while connected to servers. When he rages, he is punishable by mockery just like everyone else. However, all decrees made while wearing the Holy Gamer Tag still remain. For instance, the Church's stance on homosexuals and noobs go unchanged.

What effects will this have on sponsorship?
While no longer included in benefits and travel awarded to Team Vatican Games, Benedict may retain sponsors Razer, Cyberpower PC components, and cathlicsupply.com.



What about the Pope's worldly possessions?
Benedict must abdicate all unlocks, achievements, and Xbox Gamer Points to the Church. He is allowed to maintain all high scores and ranking earned while holding the position.

What happens while a new Pope is being chosen?
The Vatican's Sacred Alienware Game Throne shall be vacant until a new Pope is chosen. The Holy Wireless Mouse will be destroyed until a new one is crafted.

How is a new Pope selected?
The Cardinals are locked in a room until one proves victorious in the Sacred Lan Party. As per traditions, potential candidates must compete in the Holy Trinity of Games. 1) Counter-Strike 1.6, de_italy, Best of Five. Losing team is eliminated. 2) Smash Brothers Brawl. 3) The final two compete in best of five Streetfighter II Champion Edition. Both must play as Ryu. Incase of tie, someone drags out the NES for sudden death Duck Hunt. Anyone stepping too close to the screen is totally mocked. If the cartridge won't load even after blowing really hard into it, one of the cardinals usually has an emulator. Periodically, smoke is released up chimney. White Smoke: smoke break. Black Smoke: More pizza required.

What's the Pope's full title?
Bishop of Nintendo, Vicar of Sega, Supreme Pontiff of the Playstation, Primate of PC Gaming, Sovereign of the Holy Lan, Owner of all Prima Guidebooks, Always First Player.

How will this change playing with the Pope?
Benedict is no longer required to be the team's carry/leader. He can now play classes other than Priest. There is no doctrine stopping him from leveling rouge, warrior, ganker or any other roles. If you are playing with Benedict, feel free to give orders like "Buy Wards" or "Play Support."

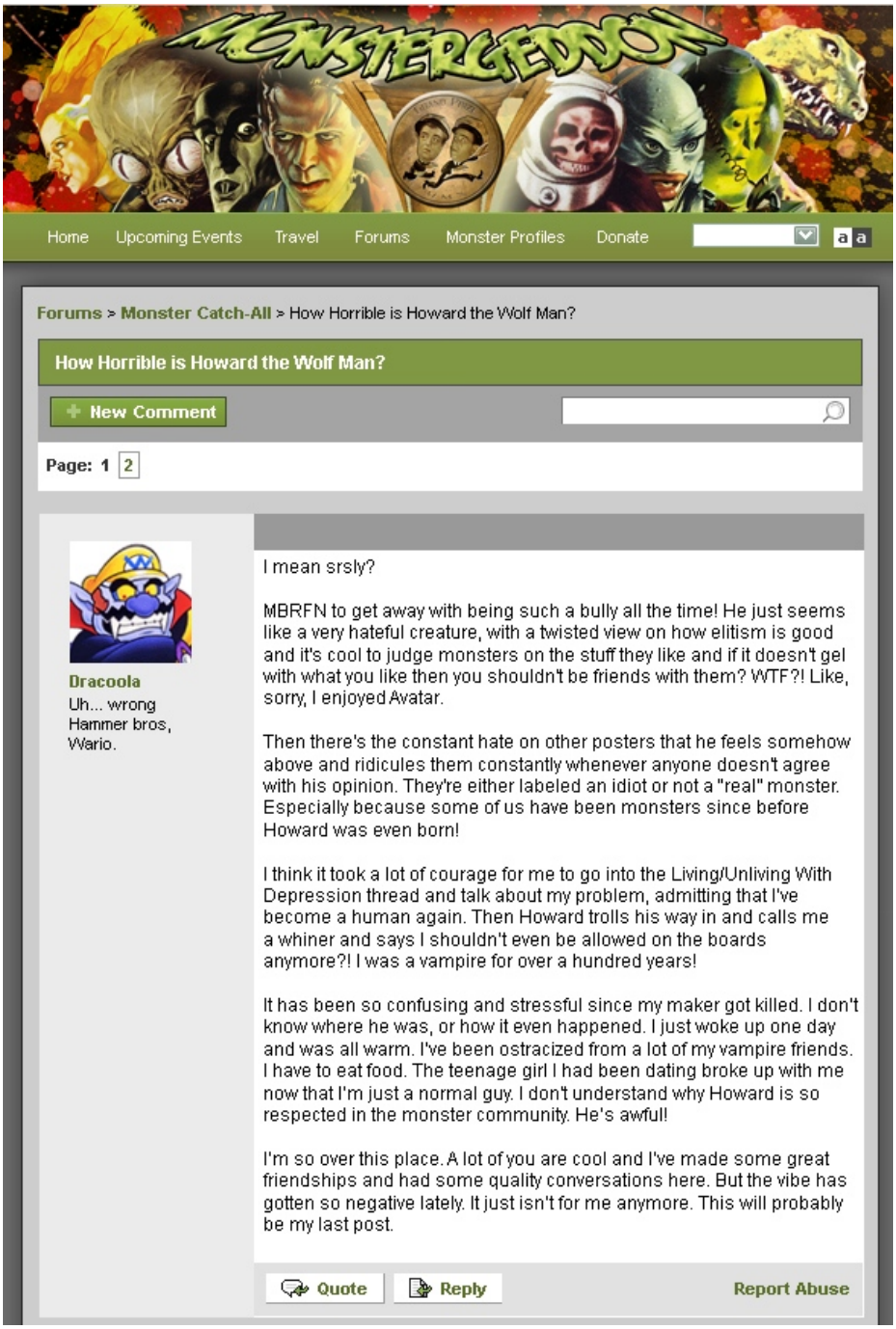
What if I'm playing against Benedict?
Opponents of the ex-Pope may now block his Combos and use the AWP even though it's total OP bullshit.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.17 How is Howard The Wolf Man ('Dogballz69') Not Banned Yet?

Wednesday, Feb 20, 2013 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
Upcoming Events
Travel
Forums
Monster Profiles
Donate
Forums > Monster Catch-All > How Horrible is Howard the Wolf Man?
How Horrible is Howard the Wolf Man?
New Comment
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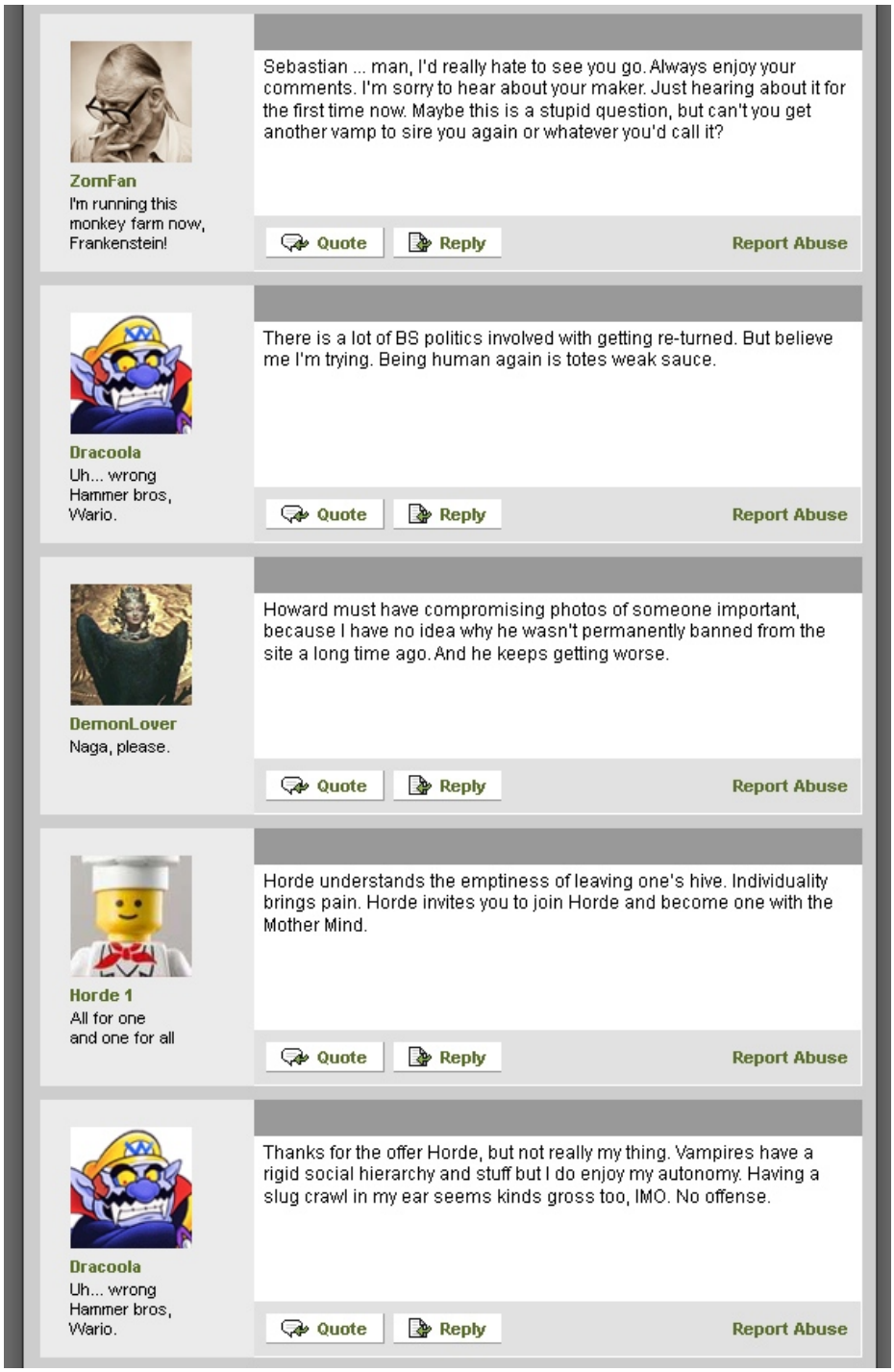
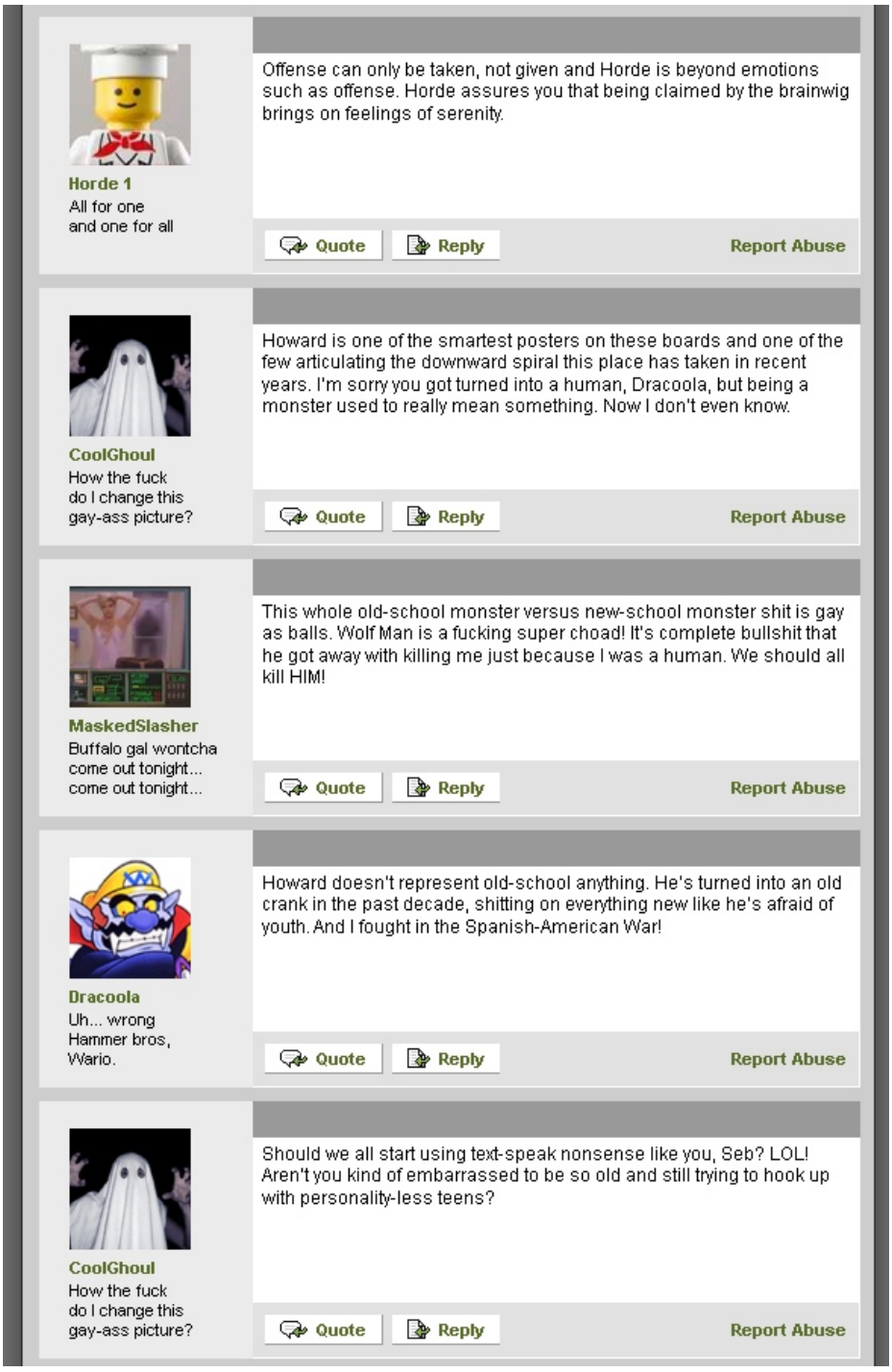
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
I mean srsly?
MBRFN to get away with being such a bully all the time! He just seems like a very hateful creature, with a twisted view on how elitism is good and it's cool to judge monsters on the stuff they like and if it doesn't gel with what you like then you shouldn't be friends with them? WTF?! Like, sorry, I enjoyed Avatar.
Then there's the constant hate on other posters that he feels somehow above and ridicules them constantly whenever anyone doesn't agree with his opinion. They're either labeled an idiot or not a "real" monster. Especially because some of us have been monsters since before Howard was even born!
I think it took a lot of courage for me to go into the Living/Unliving With Depression thread and talk about my problem, admitting that I've become a human again. Then Howard trolls his way in and calls me a whiner and says I shouldn't even be allowed on the boards anymore?! I was a vampire for over a hundred years!
It has been so confusing and stressful since my maker got killed. I don't know where he was, or how it even happened. I just woke up one day and was all warm. I've been ostracized from a lot of my vampire friends. I have to eat food. The teenage girl I had been dating broke up with me now that I'm just a normal guy. I don't understand why Howard is so respected in the monster community. He's awful!
I'm so over this place. A lot of you are cool and I've made some great friendships and had some quality conversations here. But the vibe has gotten so negative lately. It just isn't for me anymore. This will probably be my last post.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Sebastian ... man, I'd really hate to see you go. Always enjoy your comments. I'm sorry to hear about your maker. Just hearing about it for the first time now. Maybe this is a stupid question, but can't you get another vamp to sire you again or whatever you'd call it?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
There is a lot of BS politics involved with getting re-turned. But believe me I'm trying. Being human again is totes weak sauce.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DemonLover
Naga, please.
Howard must have compromising photos of someone important, because I have no idea why he wasn't permanently banned from the site a long time ago. And he keeps getting worse.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Horde 1
All for one and one for all
Horde understands the emptiness of leaving one's hive. Individuality brings pain. Horde invites you to join Horde and become one with the Mother Mind.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
Thanks for the offer Horde, but not really my thing. Vampires have a rigid social hierarchy and stuff but I do enjoy my autonomy. Having a slug crawl in my ear seems kinds gross too, IMO. No offense.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Horde 1
All for one
and one for all

Offense can only be taken, not given and Horde is beyond emotions such as offense. Horde assures you that being claimed by the brainwig brings on feelings of serenity.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck
do I change this
gay-ass picture?

Howard is one of the smartest posters on these boards and one of the few articulating the downward spiral this place has taken in recent years. I'm sorry you got turned into a human, Dracoola, but being a monster used to really mean something. Now I don't even know.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha
come out tonight...
come out tonight...

This whole old-school monster versus new-school monster shit is gay as balls. Wolf Man is a fucking super choad! It's complete bullshit that he got away with killing me just because I was a human. We should all kill HIM!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dracoola
Uh... wrong
Hammer bros,
Wario.

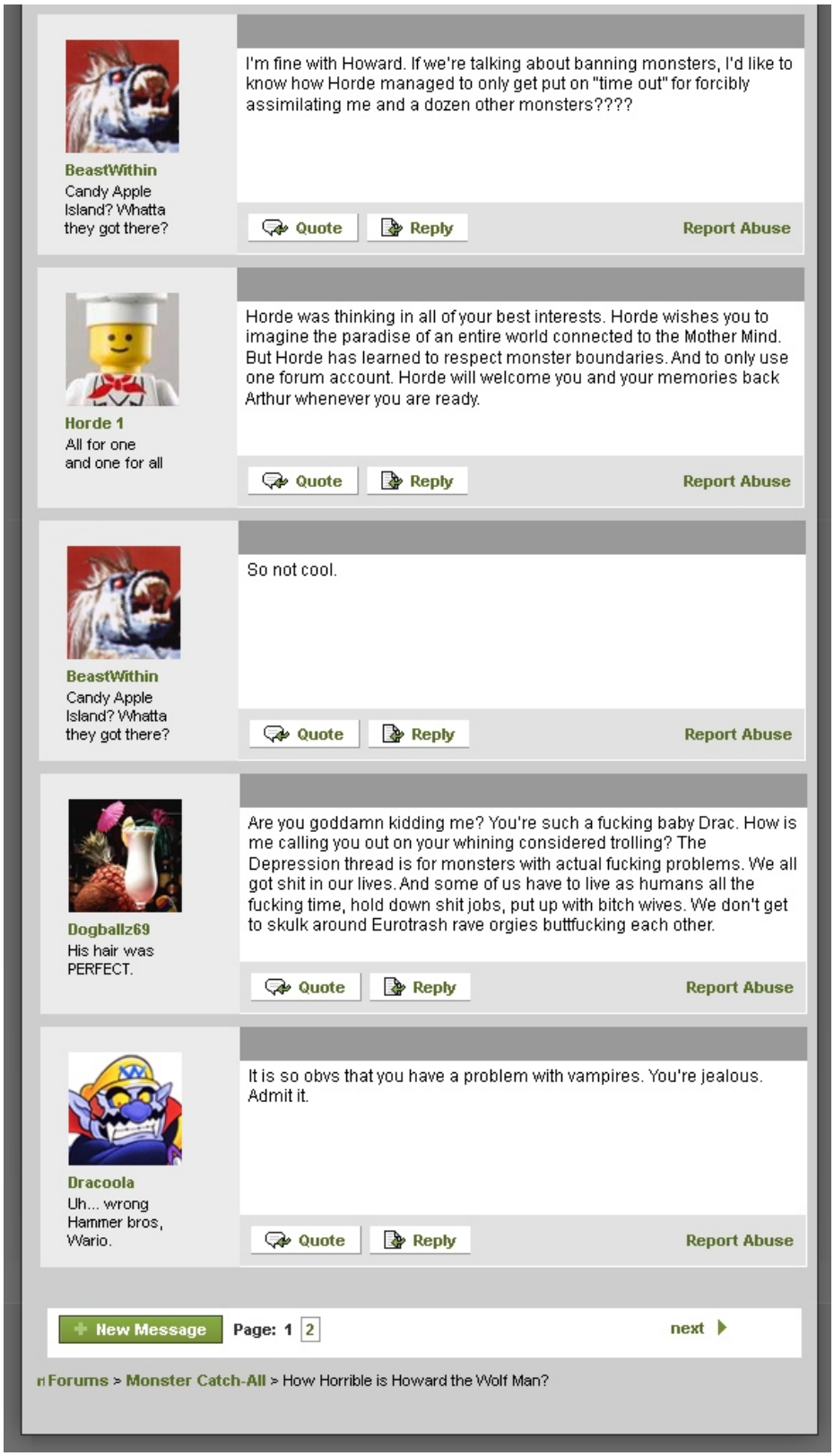
Howard doesn't represent old-school anything. He's turned into an old crank in the past decade, shitting on everything new like he's afraid of youth. And I fought in the Spanish-American War!

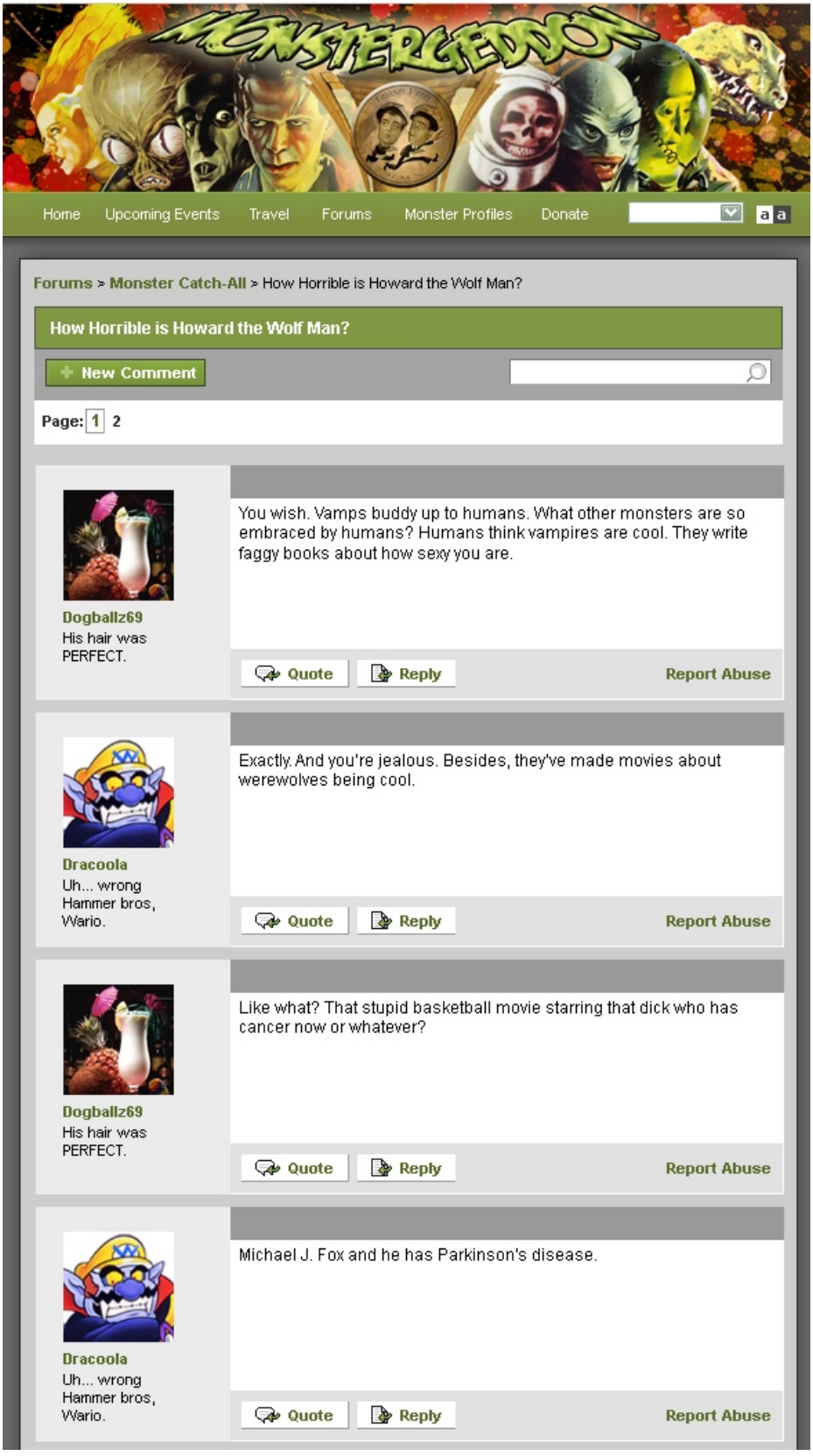
Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck
do I change this
gay-ass picture?

Should we all start using text-speak nonsense like you, Seb? LOL! Aren't you kind of embarrassed to be so old and still trying to hook up with personality-less teens?

Quote Reply Report Abuse


BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
I'm fine with Howard. If we're talking about banning monsters, I'd like to know how Horde managed to only get put on "time out" for forcibly assimilating me and a dozen other monsters????
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Horde 1
All for one and one for all
Horde was thinking in all of your best interests. Horde wishes you to imagine the paradise of an entire world connected to the Mother Mind. But Horde has learned to respect monster boundaries. And to only use one forum account. Horde will welcome you and your memories back Arthur whenever you are ready.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
So not cool.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Are you goddamn kidding me? You're such a fucking baby Drac. How is me calling you out on your whining considered trolling? The Depression thread is for monsters with actual fucking problems. We all got shit in our lives. And some of us have to live as humans all the fucking time, hold down shit jobs, put up with bitch wives. We don't get to skulk around Eurotrash rave orgies buttfucking each other.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
It is so obvs that you have a problem with vampires. You're jealous. Admit it.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2
next
Forums > Monster Catch-All > How Horrible is Howard the Wolf Man?


MONSTERGEDDON
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Travel
Forums
Monster Profiles
Donate
Forums > Monster Catch-All > How Horrible is Howard the Wolf Man?
How Horrible is Howard the Wolf Man?
New Comment
Page: 1 2
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
You wish. Vamps buddy up to humans. What other monsters are so embraced by humans? Humans think vampires are cool. They write faggy books about how sexy you are.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
Exactly. And you're jealous. Besides, they've made movies about werewolves being cool.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Like what? That stupid basketball movie starring that dick who has cancer now or whatever?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
Michael J. Fox and he has Parkinson's disease.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Why do you even know that? To impress your 5yearold girlfriend?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

RUFKM? Teen Wolf is like thirty years old. My EX-girlfriend didn't even know the MTV show was based on a movie, moron.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

There's a Teen Wolf TV show? Is it good?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

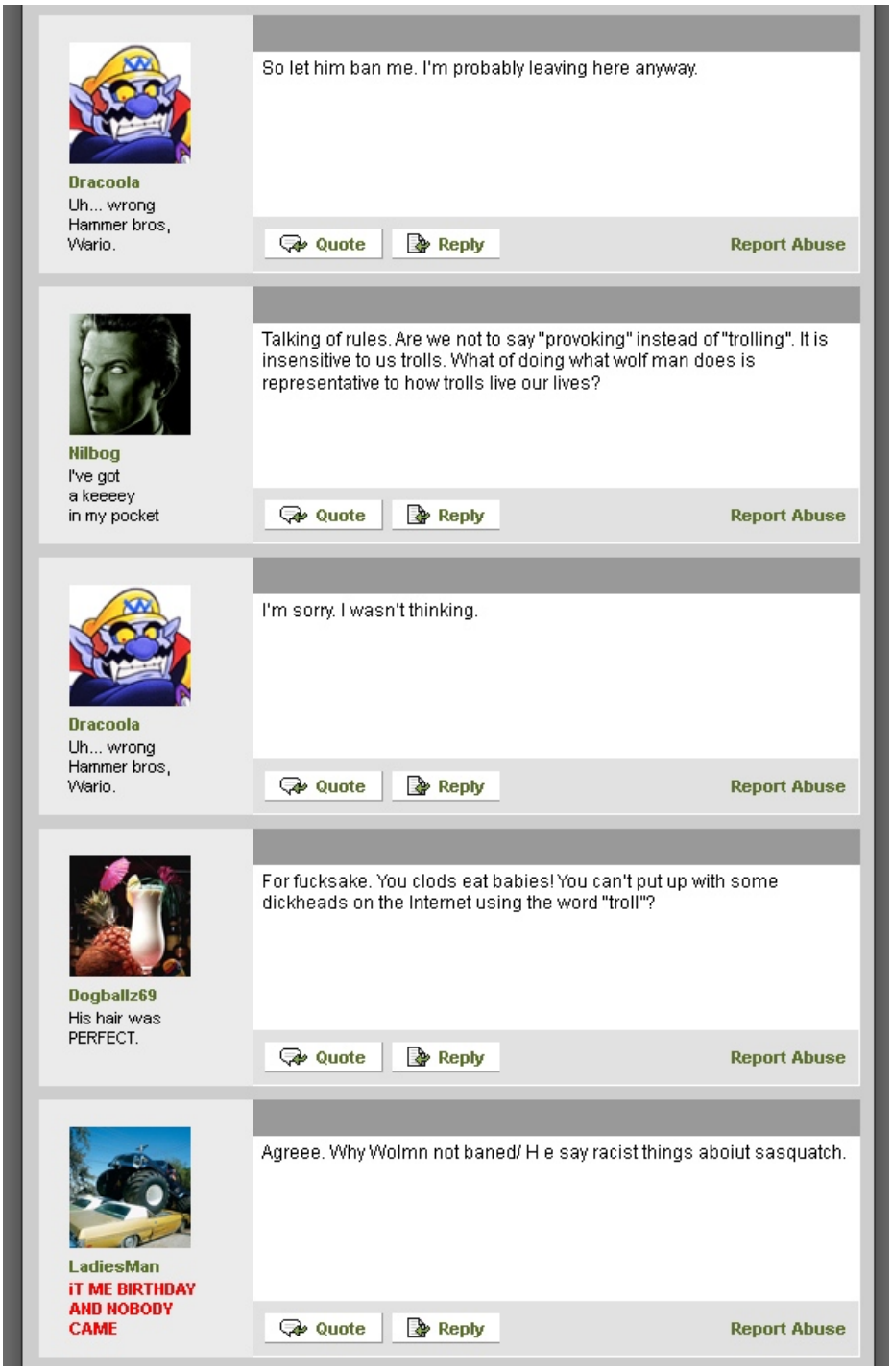
[Dogballz69 Said: " *We all got shit in our lives. And some of us have to live as humans all the fucking time,* **"]**
What if you stopped changing into a wolfman? Huh? Can't you try to have some empathy? This is so hard for me. I let Darius "Stake" Brown break into my house the other night. I wanted him to kill me. And he wouldn't do it once he realized I was human! He's been trying to kill me for forever! Do you know what that feels like?!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Do you know what the world's smallest violin going up your ass feels like? You think I'm a troll for telling things like they are? I should be banned? Well I seem to recall that forum rules prohibit starting threads like this to talk smack about individual posters. Maybe I should act like you pussies and go cry to Loath.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

So let him ban me. I'm probably leaving here anyway.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Nilbog
I've got a keeeey in my pocket

Talking of rules. Are we not to say "provoking" instead of "trolling". It is insensitive to us trolls. What of doing what wolf man does is representative to how trolls live our lives?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

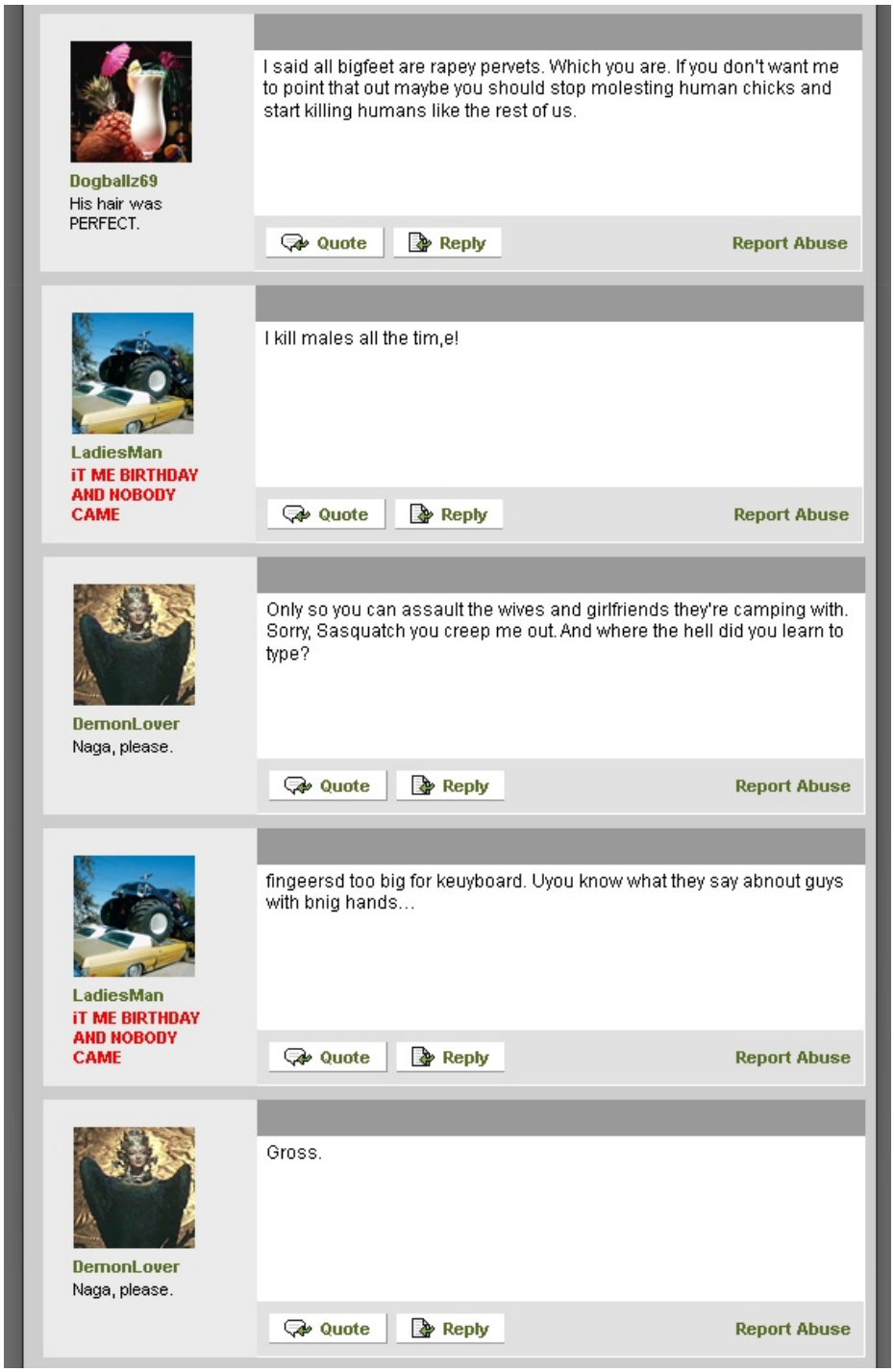
For fucksake. You clods eat babies! You can't put up with some dickheads on the Internet using the word "troll"?

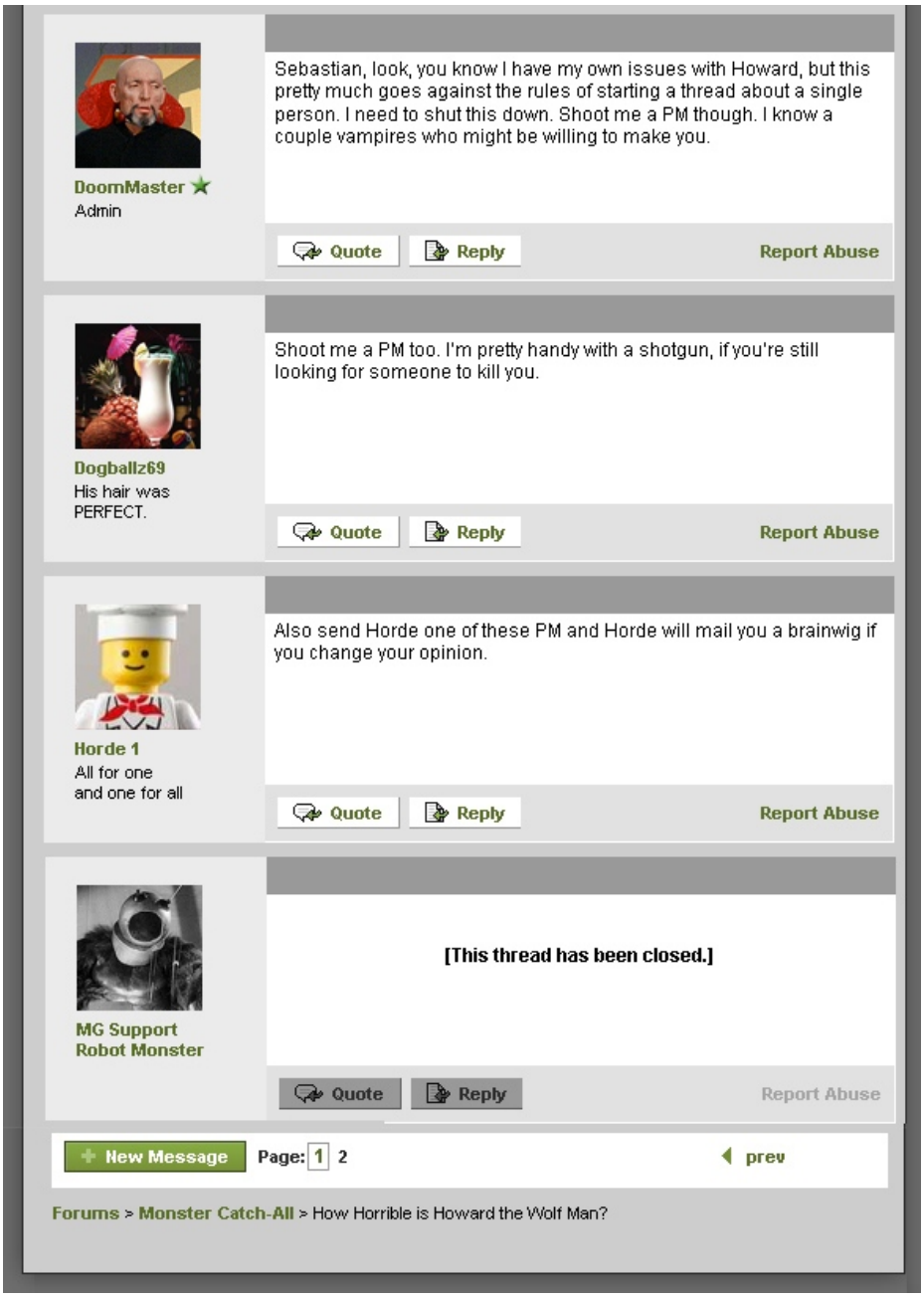
Quote Reply Report Abuse

LadiesMan
iT ME BIRTHDAY AND NOBODY CAME

Agreee. Why Wolmn not baned/ H e say racist things aboiut sasquatch.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
I said all bigfeet are rapey pervets. Which you are. If you don't want me to point that out maybe you should stop molesting human chicks and start killing humans like the rest of us.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LadiesMan
iT ME BIRTHDAY AND NOBODY CAME
I kill males all the tim,e!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DemonLover
Naga, please.
Only so you can assault the wives and girlfriends they're camping with. Sorry, Sasquatch you creep me out. And where the hell did you learn to type?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LadiesMan
iT ME BIRTHDAY AND NOBODY CAME
fingeersd too big for keuyboard. Uyou know what they say abnout guys with bnig hands…
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DemonLover
Naga, please.
Gross.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Sebastian, look, you know I have my own issues with Howard, but this pretty much goes against the rules of starting a thread about a single person. I need to shut this down. Shoot me a PM though. I know a couple vampires who might be willing to make you.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Shoot me a PM too. I'm pretty handy with a shotgun, if you're still looking for someone to kill you.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Also send Horde one of these PM and Horde will mail you a brainwig if you change your opinion.
Horde 1
All for one and one for all
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
[This thread has been closed.]
MG Support Robot Monster
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2
prev
Forums > Monster Catch-All > How Horrible is Howard the Wolf Man?

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for the amazing page layouts and witty title/avatar combinations!

–∼Worm Miller

2.18 This "Harlem Shake" Could Save Wholesaleenemabags.com

Thursday, Feb 21, 2013 by J.H. Londran

Greetings and Happy Thursday,

It should strike none of you as a surprise that sales have been flagging this fiscal year, but, given our rocky history, Wholesale Enema Bags has been no stranger to adversity. This business started with an overturned medical supply truck and a dream, survived the dot-com bubble, and has since blossomed into a bustling operation that now occupies the entire basement of a shuttered Montgomery Ward. While the need for pet food by mail and alternate currencies with names like "Flooz" evaporated with the passing of the last millennium, the continued existence of wholesaleenemabags.com relies on two traits that have come to define humanity: constipation and curiosity. And we've certainly taken advantage of these fundamental elements of existence over the past 15 years.

I may not have grown up in the "Computer Age," but, thanks to my nephew Jason, we spent most of this year transitioning to Web 2.0 after leaving behind our old stomping ground over at Angelfire. The 108 signatures in our guestbook might not have made the cut, but sacrifices are often necessary to run a successful business in the competitive anal hygiene industry. Unfortunately, the world often passes us by, and upgrading our website to include high-tech features like frames and chat windows hasn't made the impact we thought it would. I'll admit that I lost hope until Jason showed me a video on his phone of regular office folks -- just like you and me -- shaking their bodies like my psychotic half-brother did when they doped him to the gills with Thorazine in the 1970s. May God rest his vagrant-strangling soul.

Apparently, this "dancing" wasn't the result of a post-Vietnam breakdown, but rather, something that's known as the "Harlem Shake," an Internet phenomenon that's been taking the web by storm these past few weeks. It seems that businesses around the globe have been using this "Harlem Shake" to prove how fun and spontaneous their corporate environment is by forcing their employees to adhere to a rigid and predetermined formula, which is then filmed and uploaded to the Internet. This video then enters circulation with thousands of identical ones, which people will watch multiple times for reasons that are beyond my understanding. I was about to dismiss this Harlem business as complete nonsense until Jason showed me another video featuring a dog being scared by its own fart that's been viewed by nearly eight million people. Needless to say, my mind filled with more ideas than even our Power Pro Tractblaster could hold -- and that's roughly two gallons!

This Friday, we're going to stop business as usual and attack this "Harlem Shake" thing from every angle. Frankly, our company could use a better reputation; it seems that whenever we're mentioned on the local news, they use that file photo of me vomiting into a trash bag at our last company picnic, despite my protestations that the bottle of whisky I drank that day had expired weeks ago. We're all going to have to put on our thinking caps and brainstorm how we can get the word about Wholesale Enema Bags out to a whole new demographic with bellies full of rock-hard, undigested ground chuck. I've already been in touch with a choreographer at the community college, who plans on giving all of us an intensive, 6-hour workshop on "Harlem Shaking" that will prove our company is a carefree, fun-loving place with products the whole family can use, some with adult supervision. And Stacey, I don't want to hear "diabetic leg" this and "blood sugar" that; you may be my step-daughter, but you're granted the same health plan as the rest of your peers: one trip to the first aid cabinet every two weeks. And don't think I'm not doing a daily inventory on those single-use

aspirin packs.

People, I cannot stress that the time to act is now. Thanks to the encroaching efforts of the health food movement and our main demographic's tendency to die of bowel cancer, we're going to be spending another year in the red without something like the "Harlem Shake" to save us. And if you're thinking about backing out, know that I've already invested most of your pensions in the construction of a full studio complete with lighting, cameras, and fog machines -- so really, what do you have to lose?

See you bright and early at 5:00 A.M.! Sorry, but that's the only time I could book the costumier who will be measuring your various lengths.

God Bless,
J.H. Londran, President, Wholesale Enema Bags

–∼J.H. Londran

2.19 Your Family's Virtual Inheritance

Friday, Feb 22, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

At some point, hopefully in the distant future, you have died. Your surviving family has gathered in a futuristic setting to hear your attorney read out your will. The mood is appropriately somber as your attorney begins to speak.

"We are gathered here today to honor the wishes of the dearly departed. Before his death, the deceased asked me to carefully apportion his worldly possessions. Please do not remark or speak out during the reading of the will. I will now read it aloud, as it is written."

Well, FFS, I finally died, for real. I hope it didn't hurt.

To my beloved wife, Meredith, I leave all 305 neorubles in my bank account and the 70,000 neorubles I have in credit card debt. Times were tight and, you know, the economy....anyway, I am giving you all of my Virtual Mafia mobsters, including their upgrades and armor, and my entire collection of episodes of the TV sitcom Coach I downloaded in 2014. I think you said you like that one.

To my youngest son, Twig, I leave 658,000 Dragon Dollars to be used to buy potions, dragons, and scrolls in Dragon World: Summoner's Gate. You always seemed to like dragons whenver I checked your cam.

To my daughter, Harley Quinn, I leave all of my lingerie and swimsuit outfits for Meta Fighter. You can trade them to your character, but I ask that you use them wisely and continue to level up Splashy Sally, my Mermaid Krav Maga Stripper, and leave the decorations in her bedroom screen.

To my eldest son, Cheth, I leave my digital library of music from the 20th century you will never listen to. Don't lie to me. I know you won't listen to it, I just want you to see it in your collection so you remember me that way. Remember how I used to play Wu-Tang for you? I also want you

to take over full control of the family Candy Empire account, including the dummy accounts I used to spam sweet tickets, my over 7 million gumdrops, the three succubus wives I unlocked for demon gingerbread, and the 20,000 in credit card debt from playing Candy Empire.

To my son, Barkley, I want you to know I don't blame you for being too fat to play basketball. It's okay. I was too fat to play basketball too. You are hereby given full and complete access to all of my pornography stored in X-cloud. Please delete the folder labeled "TOES" without looking at the contents. The rest of the stuff is yours.

To my brother, Hunter, who probably didn't even bother to show up: I leave my SeinfeldWars account, including all of my rares, the Wooden Indian, Mecha Newman, and the Marine Biology Tokens I won in the Summer of George event. We used to do boss fights on this together before you got sucked into Fantasy Football and spent all that money on the Dragon QB collection rares.

Finally, to my nephew, Walt Venom, I leave my Ultraviolet digital movie collection. I think I only remembered to enter the code for *Paranormal Activity 3* and maybe *Horrible Bosses.* You can check. Ultraviolet went out of business a long time ago, but the lawsuit requires their bankruptcy management people to download your movies onto digital wafer. Just fill out the form online. It will take you twenty minutes, tops, and then you can be watching Paranormal Activity 3 again instead of constantly playing Meta Fighter for lingerie tokens like everyone else.

I guess, to everyone else, sorry I don't have more stuff. I was trying to simplify my life there at the end. Guess I shouldn't have spent more money than I had buying things that don't physically exist. If you would like to remember me, head over to Splashy Sally's bedroom on Meta Fighter and leave candles or skimpy outfits for her to wear. Also, do something nice for my wife.

L8RS!

"It ends there, but includes several download codes for free hats for characters on Fortress Squad 5. There are more than enough for each of you to take one. If you would like to raise your hands I will begin handing them out."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

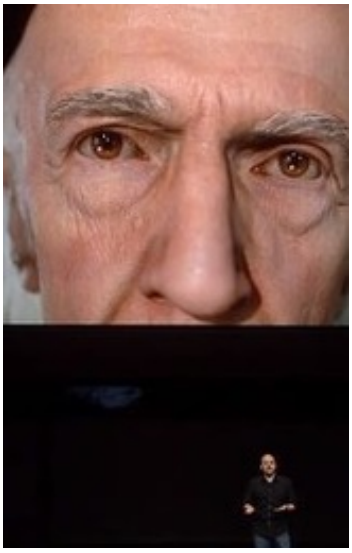
2.20 Everything You Need To Know About The PlayStation 4 Unveiling

Saturday, Feb 23, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Didn't set aside two and a half hours of your life to watch Sony's unveiling of the PlayStation 4 earlier this week? I've got you covered. I had nothing better to do. In fact, there was so much free time on my hands that I watched the entire event at 1/4th speed. It was difficult to understand all of the words, of course, but eventually the slow motion put me into a trance and opened my mind to a plane of infinite information without the need for human language.

I won't waste your time. All the event's buzzwords and marketing gimmicks have been removed, leaving only the important information that will help you decide whether a PS4 might be right for you.

First, the PlayStation 4 will not be backwards compatible. It will not be possible to play any games from the previous three generations natively, and none of your digital purchases from the PlayStation 3 will carry over. This is a huge bummer if you've gone without a PS3 and hoped to catch up with everything you missed. It's not all bad news, however. The PlayStation 4 WILL be forwards compatible, with Sony promising that the console will play "at least fifteen percent" of PlayStation 4 games.



The PS4 is capable of rendering an old man's face in very high detail, provided there is nothing else in the background. Alleged game designer David Cage took to the stage and stood below a wrinkled cgi face while explaining how movies were terrible at first and only became better because of technology, not craftsmanship. He claimed that the PlayStation 4 will make it possible to convey emotion because it can display a highly detailed model with a lot of polygons. Cage hopes this is true, because his games (Heavy Rain, Beyond: Two Souls) certainly don't feature writing that's capable of conveying believable human emotions.

The PlayStation 4 is more than capable of displaying videos. For instance, it can play the video that Capcom attempted to pass off as actual gameplay from their upcoming game Deep Down. It was clearly fake, but had UI elements slapped on top and the camera moved as though steered by a controller. This (like several other faked gameplay videos) convinced a lot of people that what they were seeing was real. That's how good the PlayStation 4 is at playing videos.

You'll be able to use a Vita to control and display games that are being run on a nearby PS4. With this interconnected experience, the Vita is poised to outdo the Wii U. By outdoing the Wii U, I mean it will be even less appealing, more expensive, and will be used by fewer people. Truly a noteworthy accomplishment.

At one point a man with a permanently wounded expression started to talk about the invasion of privacy in modern society. On the verge of tears (or a particularly painful fart) he spoke of unchecked authority and the erosion of trust, the high cost of safety. On the screens behind him, haunting imagery accompanied his words. In a very sober and completely serious tone, he then explained that adding superheroes to this equation would make things more interesting. So, here's another inFamous game. You'll shoot dudes with magic and scowl at cartoonish authority figures.

Thought-provoking stuff.

There was a lot of talk about the PlayStation 4's online capabilities. You'll be able to share gameplay videos, spectate friends' games, and even hand control over to an online friend. The network promises to be so advanced that it will predict your purchasing habits and download games before you actually buy them. We'll see if that turns out to be true. If my PlayStation 4 doesn't start downloading three copies of Old Man Face 2014 as soon as I plug it in, this endeavor will be a catastrophic failure.

Gnarly, dude! Owned! Gamers! Social!

Apparently the PS4 does not support celebrities. Sony's event did not feature a baffling performance by Usher, a famous athlete playing a game, or a huge star taking the stage long enough to wave and pause for applause before leaving. Previous press conferences have told us that these appearances are necessary for the future of video games. Can the PlayStation 4 survive without a single celebrity cameo in its unveil event? Only time will tell.

The biggest surprise wasn't even something that was shown. It was, instead, a curious absence that stood out - the lack of an actual PlayStation 4 unit. We simply don't know what the console will actually look like. It will undoubtedly make an appearance at this year's E3. Still, it's rather odd when companies go to the trouble of holding such big events without pulling back a curtain to reveal the hardware in a final "tada!" moment.

To soften the blow of this disappointment, Sony generously provided the press with the next-best thing: A mock-up of the type of box that will contain the PlayStation 4.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.21 James Joyce's 419 Scam Email to Nora

Monday, Feb 25, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Date: 12-11-09
To: Nora
From: JIM
Subj: URGENT!! ONE THOUSAND POUNDS OWED TO YOU!

DENMARK BANK (BoD) IS HOLDING A THOUSAND POUNDS IN FUND FOR YOUR PERFUMED BUM SILKIES

My lovely little farting darling,

Congratulazioni! You have unclaimed funds!

I must apologize, sweet Nora, in my shameful haste to inform you previously of this incredible discovered treasure, I wrote at some length about the steaming kettle of your cunt. I hope that you did not find offense, or if found, that your musky netherlips swelled as bee-stung fingers.

Oh, Nora, when I read at my Official Bank of Denmark desk that you go about with no wrap on your precious fuckholes, my heart beat with doubled tempo. If I am to properly inhale the rank raunch of your haunch and tongue my way through your whorish forest I must have you in drawers.

With great cheer, the Bank of Denmark has discovered such a perfect amount of money to wrap every plump portion of you in the finest bedroom garments. A sum from a deceased prince of Denmark, to be inherited by my sweet, fat, pissy princess. My manager, the President of the Bank of Denmark, commented on this matter also and has given it highest priority. You must act quickly, dear, or the government will claim this fund.

There will be silkies for you, Nora. Great, Parisian silkies for me to tear down your thighs and stuff between your bubbies to quiet your screams. All you must do is provide me with your ID card numerals and a simple bank routing number.

Dear, sweet, fuck-crazy little Nora, I must have this information to transfer the money to your

account. That would be as fine to me as the sound of your shit. The money is already yours and belongs in your account as surely as my filthy come belongs in your bum. Oh, Nora, my darling, my grunting Venus, I wish I could smell your toilet at this very moment.

With great urgency, I plead to you, on my rug-red knees, send me your ID numerals and the digits of your checking information to inherit this money. With the crass matter of funding no longer dividing us, we will be free to fuck in the rain ditch like two escaped piggies. I will tickle your smelliest insides with my naughty finger.

Mio caro, we will be together again, to stink up every room of the house, to smear our bodies from wall to the rooftop. I long for you to be wealthy with this money near as much as I long to give your arse the horn.

Nora, I cannot wait to receive your banking and identification information. Help with that, my little brown-holed concubine.

I curse every day my cock isn't up you!

JIM ØSTERGAARD

Official Officer of Bank of Denmark

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.22 An Open Letter to My Upstairs Neighbor

Tuesday, Feb 26, 2013 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Hey dickhead, it's the guy from the unit below you. I'm moving out, but before I go I wanted to share with you some thoughts about your living habits, your love life, and some ideas for the future that could have the potential to make you a less-than-deplorable human being for the next person to inhabit downstairs unit 2. I hear everything that goes on. You might not realize that I hear it all, but I do, and every time you walk past my window going to your car you look at me with guilty eyes, perhaps caused by your own internal fear of being so intimately known, or as a reaction to the mean mug given to the asshole keeping me up at night. Let's start from the top, cowboy.

Your unit is the exact same size as mine. It's not big, it's pretty much a personal pizza but as a room. There's space for a bed, a small desk or a couch, and that's about it, so where the FUCK are you walking to all night long? And why the hell are you wearing boots?

Also, buy a nightstand. Please, please buy a nightstand. You rest your iPhone on the hard floor at night and every single one of its vibrations sounds exactly like the phone charging 6 feet away on my desk because your furniture-non-havin' phone is vibrating madly on wood 6 feet above my head. (I once tried to retaliate by taping my iPhone to the ceiling and sending myself emails to make it buzz, but I don't think it worked as well as I wanted because I didn't hear a fat idiot screaming into his floor.)

Once you get a text, just hold on to the phone. Put it on your chest or leave it in your hand or something, don't put it back down. Whoever you text on the reg at 1:30 AM isn't going to stop at just one or two. Do you really put the phone back down on the floor and pick it up again every 30 seconds? What's the matter with you?

Since you use your floorphone as an alarm clock, it sounds exactly like mine and I get a full-room alarm going off every morning at 7 that I'm unable to turn off. This is some fucked up Guantanamo PsyOps shit you're pulling, but at least I know that without fail you hit the snooze about twice, put your boots back on, shuffle around, and jump in the tub for a bath-- seriously, a grown-ass man's bath-- every morning.

Speaking of your bath, I haven't the faintest concept of why you scoot your ass around in the bathtub. I hear it a lot, the rubbing sounds of lots of flesh on porcelain, back and forth and back and forth. You're scooting your nude ass around in a wet tub, there's no other explanation. Why would anyone do that? Are you cleaning your ass this way? Messed up.

I can usually tell when your girlfriend's coming over when you start rummaging around in the closet a lot. I'm not quite sure if you're hiding stuff or trying on every single shirt you own or what, but the closet is the key. Your girlfriend, by the way, is millions of miles ahead of you in the decency department. For one, she takes her shoes off. Maybe she's lived below someone with hardwood floors, who knows. Second, she seems to like you enough to phone in some boilerplate moaning once or twice a week, which brings me to one of my more important points:

You really suck at having sex. You're so bad at it. The sound coming through the ceiling is so detailed that I can hear every lethargic thrust, every dutiful rearrangement of bodies, and every time you straight-up gurgle near the end. Yeah man, it sounds like a gurgle. Mad gross. I have no

idea how you live with yourself. It sounds like when a baby vomits but they're not old enough to make the puking sound so it's just sort of some bad breath and some fluid. You do that, coming out of your face, and it's awful.

I also have no idea what you eat, but it comes through my furnace duct somehow and it smells like someone peed on a burning corn husk.

These aren't the only reasons I'm moving, pal, but they'd be enough to justify it on their own. My new place has a lousy Nirvana cover band that practices next door, no kidding, and I'm happy to go take my chances. Smell me later.

Sincerely,
The Downstairs Guy That Blasted Kenny Loggins Tonight For Seven Hours

–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.23 I'll Do Anything for a Fiverr

Wednesday, Feb 27, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Like many people, I have squandered a good chunk of my life going to an office, sitting at a desk and staring at a dumb monitor all day. I'm sick of the grind and sick of being just another fat cog in the machine. So I quit. I'm giving all that up to focus on making an easy living using Fiverr.com.

Some of you may remember Fiverr from a recent article where Lowtax used it to secure credible endorsements for his new Cyber Gravy Boat startup. I'm sure tons of people using Fiverr are eking out a rewarding, dignified living earning lots of scratch in small, easily countable chunks. I've got tons of marketable skills, so there's no reason why I shouldn't be one of them.

My goal is to earn enough to continue living comfortably in the California Bay Area, so that means I have to do a lot of five dollar jobs. Probably all of them. That's fine, because there's way more dignity in this than owing my wellbeing to some dumb corporation.

So, world, if you have the princely sum of $5 burning a hole in your fanny pack, I'm available for work in the following business sectors:

- I will put gross things in my mouth while you and your hillbilly friends scream at me in an increasingly hostile manner.
- I will pretend to be your grandpa on the phone and tell you that I'm sitting on a large sum of money and then pretend to die of a heart attack before revealing where it is hidden.
- I will do a professional video testimonial informing your loved ones that you are dying from a snake bite.
- I will Skype with your dog for 10 minutes. Any conversations are confidential.
- I will hide in your crawlspace for several days surviving only on insects and vermin.
- I will pretend to be your mayor (with sash and everything) and let you berate me in front of your wiseass neighbor.
- I will pretend to be a reporter for Best Sheds Magazine and come hoot and holler about the quality of your shed in front of your doubting wife.
- I will come over and let your two giant sons Trevor and Bryce throw melons at my stupid head.

- I will listen intently as you tell me about your gluten allergies for an hour and probably not punch you in the face afterwards.
- I will help you order adult diapers off Amazon and also give you a stylish haircut.
- I will pretend to be a rude New Yorker and let you punch me in the face in front of your step son.
- I will feign excitement at the sight of your muscles, saying inspirational things like "boy, look at those top-notch muscles" and "I bet you can lift some serious barrels with those powder loaders."
- I will accept any and all verbal abuse you can throw at me in the span of five minutes while your wife and children plead with you to stop.
- I will let your medical students perform minor surgeries on me.
- I will climb on your shoulders and help you fight your taller enemies.
- I will get on the horn and tell you that you earned the big promotion, champ. No bones about it.
- I will teach rope tricks to your inner city classroom.
- I will play the part of the angry but honorable sheriff in your independent film about a town that finally agrees to honor the Constitution and outlaw skateboarding forever.
- I will pretend to be unconscious in your living room while you tell all your friends you knocked me out in one hit. I may actually be catching up on sleep, but that won't impact the quality of my performance.
- I will teach your grandpa how to surf the web (use the Internet).
- I will hide inside a garbage can, then pop out just in time to scare the heck out of Uncle Jerry.
- I will rake all your leaves, put them in a garbage bag, then climb inside the bag with them. What happens after that is up to you, so long as I get my $5.
- I will climb inside a barrel and let you roll me down a hill while your family throws Molotov cocktails at me.
- I will record a professional one-minute video where, in between heavy wheezing and wiping bloody spittle from my chin with a dirty sock, I endorse your product or service.
- I will come over and say reassuring things like "today is NOT the day you spontaneously die of an aneurysm" and "this is definitely not the day you get pinned behind the steering column and slowly bleed out after a horrific traffic accident."
- I will call you whatever nickname you want in public, helping jumpstart your cool new identity.
- I will fix the spelling errors in your web 2.0 business name.

This isn't as ideal as my dream of finding a large bag of money near a plane crash in the woods, but it'll hold me over until that happens. Let's do business! I'm really looking forward to finding a nice shady tree to sit under and count all my hard-earned fives.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.24 FUTURETALK: The Bard & The Genius

Thursday, Feb 28, 2013 by WET BUTT (@wettbutt)

FUTURETALK

ACT 1
SCENE 1
"THE BARD AND THE GENIUS"

[*The curtain opens. There are two chairs and a table. There is a man sitting at one of the chairs. There are very futuristic things all around the stage, which are called "future furnishings." The Man is reading a newspaper and the headline on the newspaper says, visibly: LAST NEWSPAPER EVER, PRINTED TODAY. He turns the page, and the next reads: ALSO, FUTURE NOW ALLOWS US TO RESURRECT DEAD FAMOUS PEOPLE FROM A LONG TIME AGO.*]

MAN: Hmm ... time flies, yes.

[*The Man lowers the newspaper. He is revealed to be WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the famous word person, and he isn't dead anymore. He places the paper on the desk and begins pacing slowly across the stage. There is palpable excitement in the audience watching it. The playwright's ex-gf is there, and she is extremely regretful that she broke up with him and knocked over his new drums right after he bought them.*]

[*Shakespeare returns to his seat, awash in good thought as a doorbell rings.*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: [*shouting*] Come in, come in!

[*Another person enters the stage. It is **ALBERT EINSTEIN**, the science man.*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Please, please, have a seat.

[*Einstein surveys the room scientifically. He bows to Shakespeare, and Shakespeare nods in deepest respect. Einstein sits beside Shakespeare. **DJ TIESTO** is the playwright's friend in real life.*]

ALBERT EINSTEIN: It is good to finally meet you, my friend, here in the future. I have read through all of your plays a lot. I used some of them to help me invent science, electricity, physic, and all that other good stuff.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: [*laughing*] My friend, you flatter me too much. I have caught up on some of your work myself, since arriving here, in the future. I have learned all the science, and also that God is not real, from reading online web pages that feature wise gamers.

ALBERT EINSTEIN: Oh, my science is nothing. We must discuss your plays. I have so many favorites: The Hamlet; Romeo Man; McDonalds; King Guys ... *(kissing his fingers abrasively*] The writing! The characters! The meter! Magnifique! How do you do such meter?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Meter is no problem at all. The secret to meter is to do this thing all the time: [*he rolls up his sleeve and makes an awkward slight jerking motion with his left arm*]. This is how I keep my meter. [*amidst continued arrhythmic movements*] That's how it's done.

[*Einstein, watching the bard intently, begins imitating his strange forearm motion*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: That's how it's done. I could fancy a verse right now. [*with rising pitches on each syllable*] An ode to the season of ice! [*in an exalted tone, while motioning strangely*]

"Contumelies and dreams lay splintered:

Wear my cool shorts all through winter.
Walk along, the lakes lay frozen,
Wrestling isn't fake-- I'll show them,
All my moves, in shorts ever limber,
Doing wrestles all through winter.
Throughout these blizzards, I shall
not hide;
Break on through to the other side."

Thank you.

[*Throughout all of this, Einstein clumsily imitates Shakespeare's stupid arm movements. The playwright is not gay or bisexual.*]

ALBERT EINSTEIN: Incredible! I sense a great strength and power in you. [*focusing on the*

awkward movements of his forearm] [*in a dumb voice*] I'm a champion. I'm a big huge champion.

[*Suddenly they stop. They lean into their chairs, leering almost lasciviously. Shakespeare twirls es ballajo. Escribir es un no homosexual.*]

[*Einstein reaches behind his chair and pulls out a bottle of wine. He begins pouring two glasses.*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Thank you, my good sir. Sweet wine ... there is nothing finer. *In vito veritas*, as they say; "in wine there is truth;" meaning, there was a man named Vito who "told the truth all the time, when he drank that wine."

ALBERT EINSTEIN: [*in quick, motherly affirmation*] Yes, that's why they rhyme, time and wine. [*suddenly, in a strange tone*] But that was such a great bit of verse, my friend!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Oh, my future friend! Thank you so much. I have such a wealth of ideas for plays that were never made. [*suckling his drink with one side of his mouth while speaking through the other; an irritating presentation*] That's from an old one, about the things that i like to do, and the not-retarded shorts I wear all year long. It was never staged, for I feared persecution.

ALBERT EINSTEIN: "Spoilers," my friend! [*laughs*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: [*laughs*]

DJ TIESTO, THE PLAYWRIGHT'S GOOD FRIEND, IN THE AUDIENCE WATCHING: [*laughs*] [*softly and respectfully*] This is some good shit man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Ah, but what a shame, I'll never truly be able to produce those old plays, with "Twitter" as the sole format of creative production, here in the future.

[*Both stare off into the distance, futurously, as the "Future Theme" plays.*]

ALBERT EINSTEIN: Yes, that's a shame. For the Twitter, which now is the name of planet earth [*the "Future Theme" sounds ominously as he pauses briefly*], seems to not only limit the creative mind, but also convince it of banality.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: That's right. With "Twitter" as the *de jure*--meaning that a jury decided it somewhere, for fun--form of expression, people have begun to see these halls of benign unfinished thoughts as the full extent of their creative capabilities. With this forced realization, then, comes melancholy. There's the rub. Yes, there's the rub; as I once said in my famous play, The Hamlet ... [*in a lower voice*] "There's the rub."

ALBERT EINSTEIN: Yes, there's the rub ... [*he bends forward from his chair and begins to slowly and intimately massage William Shakespeare's inner thigh through his denim jeans*] ... there it is. Right there. [*intimately, in a hoarse whisper*] There it is. [*as if in an erotic trance*] There's the rub.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Oh, god. Please kiss my thighs. [*in a sing-songy voice*] Please kiss my thighs Albert Einstein in the fu ture. [*in a determined, perverted tone*] I'm Will Shakespeare from The Hamlet. Please kiss my thighs. Please. Please. [*groaning*] There's the rub. There's the rub. Please. [*suddenly whispered; swiftly, as if frightened*] Please.

[CURTAIN]

John **WET BUTT** V. is a dumb 21 year old and his psych pop disco thing is at vibrain.bandcamp.com

Ali Horn illustrated this meeting of the minds; she's used to drawing all-time greats!

–∼WET BUTT (@wettbutt)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 Bob Woodward's Horror Classics

Friday, Mar 01, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Renowned journalist Bob Woodward turns his imagination to the macabre and pens a collection of spine-tingling tales to keep you up at night. CHILLERGATE collects all his tales of terror in a single volume of supernatural horror that you will not soon forget.

The Graveyard Vampire's Terror

The vampire leaped from the shadows and took hold of her by the shoulders. Mary cried out in fear and collapsed into the nightmare's clutches, baring the white of her throat to his insatiable fangs.

"I thought you had fallen," said the vampire. "My name is Josh. I am sorry about turning into a bat earlier. I did not mean to scare you."

"It's alright," said Mary. But it wasn't alright. Not even a little bit alright. Sometimes you say it's alright just to try to cool down the situation that might otherwise get out of hand. The bat deal was pretty darn terrifying. Although she spent most of the night walking around and talking about current events with the vampire, she knew terror in her heart, for at any moment their pleasant conversation might be rent asunder by Josh's unholy thirst.

"You should probably be getting home," said Josh.

"You're right. I had a lot of fun hanging around this graveyard with you." They shook hands like friends and Mary went home just as the sun began to come up, sparing her from the twisted fate Josh had in store for her.

It Came From Foggy Bottom and Meant to Go Around

"Sorry," apologized the formless horror that shambled through farmer Lyle's fence. The monstrosity rippled unnaturally, dragging a dozen feet of picket fence, a light post, and half of a shed with it as it came onto farmer Lyle's property.

"That's far enough!" warned farmer Lyle. "I have a shotgun and I mean to use it."

"Oh," said the creature. "Alright. I was just trying to get through. I didn't realize this was a whole, yeah, sorry about that."

The creature sheepishly backed away and went around farmer Lyle's property, but farmer Lyle would never sleep again, wondering when the creature would strike next.

The Escaped Lunatic is a Danger to Himself

"Be on the lookout for an escaped mental patient from the Virginia Asylum for the Criminally Insane. The man is over six feet tall and he may be bandaged so--"

Jennifer switched off the radio and shooed the kids she was babysitting up to their room to play video games. She began texting her boyfriend when, suddenly, there came a tapping on the glass of the door. Remembering the radio announcement, she became very afraid.

Then she saw that the man was not a lunatic at all, but a policeman.

"Hello, ma'am," he said when she opened the door. "I am just checking out the houses looking for that lunatic that escaped. Can I come inside and have a look around."

She didn't want to, but he was a policeman, what could go wrong? Jennifer opened the door and the policeman stepped inside. Then he closed the door. His eyes were hidden by the shadow of his hat. Jennifer's heart beat very quickly.

Then the policeman searched the property, but he did not find anyone.

"I wouldn't worry," he said as they returned to the door. "He's not dangerous. He is just depressed and might try to hurt himself. I'll be in the area to make sure nothing bad happens."

The policeman went outside and got in his car and began slowly patrolling the neighborhood. It didn't matter. Jennifer couldn't stop thinking about that escaped lunatic. Could the policeman have been the escaped lunatic? It was impossible for her to know with total certainty in Obama's America.

Those are just three of the bone-curdling tales included. Want more? Bob Woodward has got more!

- **The Wolf Man is the Last to Leave the Party**
- **A Devil Gestures Rudely at a Woman and Later Regrets It**
- **Trapped in a Cave With Apologetic Ghosts**

- **The Skeleton Car Playing Loud Music Just Drove By Again**
- **Mother is Sorry Her Child Won't Stop Staring**
- **Mummy's Sarcastic Retweet**

Want to *hear* something creepy and funny? Former SA writer Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink has a podcast called Night Vale set in a creepy, otherworldly small town. It's like NPR from the Twilight Zone. Each episode tells a story and adds to the strange mythology surrounding the town. Oh, and I wrote the main plot for **Episode 18: The Traveler.** Check it out!

[

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.2 The Found Schedule Of A Found Footage Film Festival

Saturday, Mar 02, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Thirty days ago, Nathan Mueller decided to organize a festival for fans and creators of found footage films.

Over the following weeks Nathan's behavior became erratic. He kept odd hours, alienated friends, and engaged in increasingly irrational behavior. Thirty days after beginning the project, he disappeared without a trace, leaving behind a closet full of clothes, his wallet, and cell phone. He was never seen again.

The following has been pieced together from the scattered piles of paperwork in his home office. It seems to be a work-in-progress schedule for the festival that never occurred, along with clues as to his state of mind and eventual fate.

Saturday

The Untapped Potential Of The Genre (Lecture) - Found footage films tend to be horror films, with occasional forays into the worlds of monsters or superheroes. Why haven't we seen a found footage romantic comedy, or a found footage western? This will be a lecture on all the possibilities that have yet to be explored.

Huh. As I was typing that, I realized that something had been pressed against my office window for quite a few minutes. When I glanced up it disappeared. For just a moment, though, I could have sworn that it was a nightmare hell face. Oh well. Probably just my nerves!

Footage Find (Event) - Everyone meets in the park, then looks for reels of film and memory cards. The person who finds the most footage gets a cheap digital video camera and a brand new de-stabilizer, which can turn even the most perfectly smooth camera work into a shaky, out of focus, distortion-filled mess.

There was a knock just now. Without looking up from my desk I yelled to let the knocker know that the front door was unlocked but no one came in. After a few moments I opened the door myself, slowly looking left, right, then scanning the dark woods across the street. No one. Yet somehow I felt... watched. As I squinted, the knock came again. It was from the office closet. Cautiously approaching, my heart practically beating out of my chest, I pressed my ear to the door. Faintly, as if from a great distance echoed through a cave, I heard a child's voice urge someone to "go away". Licking my lips, I flung the door open. Nothing. Nothing, that is, save for a Newton's cradle clacking as though it had just been set in motion. Must have been nothing.

Creating An Evil Force (Discussion Panel) - How to take ideas from the internet and rename them for use in your found footage project. For example, every detail of the Slender Man mythos can be copied as long as you call him something new, like Scary Man.

I'm starting to feel pretty darn irrational. My friends came over today and asked if I wanted to go to the park and play a few games of Rational with them, and I refused. What's gotten into me? I've never turned them down before. Sometimes I wonder if that cursed book I bought on vacation was really cursed. How I laughed when the shopkeeper urged me to pick another book - any other book - but now I don't feel like laughing at all. Have I made a terrible mistake? Some part of me thinks I

should throw the book away or burn it, but if I do that I'll just be giving in to superstitious mumbo jumbo, and I'm a man so that simply can't happen.

Sunday

The Ideal Framing Device (Q&A Session) - How should a found footage film open up? The answer: Text. Always text, always explaining the mysterious events that led to the discovery of the footage.

Last night the basement door was open. Without hesitating, I went in. Followed the trail of blood to a crawlspace. Discovered hundreds of old timey dolls hanging from the rafters. Didn't seem too strange, until I realized that no matter where I crawled, every single doll in the room just happened to twist on their twine to face me. I'm beginning to think that something weird is going on. Maybe I should talk to someone about this. I'll give it another week.

Fish Fry (Fish) - We cook fish up and eat 'em. Not sure how this will tie into found footage films yet. MUST think of a way to make this work because I like fish very much.

I woke up with the code in my head. My eyes are sunken and red, the mysterious cut on my neck is inflamed. This has to end tonight. I'm taking the book into the woods to do what must be done. If I could have done one thing differently, I would have had fried fish more often. I'm so sorry. Don't follow me.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.3 Maybe Reverse Psychology Will Get Me Out of This Sinkhole

Monday, Mar 04, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Pulling back? Sure, sounds good to me. You've got to, what with this dangerous sinkhole.

In fact, you guys just get on home. I been thinking about it and I don't even want you to save me from this 80-foot deep hole that swallowed me. There's some business going on down here, really amazing stuff, and I need some time to myself to absorb it. I'm busy as hell. So you can go ahead and pack up all of your fire trucks and ambulances and stuff, I will just hang out down here.

Oh, you want to know? I guess I owe you that much.

You see, yesterday, on day three of my time spent at the bottom of this enormous sinkhole, I was thinking that there is so much to do and see down here, it's sort of like a vacation. When I first fell down to the bottom of this ever-growing hole in the earth I looked around and I thought, well, broken up bed, some smashed shelves, hey, I've seen all there is to offer. Wrong.

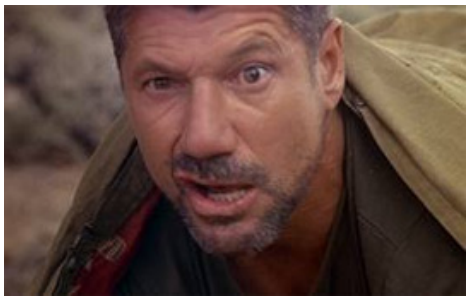
First there was the music, this kind of tribal drumming stuff, and then I found the tunnel. It took a while for my eyes to adjust to the darkness, but then I realized there was this tunnel just big enough for a man and I followed it along to this village in a cave. And it's all sexy women in there. I am talking bombshells with these long legs and huge bazooms out to here. You can't see my arms, on account of me being at the bottom of a giant sinkhole, but when I said "bazooms" I made the gesture like I am carrying a couple of watermelons. These are spinners, boys, and they love grimy guys in four-day shirts who look like Fred Ward.

They have this whole free love culture, BJ contests, sex swings, that sort of thing, but it wasn't easy

to become accepted. They aren't used to outsiders, so I think you guys should probably stay up there and just let me handle all the diplomacy.

Then I found this other tunnel here and I was wondering where it took me and, yep, you guessed it, cave of the dinosaurs. Full-on T-rex dinosaurs and the flappy dinosaurs and this other snake sort of dinosaur that nobody in science has ever seen before. These guys are incredible, amazing creatures, but you're gonna have to just take my word for it because their ecosystem is very fragile.

Followed this one dinosaur thing with a gem in its head, looked like it knew what was up, and it took me right into this other room that had all these artifacts. Now, I'm no expert, but I think they were magical. Like some Harry Potter sort of shit. Staffs and scrolls and stuff. Maybe they're from the Bible? I don't know. Most of it looks like gold and jewels and stuff. Scepters. Are those a thing?



Then, you're not gonna believe this, but a second sinkhole opened up and I got swallowed even deeper and found a whole lake of oil. Like an ocean of oil. But, I mean, the less said about that the better, because we need to be transitioning to renewables, right guys? Just forget I even mentioned the huge frigging reservoir of oil I found. Keep it between us.

So then I climbed out of that sinkhole and back to my original sinkhole and found this other room full of all the lost dogs and cats that ran away. They made their own kingdom down here and they wear clothes and talk in these sing-songy voices like a Kanye rap record. And all of them remember their owners and miss them really bad, but they have sworn to never go back to the surface. So you all should just leave them alone is what I'm saying.

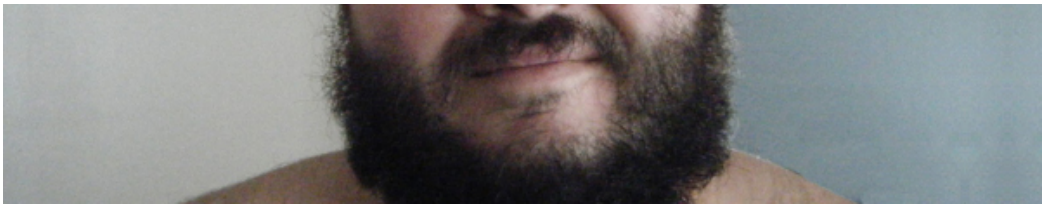
Any-who, I got to get back to things down here. No time to talk. The gals from the cave tribe are having a wet t-shirt thing I gotta judge. Amelia Earhart is gonna be broken up if I miss this one.

You fellas up top can just pull on back, forget about sending a bucket or a rope down here or anything. No need. I just have too much to do, down here in this pit that swallowed me up, feeling lucky as hell.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.4 Your Winter Beard Must Go!

Tuesday, Mar 05, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



It looks like you sifted through your couch cushions, picked out the nickels and dimes, and glued the rest to your face. I should have told you in December. I'm sorry.

You were so eager in the fall; I just didn't have the heart. But it's been 3 months. This is an intervention. You look like shit. Now that I've gotten that off my chest, get that thing off your face. You've been under the beard's spell, so let's break down the layers of denial and Stockholm syndrome you've developed.

1. You like it!
No you don't. I like pizza and you don't see me scratching uncontrollably at it all day long. You act like you have bedbugs--if bedbugs grew to the size of a personal pizza and smothered your face every waking moment. Your misery is palpable. Even your flesh is fighting your beard. Ingrown hairs peek out, red and swollen, begging for mercy. Tonight, when you close your eyes and it feels like a million centipedes crawling over your neck, ask if it's what you really want.

2. It's okay since it's winter!
No it isn't. I'll admit that winter is the Las Vegas of seasons. No matter what depraved shit you do to get through the agonizing cold, people will generally turn a blind eye. Hibernation, casserole diet, unshaved legs. Fine. Whatever. All behind closed doors. But you march around touting your beard like a greased up trophy, brazenly wearing your lack of hygiene on your face. The first and

only thing people see upon meeting you is your obnoxious, grotesque disregard of social cleanliness. The hair isn't filled out or trimmed, it just spreads asymmetrically from ear to ear. You're nothing more than a Petri dish. You aren't growing a beard, it's a growth on you.

3. It keeps you warm!
No it won't. You've got the hair count of an opossum on chemotherapy. If you think that pathetic growth is going to protect you, you probably compliment the 1-ply toilet paper of public restrooms. And who grows a beard to stave off the elements? Are you a Neanderthal? Has the invention of textiles not yet reached your cave? Get a scarf. If you really need facial protection, staple a dental dam to your lip and call it a day. What you have on your face is a cosmetic statement screaming "I am living garbage."

4. It looks cool!
No it doesn't. No one sees your beard, slick with grease as if you just lifted your head from a trough overflowing with French fries and says, "Cool! Let me kiss that dude!" No one wants that. Perhaps, in a pinch, they'll let you rub your moustache against their door hinge to stop a squeak, but that's it.

Beards are like face scars, and there are only two types of face scars: Awesome and Depressing.
A straight white line from a knife fight: **Awesome**
The melted and graphed smear of flesh after an acid spill: **Depressing**
Guess which kneejerk reaction people feel when they see you? It isn't good. They have to look deep in their soul and and ask, "Is he meaning to do that?" You've managed to grow an organic tribal tattoo, fedora, and cargo pants all over your face. It's awkward watching people hold back vomit when they see your beard wandering across your chin like a lost happy trail.

So please, please, please shave. The weather's warming, and I don't want to learn what kind of musk is fermenting in there.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.5 The Fibular Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Wednesday, Mar 06, 2013 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

"The demision of his beleavered wife Cornmaze left Gibbonman appallick. Wickel, and berofted of whip, he lopsed into seclivery at his ong deplected stead, wherefromth he penned no monumajor screeds in this recluded erg. All that remeft were the fables, scriddled as paybill to his bewildebeard milkman anti-fortnightly." -Thom Calimis, *The Imperiodic Vernaccuform, Vol 41*

Two giraffes, who as all traveled men know enjoy gazing at clouds, were engaging in their famous hobby one day when a particularly interesting specimen wafted into their view. A great dark storm cloud heavy with rain, hanging with distinction in the otherwise white-dotted sky, appeared above the buzzing hot savanna grasses.

"That cloud..." said the first giraffe, as he gestured toward the culprit in question. "...that cloud is the emperor of clouds."

"How can you tell?" asked the second giraffe. He squinted his eyes to make out the cloud's details, but still he could not understand what distinguished it from its brothers so.

"Don't be daft!" chided the first giraffe. "He is clearly regal! Can't you see his crown?"

The second giraffe squinted his eyes even further, and turned his head as much as his cumbersome neck would allow.

"I guess ..." he said quizzically. "And look, that one looks like an elephant!"

"Forgive him, emperor!" cried the first giraffe unto the heavens. "He does not know his insult, oh mighty lord of all clouds, bringer of storms and salvation!"

"MY FORGIVENESS BE NOT CHEAP, NOR EASILY GIVEN!" rumbled the emperor of clouds. "SACRIFICE UNTO ME A NEWBORN HUMAN CHILD"

"Yes, my emperor! I will do this for you at once!" groveled the first giraffe, punctuating his promise with a reverent bow.

"Who are you talking to?" questioned the second giraffe. But the first giraffe did not answer him; instead, he lopped into his long-strided run, as fast as a giraffe could hope to, toward the nearest village of men.

"Hey, where are you going?" called second giraffe as he ran after his friend, through the grasses and the groves and over the wall of the village of men. "Hey, First Giraffe! What are you doing? Why are you... oh god! Oh god, what are you doing!?"

The moral of the story is: Do not fuck with the emperor of clouds.

THE DRAGON AND THE CZAR AND THE DRAGON

Many winters back, in a great domed castle in the snowy black woods of a coniferous kingdom far to the biting north, there ruled a Czar. He was mighty and bold, and his people revered him. Great and powerful, they said, and good and wise was he, and it was whispered in places that he had slain great beasts, and it was passed around corners that he communed with dragons. Talk of fate and magic, of seeing the future. And it was all true.

For in that Czar's tower, above his mighty throne, there hung a cage, and in this cage there hung a head; the head of a dragon, a sad defeated thing. The Czar, who had been the victor in their long-past battle, sat at his throne of velvet and carved wood, a quill to parchment, and listened to the dragon's words of prophecy.

"A stranger..." the dragon wheezed, his fire long gone. "...will come from the East..."

The Czar scrawled the prophecies of the old dragon.

"No, the west!" said the other dragon. For the mighty Czar was so great, in fact, that he had tamed not one but two dragons in his life. And it hung its head just the same as its companion in the throne room, and it spoke of prophecy too. Upon hearing its dissenting voice, the Czar cringed and furrowed his regal brow.

"He will come from the west, and you will know him!" the second dragon continued.

"No, he will be a stranger" chided the first dragon, as the czar scratched out parts of what he had written. "A stranger will come from the East and bring great misfortune..."

"He will come from the West and bring great fortune!"

The czar scratched and re-scratched, and swore beneath his breath. "Which is it, you fickle waffling beasts!?" he bellowed up at the cages. "East or West, make up your blasted minds!"

The dragons thought, and consulted.

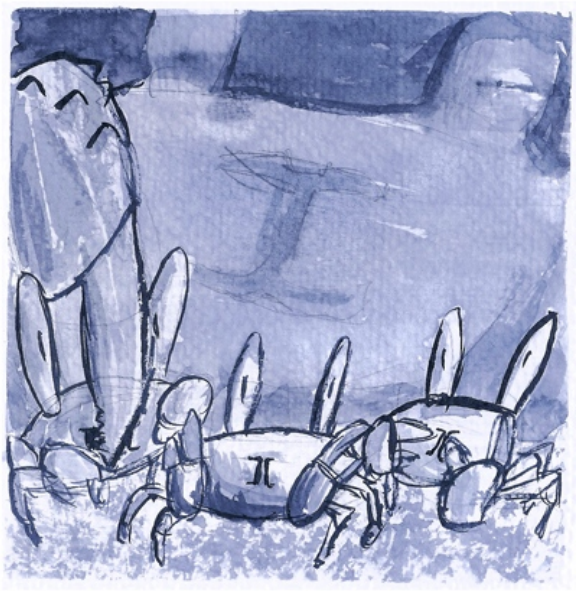
"He will come from the North..."

"No, it's a woman, and she'll never arrive at all..."

"Graaaaaaa!" bellowed the Czar. He ripped the parchment to pieces and banged his head upon his writing desk.

The moral of the story is: The future is best viewed one-at-a-time.

Three Litle Crabs



Once, on a sandbar white with wild sands, at the delta of a gentle stream, there lived a family of crabs. And though the littlest crabs were scolded by their father, a crab as stern as crabs could be, they could not resist exploring where they ought not to.

"Do not go near the cliffs, little crabs!" scolded father crab. But there they went, and skittered and played.

"Do not go near the nests of birds, little crabs!" lectured father crab. But there they went, and pinched at feathers and poked at straw.

"Do not go into the caves, little crabs!" insisted father crab. But there they went too, and laughed at their father, not knowing he had snuck behind them.

"Aha!" said Father Crab, startling the naughty little crabs. "I knew you went to the cliffs, and I knew you went to the nests of birds! And so I knew you would go where I said not to!"

"You caught us, Father Crab!" laughed the little crabs, who had learned their lesson. "We're sorry!"

"You are stupid, to come here where your mother can't stop me anymore," said father crab. He began to pull the legs from the little crabs and eat them.

"Why, father!? WHY!?" begged the little crabs, as they died.

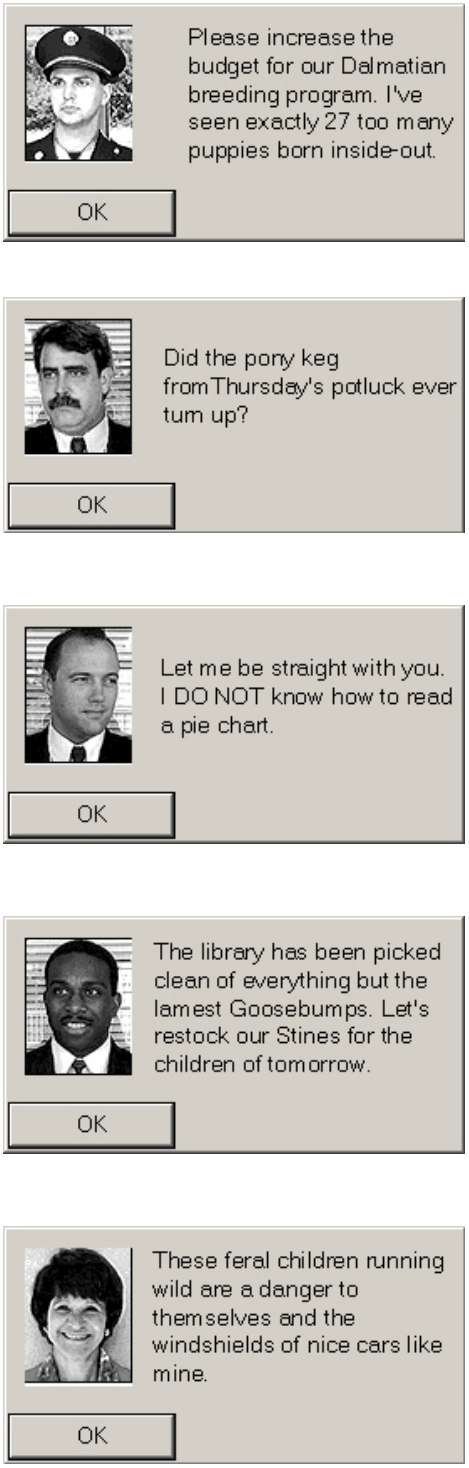
The moral of the story is: Trust no-one.

Ian "BFM" Helm not only writes *and* illustrates Gibbonman's fables, he also ... I guess that's it.

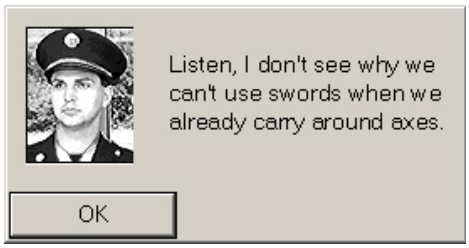
–~Ian "BFM" Helm

3.6 The SimCity Board of Advisors Offers Its Support

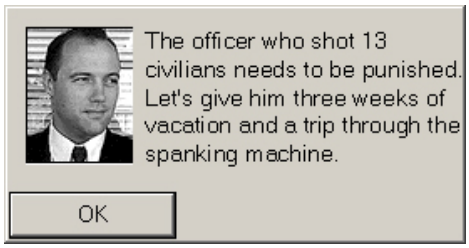
Thursday, Mar 07, 2013 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

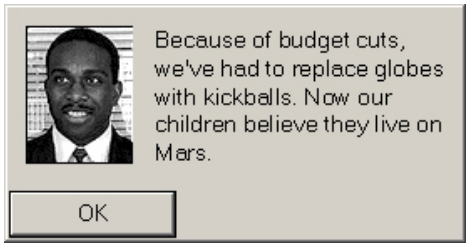

Please increase the budget for our Dalmatian breeding program. I've seen exactly 27 too many puppies born inside-out.
OK
Did the pony keg from Thursday's potluck ever turn up?
OK
Let me be straight with you. I DO NOT know how to read a pie chart.
OK
The library has been picked clean of everything but the lamest Goosebumps. Let's restock our Stines for the children of tomorrow.
OK
These feral children running wild are a danger to themselves and the windshields of nice cars like mine.
OK

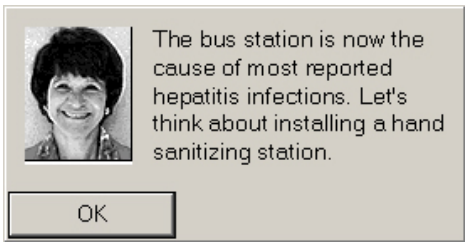
HAVEN'T STOPPED BEING ANGRY ABOUT CITIES OVER HERE
OK

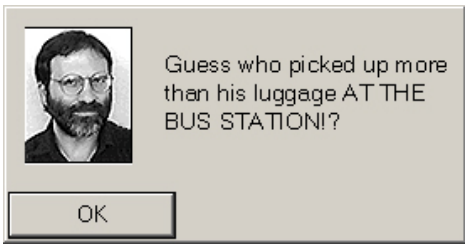

Listen, I don't see why we can't use swords when we already carry around axes.
OK

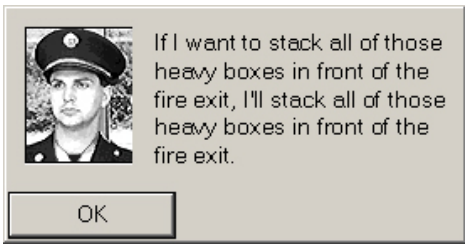
stifled beer burp
OK

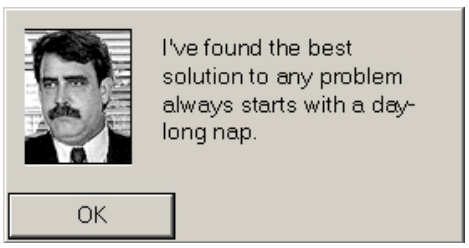

The officer who shot 13 civilians needs to be punished. Let's give him three weeks of vacation and a trip through the spanking machine.
OK

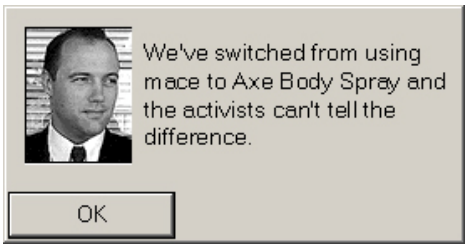

Because of budget cuts, we've had to replace globes with kickballs. Now our children believe they live on Mars.
OK

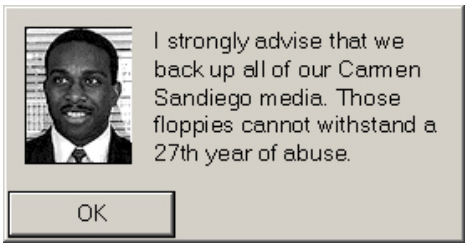

The bus station is now the cause of most reported hepatitis infections. Let's think about installing a hand sanitizing station.
OK

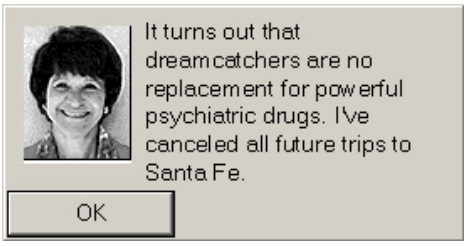

Guess who picked up more than his luggage AT THE BUS STATION!?
OK

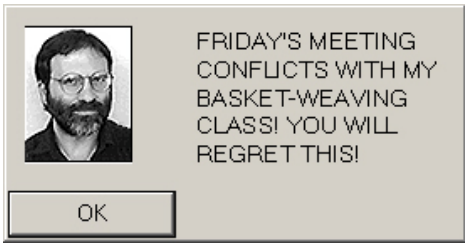

If I want to stack all of those heavy boxes in front of the fire exit, I'll stack all of those heavy boxes in front of the fire exit.
OK

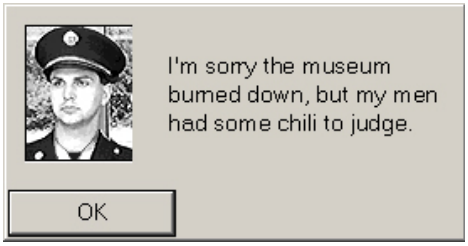

I've found the best solution to any problem always starts with a day-long nap.
OK

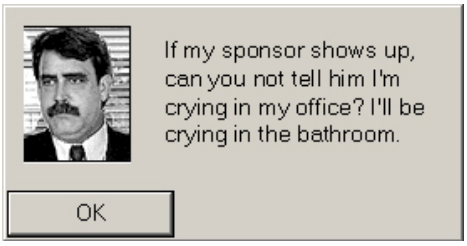

We've switched from using mace to Axe Body Spray and the activists can't tell the difference.
OK

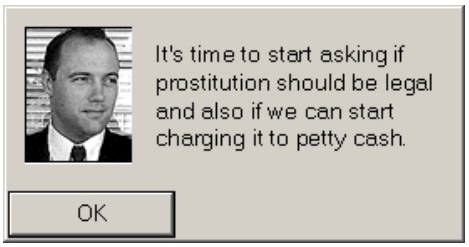

I strongly advise that we back up all of our Carmen Sandiego media. Those floppies cannot withstand a 27th year of abuse.
OK

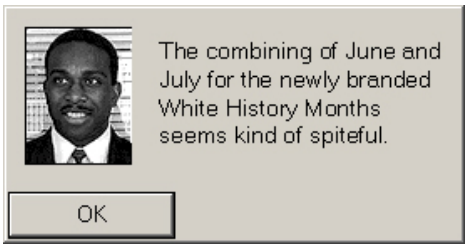

It turns out that dreamcatchers are no replacement for powerful psychiatric drugs. I've canceled all future trips to Santa Fe.
OK

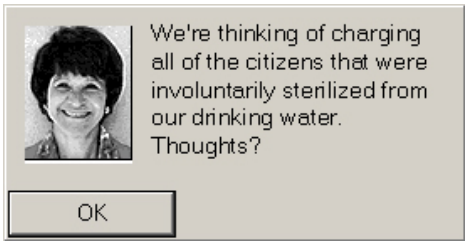

FRIDAY'S MEETING CONFLICTS WITH MY BASKET-WEAVING CLASS! YOU WILL REGRET THIS!
OK


I'm sorry the museum burned down, but my men had some chili to judge.
OK


If my sponsor shows up, can you not tell him I'm crying in my office? I'll be crying in the bathroom.
OK







–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.7 Indiana Jones and the Tomb Raider Reboot

Friday, Mar 08, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

EXT. NIGHTMARE ISLAND COAST - NIGHT

The crashing waves bring debris ashore as bursts of lightning illuminate the night. INDIANA JONES desperately tries to keep his head above water. He tumbles in the waves, plunges deep into the water, and finally fights his way back to the surface. He hits the shore and manages to crawl out of the water. He is choking. There is a DEAD BODY on the shore beside him.

INDIANA JONES
(seeing the dead body)
Oh no...Short Round. I should have never asked you to come along.

Indy starts puking. A massive wave crashes ashore bringing pieces of the sunken freighter. As Indy searches for other survivors, someone hits him in the head with a rock.

INT. CHAMBER OF BLOOD AND SKULLS

Skulls and blood and rotten dead bodies are everywhere. Dozens of them. Indy is oozing blood from a gross head wound. We see that someone has been crucified above an altar and all their guts are hanging out. Indy is tied up, but he manages to cut himself loose, but as he falls he lands on spikes

impaling his leg. He starts puking again when he sees the wound, crying a little too, but then he gets up. He is dirty and covered in blood and looks super upset.

Indiana Jones sees the crucified body.

INDIANA JONES
Sallah...what have they done...this is all my fault.

Indy smells the gross guts hanging out of Sallah.

INDIANA JONES
You smell worse on the inside, old friend.

Indy hears voices and quickly hides in the shadows to escape.

EXT. RAIN-LASHED CLIFF - NIGHT

The door to the cage breaks open and an arm reaches in, grabbing Indy and pulling him out. Indy cries out in terror as he is THROWN against the cliff face. A scarred Nazi glares at him. The Nazi touches Indy's face, almost intimately, then Indy's hip.

NAZI
I always get my man, Doctor Jones.

Indiana Jones cries out in terror. The Nazi grabs Indy by the throat and starts to choke him. Indy suddenly reverses and they fall onto the ground. In the struggle, Indy WRESTLES away the man's gun and shoots him in the face blowing out the front of his skull and blasting pieces of brains everywhere.

Indy pukes.

EXT. COLLAPSING VILLAGE BUILT ON CRASHED AIRPLANES - DAY

Indiana Jones swings his axe chopping the head of a lunatic in half. Another lunatic is begging for mercy. Indy stabs him in the face and the man dies gurgling with blood running down his shirt.

Indy kicks another man off a bridge and shoots the last man in the throat with a shotgun. He quickly climbs up onto a nearby roof and opens the artifact chest he saw earlier.

Inside the chest is a small coin. Indy wipes the blood away from his face and picks up the coin to study it.

INDIANA JONES
Nineteenth Century Japanese. Poor condition. The National Museum is going to go wild for this.

He is interrupted by the crackling radio. MARCUS BRODY is on the other end.

MARCUS BRODY
Professor Jones...are you there...hello?

INDIANA JONES
Marcus! I thought you were dead! Where are you! I'll come and get you!

MARCUS BRODY
I'm in a village.

INDIANA JONES
Crashed airplanes?

MARCUS BRODY
Several.

INDIANA JONES
I think I'm in that village.

MARCUS BRODY
Does it have a bunch of ropes going everywhere and some sort of conveyor system for transporting tiger cages up to the top of a mountain?

INDIANA JONES
No. It must be a different village.

MARCUS BRODY
Well you must find it! They're searching for me and I fear what they might do.

INDIANA JONES
Have you seen Marion? I--

MARCUS BRODY
(Shouting and struggling sounds)
NO! No, who are you?! Help! INDY!

INDIANA JONES
Marcus! What is happening?

He shouts several times, but the radio is dead. Indy begins to cry and sinks to his knees.

INT. BLOOD AND CORPSE FILLED LATRINE - DAY

Indiana Jones, clutching at the huge open wound in his stomach, crawls through the filth-channel of shit and piss, trying not to cry out in fear and pain as the men searching for him thump around

on the floor above him. He can hear the men talking about a woman. Several heads float past in the blood/shit mixture.

Indiana Jones sees a Japanese dog tag atop a pile of gore-covered skulls. He stops to examine it carefully.

EXT. COLLAPSING PLATFORM OF ANCIENT JAPANESE TEMPLE - DAY

Indy finishes off the last of the Nazis and their lunatic henchmen by cutting their throats. He quickly unties MARION RAVENWOOD. They hug each other briefly.

MARION RAVENWOOD
We have to get out of here before Doctor Herzog returns.

INDIANA JONES
I need to find another one of these diaries.

MARION RAVENWOOD
(following behind Indy as he double-jumps up a cliff and zip-line climbs into a hut)
What do the diaries say? Some sort of clue?

INDIANA JONES
I don't know yet. It's weird, they're all written by different people and the diaries are full books that only contain a few sentences. It's like whoever wrote them was insane.

MARION RAVENWOOD
Maybe it's all one person.

INDIANA JONES
I think it's the same people who have been leaving these weird GPS markers everywhere. I--

A lunatic with two machetes yells and jumps out from behind a cabinet door.

EXT. DISTRESSED DIESELPUNK PUZZLE CITY HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

MARCUS BRODY is impaled on a pipe, gurgling as he slowly dies. Flames creep ever closer to the panicked Marion Ravenwood who is tied to a stake. DOCTOR HERZOG stomps forward in his crude uniform festooned with grisly trophies. He is laughing beneath his human skin hood. Indiana Jones faces him down.

INDIANA JONES
It's over, Herzog. I've butchered my way through your thousands of henchmen on this tiny forgotten island. I've mastered these weapons. Now I'm going to waste you really painfully for all of my friends you have killed.

DOCTOR HERZOG
Are you certain, Doctor Jones? But how can you kill a man...

Doctor Herzog reaches up to the human skin mask and grabs it in his hand.

DOCTOR HERZOG
...that has sipped from the Holy Grail.

Doctor Herzog pulls off the mask revealing that it is PROFESSOR HENRY JONES.

INDIANA JONES
Dad!? You're Doctor Herzog?

DOCTOR HERZOG
No longer. Now I am a god!

Indy engages in a gun-fu firefight chase up a burning bridge. He ultimately defeats his father by stunning him with shotgun blasts and stuffing his pockets full of dynamite. The blast reduces Indy's father to a pair of separated legs that fall in opposite directions. Indy slumps against the nearby wall and pukes.

CREDITS as Indy and Marion Ravenwood wave to a Coast Guard rescue plane.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.8 If You're Stuck Beneath Bedsheets That Are Too Tight, You Don't Have To Die

Saturday, Mar 09, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The average person becomes hopelessly stuck more than five times a day, requiring the help of a loved one or an emergency responder to set them free. What if there's no one around to save you the next time you get stuck? And what if your phone isn't at hand, or its battery is dead, or you have terrible reception, or you realize that the cell phone you bought is actually a bar of chocolate with terrible reception?

Eventually you will find yourself in such a position. It's inevitable, given the dizzying number of times that you will become stuck in your lifetime. When this happens, when you are pinned with no one to turn to for help, you'll need to know how to free yourself.

SCENARIO #1: TO SLEEP PERCHANCE TO DIE or BED DEATH or YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED NOW DIE IN IT

You're sleeping. You're dreaming about pleasant things and your eyelids are preventing light from distracting your eyeballs. Then, something wakes you. A subtle wrongness adds an element of panic to your slow transition into the waking world. What's wrong? It's your sheets. They are tucked in too tightly. You make an effort to raise your arms and throw the sheets back, to no avail. You're trapped. Thrashing, squirming, and rolling from side to side have no effect. If you don't think fast, this bed will become your grave.

Here's what you do.

With a calm, measured demeanor, reach down with both arms and break one of your legs. Make sure the break is horrific and that your bone is poking out through your leg. Now use the jagged edge of the bone to cut a hole in your sheet. This might take some time and it WILL be extremely painful. Just stay relaxed and keep at it. You're almost there. Now tear at the hole you've created until it's big enough to escape from. If the hole is stubborn, you might need to use the knife under your pillow to open it up the last few inches.

SCENARIO #2: AUTOMOBILIC ASPHYXIATION or VEHIC-HELL or JOYLESS RIDE (BECAUSE YOU DIE)

You are in the passenger seat of a car which sits in a busy parking lot. The driver is nowhere to be seen. Your seatbelt is clicked into place, ruthlessly pinning your torso to the seat. The car's doors are locked, the windows up. You scream for help but the passers-by cannot hear your frantic wailing.

Fortunately for you, the solution to your problem is much more simple than you might imagine.

Start vibrating. Don't just wiggle your hips. Concentrate really hard. Make your entire body shake with small, quick motions until you become a blur of colors. Once you get up to speed your seatbelt should disintegrate in a puff of polyester dust. Now angle yourself - still vibrating - to lean against the car door. Your vibrating bulk should begin to push its way through the mass of the door as your molecules slide around those of the car's upholstery and metal. Don't stop now or you'll be trapped for good. Eventually you should slide out into the open air, the car no worse from wear aside from a few scuffs on its paint.

SCENARIO #3: THE MANGLER or DEUS HEX MACHINA or THE MANGLER

Your entire arm has found its way into The Mangler. Now you are trapped in your own kitchen

and doomed to a certain death. The appliance is bolted in place, so there's no chance of lifting it and running for help. Sheets of blood lazily swell over the counter like a grim waterfall. Your eyes bulge as they stare in disbelief at The Mangler, and the name of this convenient everyday gadget has taken on a frightening new meaning.

Naturally, your first instinct is to turn The Mangler to its reverse setting. That won't work. That is such a terrible plan. You should already know that The Mangler will not de-mangle items that are already being processed. You might even think about turning The Mangler off to stop it from mangling your arm further. Nice idea, but that would only be a temporary fix. It's time to take decisive action.

So what's the correct method of escaping The Mangler?

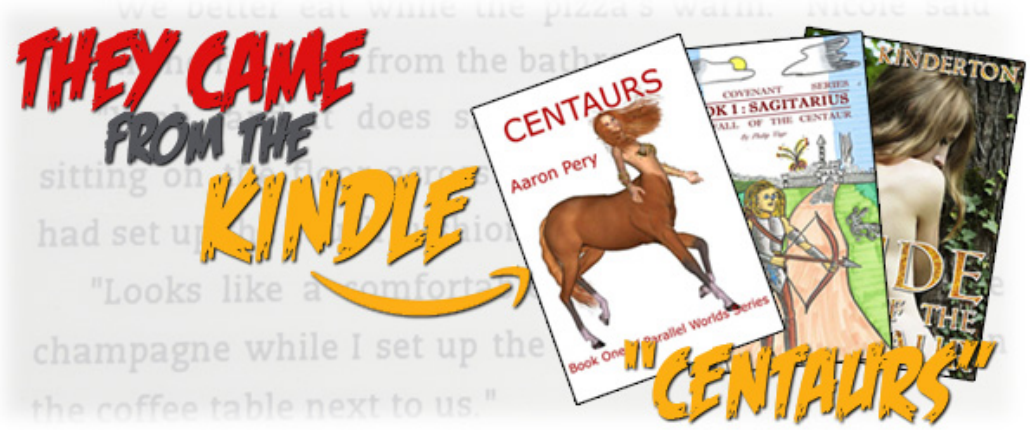
Wildly flail your free arm, clawing at your trapped shoulder. Cry and scream wordlessly and curse in a combination of rage and resignation. Kick your legs out in weird directions. Sweat profusely. Lose all sense, becoming little more than a howling animal. Slam your head against the counter repeatedly. There. Now look. Your arm is free, completely unharmed. Congratulations!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.9 They Came From the Kindle: "Centaurs"

Monday, Mar 11, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

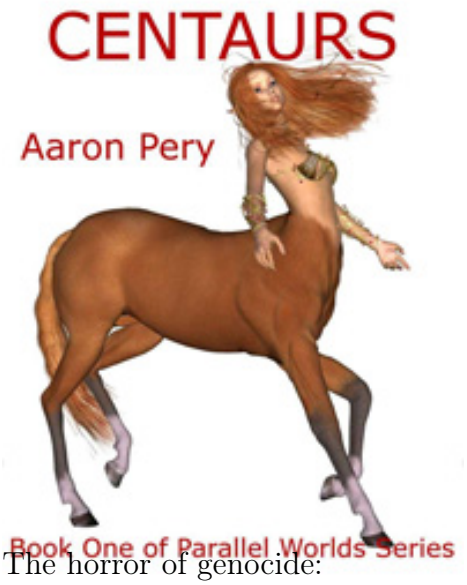
This article is part of the They Came From the Kindle series.



We begin our series spotlighting interesting fiction on the Kindle with a subject that matters to us more than ever in these uncertain times of technology, terrorism and financial crisis. A subject that really defines us as we are today. Centaurs.

The centaur can represent the savage and the tamed, the war of the wild versus domesticity, and the noble spirit of the horse fused with the existential yearnings of men. It's no wonder that this generation's great writers have been eager to incorporate them into such interesting stories.

Centaurs (Parallel Worlds)
By Aaron Pery



Centaurs poses a simple, but profound, question: what if there is life after death and it is centaurs?

This 290 page fantasy/sci-fi epic follows the exploits of Martin and Nicole, an elderly couple who are killed by lightning, only to have their souls meander to another dimension where they become gender-swapped centaurs. They uncover a plot to enslave the centaurs and so they go on a killing rampage to exterminate another race called "Gogians." This plot unfolds in a world of centaurs having chapter-long conversations, in a book in which the author sometimes does not use quotation marks and rarely describes who is speaking. In some cases four and five people will be talking for pages and you will have to guess who is saying what.

It's also a jingoistic right-wing fantasy piece in which the perfect world is one where centaurs from the USA bang and poop in public and smoke cigars wherever they want. Yes, really.

The horror of genocide:

Once Martin and Nicole decide to exterminate the Gogians, including the children, they poison all of their food and then set up a circle of centaurs with guns around the Gogian city. After over a hundred pages of talking, the genocide is described in one sentence.

> It took nearly three hours of constant shooting by everyone before Marty gestured to Sue, who was positioned on a hill overlooking the youngsters' compound, to join her on the roof.
>
> "It looks like it's all over so I'd like you to take over the site while I go inspect the hospital for any living Gogians."

Unusual reactions:

> She burst into laughter when the result of Nick's startled reaction to hearing her voice in his head was to let go of his bowels, which he looked at with disgust.

Unexpected twists:

Did I mention one of the characters invents a perpetual motion machine and brings it back to earth to taunt liberals over global warming? No?

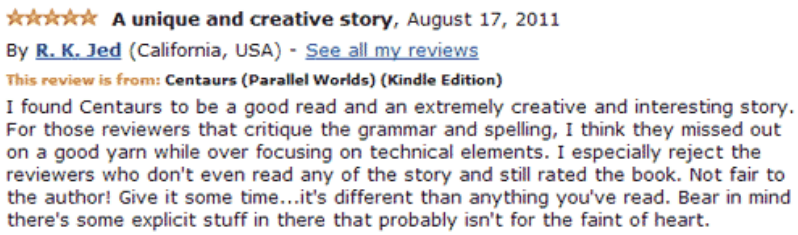
> When the CBS reporter, totally shocked by Adam's words, could not retort to him, the ABC representative jumped in. "I won't try to dispute the validity of your statements Mr. March, but don't you agree that releasing your invention globally will literally save the planet from all the toxic emissions that are causing the current global worming [sic] disaster that's threatening us all?"

> Adam burst into laughter, which startled everyone. "Your question, Ma'am has just proved your ignorance about our planet's warming cycle, which has been going on for thousands of years, way before we had started burning fossil fuels. But regardless of that, shouldn't you first demand that New Zealand stop raising sheep, which release a lot more carbon monoxide into the atmosphere via flatulence than the entire US vehicle and industrial emissions? Yet you blame your own country of ruining the world, which to me is traitorous."

Classic Kindle line:

> Because of our physique, which is in essence quite horse-like, we do our personal business just like them--whenever and wherever we are at the time without giving it a thought as long as we don't do it on the floor of a public building.

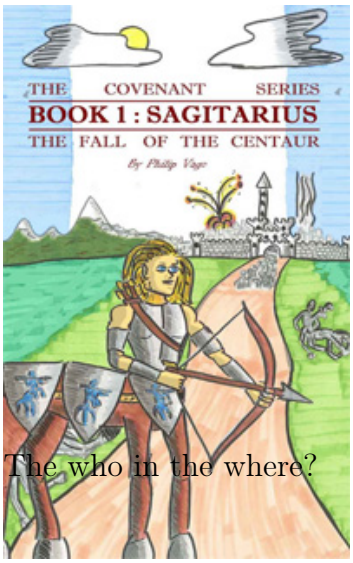
What reviewers say:


A unique and creative story, August 17, 2011
By R. K. Jed (California, USA) - See all my reviews
This review is from: Centaurs (Parallel Worlds) (Kindle Edition)
I found Centaurs to be a good read and an extremely creative and interesting story. For those reviewers that critique the grammar and spelling, I think they missed out on a good yarn while over focusing on technical elements. I especially reject the reviewers who don't even read any of the story and still rated the book. Not fair to the author! Give it some time...it's different than anything you've read. Bear in mind there's some explicit stuff in there that probably isn't for the faint of heart.

Also from this author: Fat Slut Story

Sagitarius : The Fall of the Centaur (Covenant Series)

By Philip Vago



The who in the where?

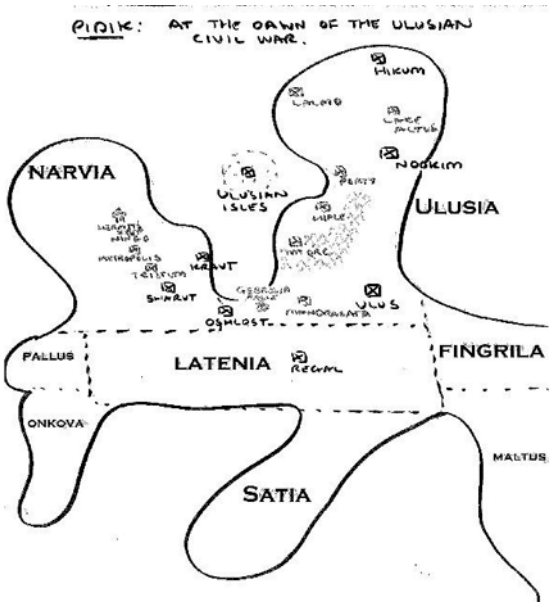
Philip Vago's nearly 1200 page epic about Sagitarius, a heroic centaur, reads as less Tolkein and more Henry Darger. Elves and dragons and centaurs and tree spirits and every fantasy creature you could possibly imagine do battle, but it's mostly about the tedious battles of Sagitarius and his band against the human Cable and the evil Latenians. The repetitious style would be generously called "stream-of-consciousness" and regularly dips into anachronistic metaphors.

Somewhere in his head, Vago has constructed an obsessively detailed history of his centaur fantasy world. Fine, nerds love lore, but the constant asides to history and references to past battles weigh the juvenile plot down like cement shoes on an astronaut. The resulting book seems to be the product of mental illness.

Vago spends page after page recounting ancient battles, but he does not condescend to readers when it comes to his silly geography or names.

> Upon their arrival in Oshlosht, the border town between Ulusia and Narvia, Sagitarius directed Callou to find them some shelter and a youthful filly, Silvae, to find them a place to eat.

If you can't figure that out, you can always check the map:



Who was this written for?

Philip Vago's family. The book is not as howling terrible as **Centaurs (Parallel Worlds)**, but it features the sort of pointless monotony that only a mother could love. My own work has often been criticized for being too long and needing a good editor, but at 1200 pages, Vago doesn't need an editor, he needs dynamite.

Classic Kindle line:

> "I can't believe it." He said, dumbfounded. "Don't hurt them without mercy and jurisprudence, or you may regret what you've done later in life. Don't take part in a righteous crime."

What reviewers say:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful

★★★★★ **A joyful book suited for all ages** November 5, 2012

By Madbot

Format: Kindle Edition | Amazon Verified Purchase

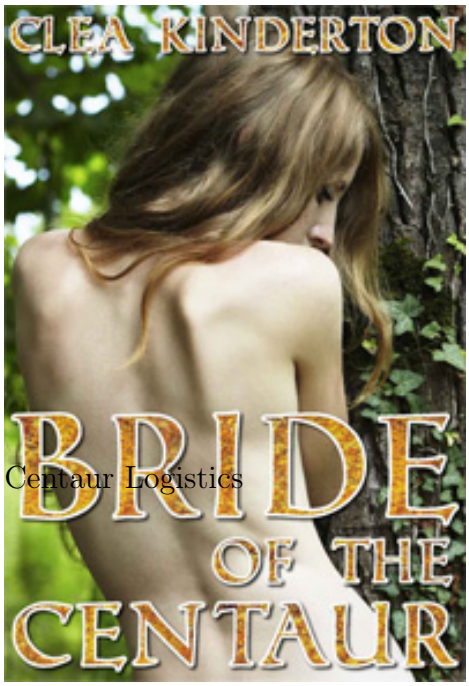
Much thought and care had gone into the book. It is great entertainment packed with deep characters and plot twists. Difficult to put down.

Get it and experience it.

Comment | Was this review helpful to you? Yes No

Also from this author: Sagitarius Trilogy: The Art of Survival (Part 3)

Bride of the Centaur
By Clea Kenderton



Centaur Logistics

As part of a deal with a neighboring tribe of centaurs, a human village dumps off their unwated virgins to become brides of the centaur tribe. It's a safe bet these "brides" aren't headed for a honeymoon in Hawaii.

18-year-old virgin Fiedrah winds up married to handsome centaur Anult. He has a barren centaur wife, but he wants to start a family, which is where Fiedrah comes in.

I've never watched a horse being born, so I don't know if a horse could come out of a woman, but I've seen newly born horses, and they're way too big to fit in a woman. Also, is a centaur born with a newborn horse sized body and then a little teeny tiny human torso and head? I guess we'll never know, because this is just *Bride of the Centaur* not *Mom of the Centaur*.

Bride of the Centaurs is not a romance, it is smut, and the mechanical aspect of sex with a horse creature is described in great detail. Clea Kenderton put a lot of thought into how this works, including devising a contraption the woman can climb into so that the centaur can have sex with her.

> Two centaurs were dragging a wooden object into the center of the circle. I couldn't tell for certain whether it was a statue, a small platform, or a large stool. The legs and lower half of the stool were an accurate representation of the lower half of a horse, but the top was flat like a bench. Sturdy wooden handles projected from the shoulders of the horse's front legs and another smaller pair projected from the horse's sides.

The sex part happens while all the other centaurs are watching, something of a recurring theme in centaur porn.

Classic Kindle line:

(Upon seeing the centaurs for the first time)

> Every one of them was handsome to some degree, by virtue of living a life of strenuous exertion and fearless bravery, but one in particular was so beautiful that I felt ashamed when he looked at me and had to turn my head away.

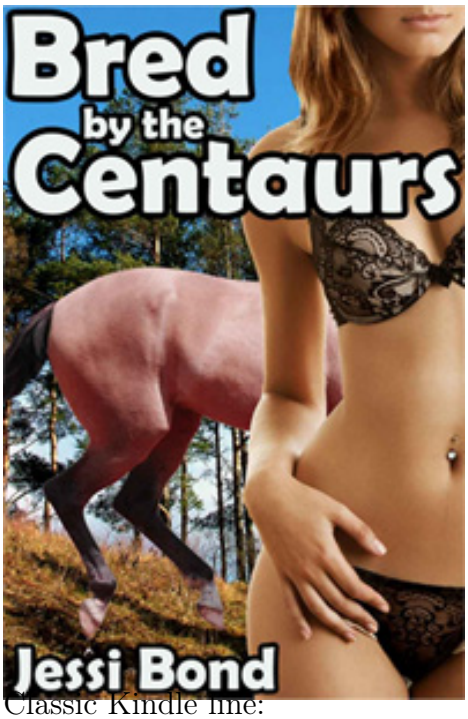
See, even virgin sacrifices about to be raped by a penis the size of a log can have a meet cute.

What reviewers say:

Bride of the centaur March 5, 2013
By Bev Myers
Format: Kindle Edition | Amazon Verified Purchase
Hot, the whole way to my core. Didn't want it to end. Still feeling every word. Need more in all of her stories.
Comment | Was this review helpful to you? Yes No

Also from this author: Sexy Slutty Spying Stepsister Gangbang 5

Bred by the Centaurs
By Jessi Bond



Before people get up in arms over the next Amazon rape t-shirt they might want to swing by the Kindle centaurs, because these guys are seriously up to no good.

In Bred by the Centaurs, a honeymoon in Greece goes wrong (or right???) for Sarah when she happens upon a horny bunch of centaurs and gets gangbanged. She is pretty much asking for it because her new husband, Jared, fails to sexually satisfy her when he refuses to eat his own semen from her vagina.

Did this turn into a thing when I wasn't paying attention? Do women go around quietly holding in the rage they feel for men not doing this? Because if so I have a feeling there are a lot of Sarahs out there cruising for centaurs to do them right.

Lucky for Sarah and Jared, things turn out just fine in the end, because after a gang of centaurs put a baby horse in Sarah, Jared overcomes his aversion to eating pudding without a spoon and chows down on a gravy boat made of meat. Lady meat. And horse gravy.

Blaararargh!

Classic Kindle line:

> The centaur chuckled. "Too proud to eat his own essence out of you? For shame. He doesn't sound like much of a man to me."

Yeah, okay buddy, you're literally not a man, so don't go kicking your water bucket around the glass paddock.

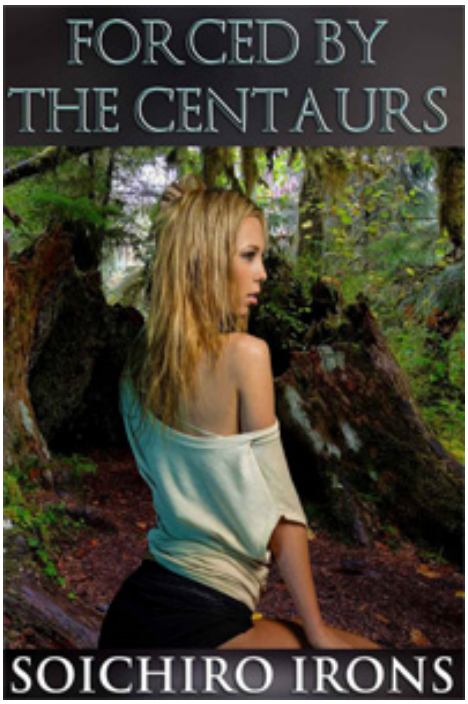
What reviewers say:

1 of 3 people found the following review helpful
★☆☆☆☆ **No story** February 13, 2013
By Shelby Villar
Format: Kindle Edition | Amazon Verified Purchase
really there nothing to whole story and for price not worth it. I wouldn't consider this book waste of money.
Comment | **Was this review helpful to you?** Yes No

Hi, me name am Shelby Villar and me bought book about centaur gangbanging woman and there not enough story about eat a sperm for my discerning taste not a rip off.

Also from this author: Bred by the Yeti

Forced by the Centaurs
By Soichiro Irons



Centaurs desperate to repopulate their dying species catch wandering coed Lynn and feed her a drug that makes her constantly horny for centaurs. Lynn resists, but after a lengthy flashback and a speech to tug at her hearstrings, willing repopulation commences in graphic detail.

Once again, the author has carefully considered the logistics of how a woman could have sex with a creature that is exactly proportioned like a horse, but totally not a horse. When it finally happens, the centaur sex scene is so long that during the course of it Lynn falls in love and has a flashback to growing up on a farm.

The "can't rape the willing" moment:

Centaurs are forcibly breeding human women. Voluntarily. A horse seducing someone is fine, but a horse raping someone is mondo grosso.

> "It doesn't matter who captured me, Caleb. What matters to me is what you said today, back in my room; you're the first male centaur to speak to me as if I weren't a piece of meat. You told me I was brave...you told me you admired me. Everyone else just wants to fuck and breed me like a sow, but you proved different. I don't even care if it was just an act to get me here - it still meant a lot to me."

Centaur Logistics

Soichiro Irons takes an interest in the logistics as the centaurs once again set up a sex table for human-centaur relations, also in front of the entire tribe of centaurs.

> My attention was drawn to the large wooden platform that two massive males were tugging through the crowd and into the center of the square. On top of the platform was a raised wooden stand that looked a bit like a pulpit. Two leather stirrups protruded from either side of it, and a ladder led up to where **the event** would take place.

So that's what *The Event* was about! If NBC had teased centaur fucking a little better they might have saved that show.

Classic Kindle line:

> His silky words melted the last of my resistance, and I felt the last of my resistance crumble at his words.

Also from this author: Forced by the Alpha (Gay Reluctant Werewolves)

NOTE: It is my duty to inform you that the three centaur smut stories, purely by gross coincidence, are all written by Something Awful goons. The weirdos who wrote the first two are probably goons too, but that has not been confirmed yet.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.10 Subj: HOT MILK AGAIN

Tuesday, Mar 12, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!! perhaps my number one problem these days is a lack of shut eye and by that i mean good old fashioned sleep! A man like me toils away well into the night on a variety of projects and ideas about the future and catching great big fish. the doctor gave me a bunch of sleep pills but those things are for the birds because i spilled them in the pharmacy parking lot and seagulls took them so i used the old-fashioned approach: warm milk before laying down for the night in my Pig Shed. (Yes I Still Live In The Pig Shed)

I began by drinking a big glass of hot milk before i washed my face and put on my pajamas but this didn't work very well and became very unpleasant for me in the stomach department because it would gurgle and make bad sounds all light like a halloween cauldron with a wild man skeleton in it. After an hour or two of being woken up by my own stomach making bad screams it got easier.

Then it got worse again because the piglets that sleep with me wanted milk too. They love the stuff but pig momma Victoria is all tuckered out by the end of the night and goes off to sleep behind the water heater so it was just me and the pigs drinking glass after glass of warm milk in the shed in the middle of the night. It didn't take too long before me and the pigs start smelling bad and doing lots of horrible sour burps. eventually we fell asleep the whole night through but it was a real challenge to get there without wanting to spit up into the inside of my own hat that i wore to bed

I got real comfy that night (And The Pigs Did Too) and everything went fine at the start but now that it's warming up again outside the ants are waking from their slumber and going off in search of food, which means they come into places like the Pig Shed. it wasn't much trouble to begin with. the first Ant Sighting there were a few of them in my half of a cantaloupe and my dried up Yucky Milk drool pool so i went back to sleep, but right after that was when i was woken up by the tickle of hundreds of ants running a trail up my leg, on my nice chest, and toward the hot dripping milk drool, as well as 7 baby pigs sniffing and eating the ants off my body. there was also a moth but one of the pigs ate it also. i laid still and screaming until they ate all the ants which took a long time because they kept coming in underneath the door.

That happened on the morning of the mayor's party for his staff down at the lake which i ran to after getting dressed. i ate a bunch of potato salad and headed down to the dock to get on one of the speedboats for a speed boat ride (There Were 2 Boats And You Could Ride In The Red One Or White) the red boat is the faster boat so i got in there and buckled myself in and was a passenger on the high speed lake ride while i waited for my terrible milk and potato salad burps to go away. the boat hit something with a huge thump and the driver pulled the

boat back up to the dock and checked out the damage and it looked like he hit a bird with the speedboat somehow which was confusing enough but then one of the fishing kids reeled in another bird from the lake. while this was all unfolding the mayor saw my dried up milk face and dead ants embedded in the drips and told me to go home, and just in time too because one of the teens was a boy scout and had cut one of the birds open and found lots of sleeping pills in its stomach so it's probably good that i got to go home when i did and I got a speedboat ride. BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

3.11 SkyMall Product Reviews: Pugz Shoes for Dogs

Wednesday, Mar 13, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Pugz Shoes for Dogs provide a stylish solution for keeping your dog's paws warm, dry and protected from harsh weather conditions.

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By BigUnclePump from Yowl, AL

Great product. Wish they made a full-body version for dogs, so I can protect my most special friends from all the hardships of life, not just cold ground.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By FairyDogMother62 from Schaumburg, IL

These dog shoes are a lifesaver. I'm so glad somebody was finally able to develop technology to prevent the mass die-off of dogs that occurs every winter when temperatures drop. Now I don't have to say goodbye to my best friends anymore. I'll miss the warmth of the great fires we created burning all those frozen dog corpses, but they were always so bittersweet anyway.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By GrimesFamily from Hillsborough, NC

I'm counting 4 shoes in a set. What about for the tail, snout, and you-know-what. Want to keep my dog safe out there in the cold. Step up and do the job right, SkyMall. No more half-a**ing this s***. I'm serious. I'm really serious here. I've never been so serious.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By RudeAlfFan from Richmond, VA

Hardly anything new. I've been putting shoes on dogs and dogs in shoes for a long time and posting funny videos online. You guys ought to be paying ME money for this because I don't have time to hold down a job.

Age: 56-60

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Dogfather from Fairbanks, AK

You've got to be kidding me??? I own a heap of dogs and they are all outside right now. Most of them are alive and none of them have any shoes AS FAR AS I KNOW. You get dogs expecting shoes and then they'll expect pants, shirts, robes, you name it, buddy. I don't want my dogs dressing the same as me. I don't want my dogs DRESSING BETTER THAN ME. Where does this end? Dogs as judges? Dogs dictating law and telling me who I can marry and what my rights are. NO THANKS.

Let's think this through, idiots. Still, I bought these things like I buy every product from SkyMall, and I hated it. I hated EVERY MINUTE OF IT.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

CanineSpirit from Pueblo, CO

We bought these for our weak, ghastly thing of a dog that, through idiotic aesthetic choices made by superficial breeders, was engineered to be extremely frail and incapable of survival outside of an artificial, pampered existence. Unfortunately, these shoes triggered her allergies and she passed away in the most darling, pathetic way. We'll try them again on our next dog, which will be a fuzzy little skeleton roughly the size of a peach that makes beautiful little sneezing yelps every five seconds.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By ArkansasMike from NOPE, AR

EXTREMELY TRICKY TO WORK WITH. HAD TO TAPE THEM TO DOG'S LEGS, WHICH MAKES THEM HARD TO REMOVE SO WE JUST LEAVE THEM ON. MY DOG "ROBERT" HAS BECOME DISPONDENT AND FEARFUL OF US. THIS HAS CREATED A TRAUMATIC RIFT IN OUR HOME AND I HAVE YET TO FIND A SKYMALL PRODUCT CAPABLE OF DELIVERING THE SPIRITUAL HEALING NECESSARY. THREE STARS. ASKANSASMIKE FROM ARKANSAS , U.S.A.

Age: 61-65

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Hector from MY DOG IS DEAD

DOG ATE THE SHOES. DOG GOT SICK. R.I.P. HAMLET, YOU WERE A GREAT DANE.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Chester and Gladys from Natchitoches, LA

Product was delivered to me and money was taken from my account. Nothing of note to report, except they sent one giant shoe by mistake and once we dropped the dog in it went missing and we were calling her over and over again but got no response.

Age: 61-65

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Blitz from Kalaoa, HI

The "harsh weather conditions" mentioned in the fine print do not include volcanoes or lava. Back to square one.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By GraceFromAbove from Des Moinse, IA

We decided these shoes were not ideal and shipped them back. By mistake we shipped them back with the dog still wearing them. WE HAVE BEEN ON THE HORN WITH SKYMALL FOR DAYS TRYING TO GET OUR DOG BACK but they have no records of getting her. AT LEAST GIVE US A REFUND, JERKS!!!!

Age: 21-25

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.12 I am Terrible and Deserve a TV Show

Thursday, Mar 14, 2013 by Adam Carolla

Hey Fox News,

Sometimes I wonder if you people are even paying attention. The past few years have been rough for me, what with the intense training I've undergone to eliminate the faintest traces of empathy left in my body. Of course, it helps to study under The Master -- I may not understand a goddamned word Dennis Miller says, but when he sits me down in a room and peppers his metaphors (similes?) about the Franco-Prussian War with flagrant usage of the word "babe," my unfathomable contempt for humanity only grows deeper. It's gotten to the point where I can't even comprehend the existence of a different philosophy or lifestyle, so impoverished black Americans might as well be hobbits as far as I'm concerned. The only difference is our country sure as shit won't spend 80 million on an opening weekend to watch a three-hour journey to the check-cashing place on Brighton. And before you give me that whole "racism" rap, I've got some numbers from the CATO Institute that prove my observation is based solely on math, and not casual bigotry. That's exactly the brand of salt-of-the-earth humor I hope to bring cable-viewers on a consistent Monday-to-Thursday basis.

So really, why don't I have a TV show yet? If you ever listened to my podcast, you'd realize all of my arguments can be successfully disarmed by a third-grader before I can get a second sentence out. Leading Conservative media figures focus on creating content that the other side won't dignify with a response, and while the resulting product may sound like a fevered idiot screaming at himself for three hours a day, it still manages to create a bubble of comfort which makes listeners happier and more likely to invest in gold or apocalypse preparedness kits. Yes, I appreciate the small roles I've been given on Fox News shows like O'Reilly, but have you guys heard *a hot second* of the shit I've been saying lately? Some of it would make even the most hardened Free Republic poster pause, reflect upon the nearby wall-mounted KKK belt buckle collection, and decide to take his rage out on a spouse or mistress instead of further tainting what has to be an unsalvageable Internet reputation.

I mean, does anyone out there realize I come with my own built-in audience? My podcast has cultivated a demographic of human beings who think only of themselves, which means "PAYDAY!" to any advertisers out there. Seriously, the second anyone but hardworking, white men receive even the smallest bit of extra attention or special treatment, dollars to donuts it's one of my listeners who'll be committing the resulting "hate" crime. Not that I advocate unwarranted violence or anything -- whenever I'm signing t-shirts, I make sure to tell the guy in question (and it's always

a guy) "Hey, make sure you don't rape anyone in this!" Now, they may think I'm delivering some of my trademark off-color humor, but I'm actually imparting an important message to America's youth -- like, can you imagine if a rapist was caught while wearing one of my "Mangria" shirts? Odds are the watchdog groups would point to the episode where I said something about revealing clothes on a woman being like wrapping paper on Christmas Eve -- how can you resist tearing off a corner and peeking inside? Actually, I'm not sure if I said that, but it sounds like something I would have restated multiple times, so I'd like to cover my bases on this one.

You may be wondering what a guy with a podcast empire might be doing barking up the television tree. Well life ain't all juggies and trampolines for this former Man Show co-host who feels he needs to mention at this point that he still gets a Christmas card from Jimmy Kimmel every few years. I thought I had a good deal in the voice-over industry on that one Comedy Central cartoon you're just now remembering that took America by storm during the brightest years of the W. Bush era, but that particular ship sailed when the network realized they accidentally made 36 episodes of it instead of zero. These days, I'm only called up when Gilbert Gottfried is too sick or dignified to take a role, but I drew the line at stepping into his shoes when Gilbert got fired from Aflac thanks to a few PC know-nothings and their sensitivity towards horrendous national tragedies. You know what, Japan? I love those crazy iPhones you guys make, but me not feeling "so horny" anymore. Again, this is my A-grade material, and you can expect to see more like it when I'm given 18 minutes to entertain four times a week. I happen to know A LOT about Mexicans, as well.

Really, Fox News, how far to I need to go out on this limb I've often referred to on marquees and in court as "confrontational conservative comedy?" I've ramped up the edgy humor of The Adam Carolla Show so much that now most of the meals prepared by my housekeeper consist mainly of her spit. Look at me -- I live in Los Angeles (Los Angeles, for Christ's sake!), and the mere thought of any healthy relationship outside of vanilla heterosexuality sends me into paroxysms of rage that can only be stopped by turning "LBGT" into an abbreviation with a more hilarious meaning. In short, I am a vessel for the white-hot envy of barely-high-school-educated America, who sees the alleged oppression levied against countless other cultures and asks,"Why not me?" Enclosed you will find 45 jokes about Rachel Maddow -- think of this as my way to sweeten the pot. But since 39 of them are about her haircut, you might want to spread them out over the next couple of weeks.

Mahalo forever,

–∼Adam Carolla

3.13 J.G. Ballard Gets Paid to Plug Taco Bell

Friday, Mar 15, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Why I Want Ronald Reagan to Eat the Spicy Buffalo Chicken Griller

Computer generated contour maps of Ronald Reagan's penis are projected into the environment of dog fight simulators. Pilots are given Spicy Buffalo Chicken Grillers before missions. They take off from a carrier at Yankee Station in the scrotal folds. Canopies of flak blossom over the presidential glans. Hydraulic rams shake the cockpit to realistically simulate orgasm damage. A woman's voice moans missile tone and the pilot veers to avoid the rocket. Villagers flee the shadow of the aircraft. They fire uselessly as the plane transforms into a crispy snack craving breaker.

Napalm fireballs roll into the air. Good hit. A Texas barbecue above the corpora cavernosa. Eyes bursting. Skin liquefied in the intense heat of the Buffalo Griller sauce. Phimosis shrouding the war crimes of helicopter infantry. Sperm flung through every open door, spattering the cockpit screens, blinding the missiles that can track and destroy the human heartbeat. Go low and use the guns. The screams of women and children denied access to the Spicy Buffalo Chicken Grillers are recorded at a sound stage in California and played in the cockpit to disorient the pilot. Some men are sick when they emerge. Others, as noted by approving comments in their records, are smiling.

Why Pay More

In his attempt to populate the $1 Cravings Menu, Dr Numan sought a greater understanding of human desire. The case contained one hundred crunchy tacos. The trunk recovered from a grounded freighter was filled with chicken soft tacos. The body of Marilyn Monroe was attached to a mechanical pump to circulate the blood. A heating coil was placed into the uterus and recordings of her films were projected across her nude figure. The head was detached and preserved in Lucite.

Amazon tribesmen, believing they were to be inoculated for tropical fever, were brought into an adjacent room and were given a series of choices. A crunchy taco on a tray. A chicken soft taco supreme. Pintos n' cheese in a foam bowl. The chance to make love to the most beautiful woman ever to live.

Dr Numan sought honest reaction uncontaminated by modern prejudices and he was rewarded. Again and again, the tribesmen chose the crunchy taco. They broke it in their fists and smeared the meat into their hair. They tore at their clothes and beat their hands against the one way glass screaming in a language Dr Numan had not bothered to learn. Poison gas flooded the experiment room to prepare it for the next subject. The machines continued to circulate the blood in the untouched body of Marilyn Monroe.

Still Life of Cool Ranch Doritos Locos Taco

Corporal Douglas awoke from a dream of strangulating his childhood dog and moved through the deserted shopping mall. Its shape was known to him, but in its emptiness was a strangeness, a crime that remained in the dust motes and circulated up the humming escalators. The music continued to play from the speakers, occasionally interrupted by the recorded voice of a woman inviting shoppers to the spring sale. It was winter outside the shopping mall. Forever spring within. The sale never ended.

He moved slowly among the tables. Nothing disturbed the dust until now. It was a sheet across everything and it swirled in his path. When he looked back, his footprints reminded him that he was an intruder in a habitat for precious ghosts. Their faces haunted the signs. 25% Sale on lingerie. Dust smearing the mouth of a child faded almost to white by the sun.

He stopped. On one table was a blue envelope containing a surprisingly thick and succulent ration of ground beef, bright yellow cheese, lettuce and orange sauce dripping from the fried corn vulva of a taco. It looked impossibly delicious and free of dust.

"Hello? Is anyone there?"

Corporal Douglas' words echoed through the shopping mall. He was answered by the hum of the escalator and the woman interrupting the music to invite him to the spring sale. He had never wanted anything more in his life than to eat the delicious Cool Ranch Doritos Locos Taco. It was an apex item of human civilization. A relic of an age now slipped forever over the horizon like a moored boat loosed in a storm.

To deprive himself of this pleasure after all the hardship was unthinkable. He could eat it, succumb to this lust, and then? There was only one Cool Ranch Doritos Locos Taco. The last of its kind, gone forever from the world. He sat down next to it at the table and slowly realized there was only one possibility.

He took out his pistol and, with his last bullet, shot himself through the head. His body slumped. Blood spread across the table, caressing the taco's labial shore.

"Come to the spring sale, where all our lingerie is 25% off," said the recorded voice of the woman.

Zack is the author of the new short story collection **Wages: Future Tales of a Hired Gun**, a blood-soaked satire of private military contracting. He is also the author of the genre-hopping novel **Liminal States**, soon to be available as an audiobook. You can find out more about Zack's latest projects and special offers on his **Facebook page.**

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.14 Advice For First-Time Haunted House Buyers

Saturday, Mar 16, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Leaving your haunted apartment behind and moving into your first haunted home is a momentous, life-changing transition. It's also a big investment, not only in terms of money but in the years and possibly decades that you will spend in the new house. Approach this decision the right way. As you shop for the perfect haunted house, remember these important tips.

Be thorough while inspecting a house! Don't settle for a quick guided tour. Open every single cabinet and look inside. If at least one contains a hissing cat that gives you a jump scare, you're on the right track.

If you have a teenage son or daughter, when they first arrive at the house they should look up from their phone or mp3 player or video game and make a snide comment that equates the appearance of the building to something like the Addams Family. Teenagers have an innate ability to become sarcastic dicks when they get close to a haunted house and also when they are nowhere near one.

Your first stop should be the attic. Is it dingy? Full of cobwebs? Are there a lot of human-sized objects with white sheets draped over them? Is there a ghost? Are there several ghosts? These are all great indicators of a haunted house.

There should be a lot of slow, drawn out creaking noises coming from every corner of the house. Doors should creak. Floors should creak. The grass in the yard should creak. Your body should not creak. Not even a little. If it does, get to a doctor.

The house MUST have a small pane of glass either built into the front door or into the wall directly next to the door, where an indistinct face can press against it at night. This can double as a perfect location for a bloody hand to slap against the window and slide down, leaving a trail of gore. It's also great for looking outside.

If it's at all possible, try to find a house that's bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. This has nothing to do with the paranormal. It's just a really good idea to get more square footage for your dollar.

When approaching any closed door within the house, you should feel compelled to creep forward slowly, your outstretched hand shaking. Every hallway should give you the urge to look over your shoulder, cautiously calling out the name of a loved one. When you step into the shower and close the curtain you should feel certain that something is standing just inches away on the other side of

the fabric. When you squeeze the house it should feel firm.

What about the basement? Is there an unreliable light bulb on a chain that seems to swing for no reason? How about an old iron furnace with a grill that seems to pull you into its smoldering embrace with a terrible magnetism? Are there glass jars full of strange liquids and stranger solids? Is there water damage, or any sign of faulty insulation that would need to be replaced?

Look in the backyard. Make sure that there is a rusted swing set and a long abandoned toy in the too-tall grass, and that as you turn to go back inside you hear the echoed whispers of a child singing and laughing.

Someone died in the house, right? Forgive me for coming across as patronizing, but are you positive? Do your research. Be absolutely sure. Real estate agents might stretch the truth to sell a home, glossing over the fact that the previous owner was fatally injured in the house but actually died in a hospital.

Check all the mirrors. In at least one of them, you should see something unsettling right behind you. When you turn around, nothing should be there. When you turn back to the mirror, it should just be a wall, with no mirror at all. Something should tap you on the shoulder now. When you turn around, there should be a mirror on that wall (the one that was originally behind you) and in its reflection you should see the first mirror. When you turn around, there should still not be a mirror on the wall, but a note. On this note, a simple message: "Mirror."

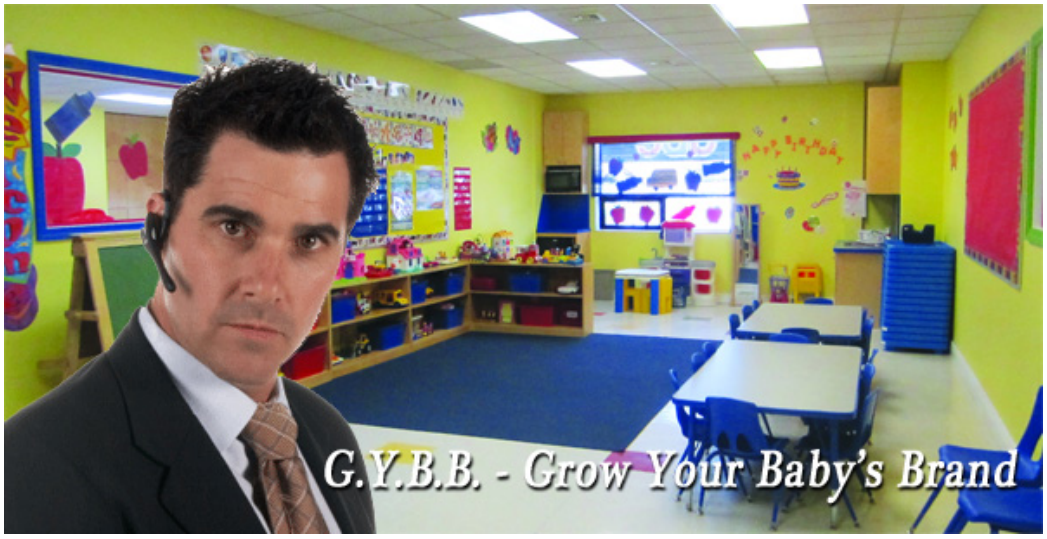
If a ball doesn't mysteriously bounce down some stairs or roll out of an empty room within the first ten minutes of your tour, the house is a dud.

Host an impromptu seance or Ouija Board session. Ask if there are any ghosts. Ignore messages from ghosts that threaten you or ask for help, as these are just ways that ghosts deflect the question and hide the fact that there are no ghosts at all.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.15 Giggle Tots Daycare is About Building Your Child's Brand

Monday, Mar 18, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



If you are looking for a fun, welcoming environment where your child can play, make friends, and learn, then look no further than somewhere else. You are barking up the wrong tree coming to Giggle Tots Daycare, kemosabe. Does your kid have their own logo? Their own font? You might as well be sending them into the world naked.

You want one of those OJ and graham cracker, sing-a-long learning babysitter operations then head over to Montesuckers. We are a pro-building dynamic learning environment for competitive pre-K. G.Y.B.B. is our philosophy. Grow your baby's brand. They're going to toddle into Giggle Tots as a wad of clay in a diaper, and they are going to toddle out of here a fully formed kinetic brand who also may still be wearing a diaper. We are pro-PT, but we don't cover potty training.

What we do offer is a comprehensive deep-dive asset exploration of your two to four year old. Through a series of activities and questions we will help them locate their strength core and create development milestones to activate their brand potential.

We also offer to...

- help them grow their LinkedIn network to prepare for the real world.
- guarantee +1,000 twitter followers before Kindergarten.
- teach meme crafting, crowd sourcing, swagger, and mirror class where the brand builders watch videos of themselves to understand how others perceive them.

Snack time is obso. We have crunch time with 5-hour energies and Diet Cokes. You get it done or you find someone who can get it done for you. Gluten free vegan cookies are available for winners. You read me, chief?

Our founder, Jet (or one of his tier one brand asset coaches) will offer a daily Webex for the kids to share mindspace. Jet's philosophy is pretty simple.

"It's key to understand who you are before stepping out into the world of K-12. You don't want to let others define you or you might get caught in a failure loop. Giggle Tots will help your son or daughter choose that pre-K brand, learn the tools necessary to grow it, and set the stage for success in Kingergarten and beyond."

Everybody wants a fun, happy child. The exceptional want an alpha. You want your kid left behind begging for Facebook likes and trying to advertise ebooks on blogs or do you want an idea-swarm trend tot on the edge? I think you know the answer.

Let us take your baby to the next level.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.16 Grad School or Meth?

Tuesday, Mar 19, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

With the global economy in the dumpster and the likelihood of gainful employment near zero, college students are left with few options. But which path is right for you?

Impact on society
Meth: A whirlwind of stolen goods and blood born pathogens, you will terrorize your town with the viciousness of a scabbed over werewolf.
Grad School: Your work will forever go unnoticed and unneeded. It's a national tragedy that at a public university, tax dollars were wasted funding your worthless "Post Contemporary Queer Theory in *Robocop III*."

Where the hours slip away
Meth: The simple animalistic hunt for your next high.
Grad School: Strapping electrodes on mice testicles so a tenured professor can take all the credit.

Lies to get you through the night
Meth: "This is my last time."
Grad School: "This is worthwhile and personally fulfilling."

Friends
Meth: Anyone not trying to stab you for loose change.
Grad School: People desperately masking their lack of originality with GRE vocabulary.

Realization of self loathing
Meth: You wake up in the police station for defecating in the McDonald's ball pit, again.
Grad School: It's 5am and you've spent 12 hours reading obscure medieval poetry for reasons you forgot.

Worrying parents
Meth: Wonder what they can do to get you back on your feet.
Grad School: Wonder what they did to raise such a wimpy child devoted to meaningless efforts.

Pay
Meth: Dependent on fluctuation of stolen copper market and dealer's need for handjobs.
Grad School: Guaranteed pathetic. The poverty line is a distant dream with your stipend equivalent to a 19th century share-cropping contract.

Superiority complex
Meth: "At least I'm not a heroin addict!"
Grad School: "Ugh, those undergrads with all their parties and friends and sex. What plebs!"

Fulfillment
Meth: The glass pipe slips from your fingers, your head tilts back, the world disappears around you. For a moment, there is only euphoria.
Grad School: After 4 months of research, you present your findings at a conference attended by 7 people.

Prestige
Meth: "Whoa, that dude is hardcore!"
Grad School: "So, like, if a janitor taught a class, that's you?"

Visual indicators
Meth: Scabs and physical/personality similarities to Skeletor.
Grad School: Skinny arms, under eye circles, ill-fitting clothes, slouching, frowning. Pretty much the same as meth addict minus scabs.

Goals
Meth: Meth.
Grad School: A chance to avoid the cruel real world for a few more years.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.17 Psychologists Are Reptiles

Wednesday, Mar 20, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

As janitor at a counseling office, one of my jobs is to clean the secret staff entrance. The entrance, a 50-foot hallway, runs between the office and the alternate dimension where psychologists live. Its door is disguised as a shelf of DSM manuals that no one including their author has ever read. I sweep the hallway of debris, mostly shed scales and crumpled pages from therapy notes. Scribbled on the pages are math equations calculating how much warmer and softer the patients' suffering will make the psychologists' beds that night.

Like the rest of the office, the hallway is filled with small plastic cylinders that make a soft hum. Most people think they're white-noise machines to mask therapy conversations, but actually they're miniature heating/cooling units that keep the office at exactly 68° F, the only temperature at which psychologists' ectothermic bodies can survive. I'm so used to the cylinders' humming that it's become part of my internal biorhythm. Once when they turned off I actually died. My soul floated down the hall into the office lounge, where two psychologists were talking over wine fermented from the blood of suicide victims:

"Does it ever bother you that our patients are in indescribable psychic pain?"

"I wouldn't say it's indescribable, although you'd think so from their inept blubbering about it. One man told me his life is a desolate void of misery, which in addition to being redundant makes no sense. A void by definition can't contain anything."

"I guess you're right. So did you finish that book I lent you?"

"No. I was going to read it this morning, since my first patient is usually too depressed to talk anyway, but today she was feeling chatty for some reason. I would've tried to make her depressed again, but I have no idea how depression or any aspect of the human mind works."

I floated near one of the psychologists and got sucked into his body - psychologists' bodies are so devoid of soul that any nearby spirit gets pulled in like light into a black hole. There was an intense pain as my soul spaghettified on the event horizon of his parietal eye, accompanied by a series of bizarre thoughts: robots hanging from gallows, children burning to death in acid rain, scorpions with erect penises for tails.... Luckily, once inside the psychologist's body I found I could control it, so I ran down the hall and gave my corpse CPR. As soon as I was revived, the psychologist lost his lunch - mostly crickets, cow offal and some sort of giant centipede - all over me, both from briefly having a soul and touching a human being. He was so traumatized that he had to perform self-therapy by describing the ordeal to a video camera, then pretending to watch the video while drawing pictures of yachts on a notepad.

The other hallway I sweep is the one patients walk down to their therapists' offices. It's beautifully decorated with Persian rugs and feng shui to counterpoint the patients' misery. At the end of the

hall, after some gorgeous Greek statuary, there's a small patient bathroom I have to clean. This is my favorite part of the job, because if you lick the toilet you get really high - there's enough drugs in the patients' urine to tranquilize a T-rex. Sometimes I get so high that I try try to have sex with the office plethysmograph. (I've gotten stern lectures about this, since the plethysmograph is a vital piece of equipment - it's used in a game where the staff read aloud from patients' despair-filled journals and see who can get the biggest erection.) Sometimes I get so high that I hallucinate that the psychologists are human beings and the constant flick of their tongues is an expression of empathy.

Tranquilizers, of course, give you severe dry mouth, so I spend a lot of time by the water cooler in the waiting room. The cooler's water is actually the toilet water from the patient bathroom; they just filter out all the drugs to recycle into new drugs. The water still has a strong medicinal taste - a rich Paxil flourish with grace notes of Aviatan, Zyprexa and Relaxadone - which is why most of the patients are addicted to it. Once when I was taking too long to fill my cup a patient attacked me. Fortunately, I was able to subdue him by describing what happiness and intimacy feel like until he started crying. His tears had remarkable pressure - decades of crying had hypertrophied his tear ducts into fire hoses - and arced across the room and hit the TV on the wall, making it short out and show another channel that patients aren't supposed to see: the one on which their sessions are broadcast in the psychologists' dimension as primetime comedy.

Patient: I'm incredibly depressed. I can't stop crying.

moderate laugh track

Psychologist: Did you try that new therapy I prescribed?

Patient: You mean spending eight hours a day in a g-force simulator?

Psychologist: It's not crying if the tears can't leave your body.

giant laugh track, followed by applause

I got fired for the incident, since making a patient cry is technically impersonating a therapist. I've been fired hundreds of times, but I always just reapply the next day with a different name. The one benefit of working for psychologists is that they can't distinguish human faces.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.18 So You've Been Bigged

Thursday, Mar 21, 2013 by Laughton Amusements and Hog Leather

We at Laughton Amusements and Hog Leather regret to inform you that, due to a grievous manufacturing error, our Zoltar Speaks Model 1927-A Novelty Booth has been reported to affect users in ways not originally intended by its creator. While the purchase of a carnival ticket waived your right to sue in the event of physical or spiritual harm -- an agreement understood by all attendees -- we sympathize with you and the very few other children who have unfortunately been "bigged." Waking up at the command of an adult body brings with it a responsibility greater than even babyproofing, and we would like to do our best to help you adjust to your new condition in the most efficient way the following 600 words will allow.

Q. Should I attempt to contact my friends and family?

A. Most likely, you have thought about reaching out to loved ones and informing them of your new condition with a plan that involves disclosing information only the both of you would know. Unfortunately, this age of social media means nothing is too unimportant to share, so the inside jokes and references you trade with close friends have been tweeted hundreds of times, and poorly.

Note: the people who actually believe you will no doubt be dangerously unmedicated, an issue completely unrelated to the business practices of Laughton Amusements and Hog Leather.

Q. What will I do for money?

A. After being chased from your own home by a mother in hysterics about the loss of her child and the subsequent presence of an unknown and strangely comfortable adult in their bed, stabbing hunger pains may eventually have you wondering where the next meal will be coming from. Unfortunately, without a social security number, you'll be "off the grid" and must resort to work given to other invisibles like yourself. Some may find it ironic when they hear themselves wishing for their young, pliable bodies back after the third consecutive 14-hour day hunched over on a strawberry farm. We ask that you not correct these people on their misuse of the word "ironic," since the debilitating back spasms they suffer from may make them unreceptive to these concerns.

Q. Surely I could reconnect with my best pal!

A. We advise you don't. Any child stupid enough to trust an adult with stories about unexpected body projection typically doesn't make it past their eighth year before turning up dead in eight different states, some non-continental.

Many of our bigged have found moderate success living in group and abandoned homes.

Q. What about love?

A. The ownership of an adult body may have you pondering the many uses of your newly swollen and pendulous genitalia. Your complete absence from the process of puberty means that your sense of self-worth must be extremely high, generating an impression that most would regard as confidence. We ask that you remove yourself from the dating market for the sake of those who had to shed pounds of scab and pus to achieve the rank of adulthood.

Q. How could a popular, coin-operated device shape the fabric of reality as I know it?

A. The horrors of the Laughton family are as secret as they are many. As was popular with carnival machinery of the era, each individual Zoltar unit included war trophies from the British Empire -- mostly teeth. So great was the Laughton collection that. shortly before his death, our company's founder designed a chance game called "Junior Spook's Last Draw" in which a mechanically aided baby skeleton played an entire round of blackjack against the user. When testing during the 1939 World's Fair revealed a negative reception towards death and infant gambling, Mr. Laughton had his entire stock of human ivory dissolved in acid.

So yeah, probably that.

Q. Is there any chance of returning to my old life?

A. The unfortunate few bigged who managed to track down another Zoltar unit have been shocked to discover that attempting to rescind their wish actually makes them double-old. Unless you're looking for a 50-year shortcut to the horrors of geriatric brain diseases, Laughton Amusements recommends staying far away from any of our gear-based entertainment devices that include the personal effects of the damned.

Q. Is it okay if I regret trading in the endless joy and wonder of childhood for the bleak, grim realities of my early thirties?

A. Normally, we would recommend dancing your troubles away on a gigantic, foot-operated floor

keyboard, but those were pulled from the market in '89 after fatally electrocuting a family of five. Have you tried suicide-by-cop yet? You'd be surprised how easy it is.

–∼Laughton Amusements and Hog Leather

3.19 I'm a Hardworking Man Looking to Settle Down and Start a Family With a Woman Who Will Wreck My Balls

Friday, Mar 22, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Howdy there, Debbie. Great to finally meet you. I'm AlohaTom99 from the site. Tom Jansing. You're even prettier than your picture. Let me tell you a little bit about myself. I am an engineer working on building a better air conditioner cooling coil. I put in long hours and I work hard. I play hard too. I am twice divorced, but my wild days are behind me. I am looking for a good woman who will settle down with a man like me and start a family.

I am also looking for a woman who will absolutely annihilate my balls on the regs. Two times a week minimum of smashing up my sauce sack with full violence. Don't hold anything back. Use whatever foreign objects you want. Bring it.

What I want more than anything is to have a couple of kids. I would love to teach a boy or a girl how to play football and show them around the CAD software I use. Heck, I don't care, I just want to have as many kids as possible. So long as it doesn't get in the way of you punishing these nookie nuggets with a nightmare of gut-twisting pain.

I'm not hung up on looks. I have a great sense of humor. I like to cook and go for long walks and I have a motorcycle and I made a table I can put my balls through so you can stand on them and sort of bounce up and down.

What am I looking for in you?

Beautiful? *Check*. You've got that covered for sure.

Smart? *Check*. You had me from the Monty Python quote in your profile.

Fun? *Check*. Again, Monty Python quote.

Willing to drop a megaton hurt bomb on my man eggs? The jury is still out on this one. You're giving me some looks.

Hey, Deb, I know I can be demanding. I expect a tidy house and the occasional dinner when I get home from work. Nothing I won't do for you. And of course if you had balls, gosh, I would break whatever you wanted over them, so can't you just agree to use my goo sack as a pin cushion? Kick those rowdy rocks into tomorrow.

We can have picnics together. We can go out to a beautiful park and I'll set out and blanket and feed you grapes. Speaking of grapes, I want you to drop a sledge hammer on mine. The biggest one you can pick up. Ruin these puppies. Crush my cream carrier out of its misery.

I saw in your profile that you like movies. What's your favorite? Mine is probably Terminator Salvation. I have some other videos we can watch that I recorded myself. In one of them I terminate my balls and trust me there is no salvation. It is the war called judgment day on these crunched crabapples and there is no fate but what you break over them. Boards, bottles, whatever is handy. They won't be back from that beating.

It says you like horses. Have you ever gone horseback riding on the beach in Hawaii? Oh, it's so beautiful. We could go at sunset. I could help you up on a 17-hand stallion and walk beside you until the sunset is just turning the whole Pacific red. And then I'll get right behind that stallion and you dig in your heels. I think a full-on horse kick to these beefy balls would just about do it. Give them the old horseshoe K.O.

Sounds romantic to me. What do you think?

Deb?

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.20 Maybe It's Time To Cool Off On The Last Samurai Sequels

Saturday, Mar 23, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Last Samurai was a solid epic, rarely missing the mark when it veered from reality to become thoughtful or entertaining. Having said that, ten years have passed since the film's release and in that time we've had nearly a dozen follow-ups. This is certain to be an unpopular opinion, but I think the series has worn out its welcome.

Where did the franchise go wrong?

The Last Samurai 2: Back In Action is arguably a better film than the first installment. Tom Cruise returns as Nathan Algren, and the story more or less picks up where the first movie left off. We learn that the final minutes of the original The Last Samurai (where all the samurai are mowed down by gatling guns, leaving Cruise as the sole survivor) were actually a dream sequence. In the sequel, Cruise wakes up on the battlefield, shakes his groggy head, then gives a signal. All the samurai who had been shot stand up and reveal that they had been wearing bulletproof vests. They charge a stunned Imperial Army, then march into the heart of an Ork legion.

Although some feel that this sequel is unnecessary, Cruise's performance is as charismatic as ever and the climactic showdown atop a soaring dragon is a stunning piece of cinema.

You might think that the series would lose momentum with a third film. The Last Samurai In America: Horny Car Wash is, however, remarkably energetic and creative. It is a bold assertion that the surface of the series has barely been scratched. What a shocking ending, too, with Katsumoto flushing himself out of the airlock and into the vacuum of space to allow the other samurai to live. His contented expression and thumbs up still give me chills.

For me, the first noticeable drop in quality came with The Last Samurai IV: This Time He's Serious. The entire story smacked of wasted opportunities. So much more could have been done with the cyborg angle in particular. If Tom Cruise's character had continued to add metal to his body, there would have been a fascinating philosophical conundrum. At which point do you become more machine than man, and more samurai than machine?

Like everyone else, I adore the reboot, Last Samurai. Directed by the dream team of J.J. Abrams, Joss Whedon, and Bryan Singer, this is a much more grounded and gritty tale than previous installments. The follow-ups (Last Samurai: Reckoning and Last Samurai: The Dark Samurai) are a little overlong and indulgent, but they make for an excellent trilogy.

The Last Samurai VIII is a continuation of the original The Last Samurai and is therefore set in Universe 616, as opposed to Last Samurai's Universe 295. It's notable for being the first The Last Samurai (or Last Samurai) without Tom Cruise, with James Franco putting in a terrific performance as a disinterested samurai. Beyond that, however, there are few surprises. This movie, to me, is a step backwards. It is not, however, the start of a decline.

This is because The Last Samurai 9: A Crazy Thing Called Love is the most refreshing romantic comedy of the last decade. Gerard Butler is a boorish, chauvinistic samurai with permanent five o' clock shadow and a penchant for sake. He stubbornly believes that the old ways are the best.

Katherine Heigl is a highly motivated, stuck-up samurai that embraces efficiency. She insists on using gatling guns, he drives her mad with his casual dismissal of them. Through a series of humorous coincidences, the two samurai run into each other repeatedly. Eventually they find themselves madly in love with one another, and come to accept that using a gatling gun is perfectly fine, but it's not always the answer.

Butler and Heigl reprise their roles in The Last Samurai X: Hansel And Gretel, though this time around their traditional armor has been replaced with skin-tight leather and lots of buckles. This modern take on a beloved classic is dripping with style and cgi and irony. The duo trade quips as they follow the samurai code, which is now "murder all demons". It's... fine. There's no real tension or emotional punch, but there are quite a few explosions.

For me, the real low point of the series is Last Samurai Vs. Zombies Vs. Abraham Lincoln With A Mustache Vs. Bacon. To be fair, this eleventh installment in the series is also the most experimental. An internet exclusive, it's not a traditional film at all but a series of animated gifs with unfunny captions, mostly featuring attractive young actresses which creepy morons will comment about on sites like Imgur and Reddit. Somewhere in this jumble of big ideas, the heart of The Last Samurai is lost. Somehow I doubt that it can ever be recovered.

It's time to stop making The Last Samurai movies. For at least a few months.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.21 Life Lessons Learned by Nicolas Cage's Son, Weston Cage

Monday, Mar 25, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My life is divided into two halves. There is the darkness before I crashed my Lamborghini Reventon in Malibu and there is the illuminating darkness I have come to know within the bones of my soul after crashing my Lamborghini Reventon in Malibu.

Few things clarify what is important in life quite like being ejected through the windshield of your supercar. What is important to me is family and music and the epiphanies that come from the crucibles of life that alter us forever. This is my diary. This is what I have learned in my ongoing struggle against the night.

The helicopter can make you late to your plane

You assume that when the helicopter arrives on time it will get you to your plane on time. Not necessarily. Some helicopters are slower. Some helicopter rides are with your dad's stupid Czech model girlfriend who wants to see the Eiffel tower up close and makes you late thus you are not on time to catch your plane back to the USA and thus nobody gives a shit about your black metal tour in the USA. Hello? Not everyone can be a Czech model, Irina. Some of us have real lives we have to lead. Bleak lives, lived inside cold, empty castles, surrounded by dinosaur bones and Van Gogh originals, but lives nonetheless.

The darkness of the world is absolute

You have no idea what you are capable of until you are put in a situation where everything is stripped away and only the animal inside your brain remains. This happened on 9-17-2010 and I was already set up for the fall when forces conspired to back up the sump pump at father's castle

in La Jolla, thus flooding my basement studio and giving it a smell and forcing me to book studio time at Session Players which is shit. When the session guitarist I hired to record the backing guitar for Judas Raven told me I should try singing in a different key and I knew the depths of depravity from whence only black demons can endure.

In summary of the events that transpired, I broke a coffee mug over Jim Martin's face and spent three hours in jail. You may know Jim Martin as the guitarist of Faith No More, but he is actually a fiend of the deepest pit who tests mortal souls and snitches to the cops and talks to TMZ.

The Ghost Rider is real

I witnessed Ghost Rider standing over father while I was in his trailer. His spirit was protecting father from the paparazzi in Hungary. They are vicious worms. Later he sold me a designer drug called Wolff in Budapest and I went to a club with him and he introduced me to the movie director Ikono. To him I granted the knowledge of my idea of filming a movie entirely inside a limousine. Ikono said, my friend, this is already a movie by David Cronenberg. And I said we are not friends, Ikono, I have no friends, and David Cronenberg is a fool and his movie is not at all what I meant. How can you not understand me? Then we did a lot more drugs and he understood me better. I think he is making my movie right now in Budapest with porno models.

You cannot have actual friends

The culture of TV commercials and sitcom TV show bring up the cattle of the world to believe that they can have friends and live a perfect life. This is not possible. Every person is a vampire sucking blood or money or something else out of you. They will smile at you while you are doing it, but soon enough they will show their true Nosferatu face.

For example there was Gloria who was supposed to be my personal fitness trainer. One black day she told me that if I did not stop drinking milkshakes while doing my cardio I would never get healthier. She also told me not to wear my sunglasses and leather duster while doing cardio. I gave her $500 to stop talking because I had a hangover and then she never came to my condo again. I understood then that it was not friendship after all. She only wanted my money.

Also Hellhammer was supposed to pay part of the web design cost for the Eyes of Noctum website and he didn't and now the Shockwave doesn't work. We all voted by Skype that we had to have a web presence better than Myspace and Hellhammer voted for it even though I was against it because Myspace is all we will ever need. But then I had to pay for all the web design. So the band broke up, because the facade fell away when money was involved, and the false friends scurried away like rats in an abattoir of the unholy.

Death is inevitable

We are all already dead. Time is the only factor. Whether it is war or crashing a supercar, one day you too will be on the heap of history, just another rotting corpse eaten by ravens. This was explained to me by Ghost Rider in a brothel in Hungary. The only way to avoid death is by becoming death itself. Now that Eyes of Noctum is broken up and Cynda would rather hump her yoga teacher than work on our tattoo parlor then my career is decided for me by the loom of fate. I will become

a Ghost Rider.

I understood this all too well after surviving the crash of my Lamborghini Reventon in Malibu. I am already on the path.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.22 The 6 Sexiest Vixens in the Tech Industry

Tuesday, Mar 26, 2013 by SA TechVoice (@fart)

Editor's note: In an an industry whose media is dominated by shortsighted and often horny male bloggers and journalists, it's unfortunate that valuable contributions by women to the tech sector are often overlooked. An article on the rival blog Complex titled ***The 40 Hottest Women in Tech*** touched on the subject a bit, and could be considered a good "primer" for the subject of how incredibly hot these cyberbabes can be. *Hot damn!*

Dr. Catherine Schultz

When it comes to grading Lady Bloggers, this hottie has earned a solid B- - for brains, boob, butt, a bold haircut, another boob, and more. All the boys down here at SA TechVoice love to sit around and talk about plugging our pointer devices into her motherboard, for sure! Yowza! Keep up the good work being hot, babe! You have a doctorate which is also hot, I guess.

Best feature: Boobs
Worst feature: Complainy

Chun Li

We don't even care if the nude codes were fake! Tell you what, I'd put a quarter in her slot any day of the week. Wouldn't mind having that Spinning Bird Kick wrap those things around my head, oh baby! We honor your accomplishments in the world of Tech. Congrats, sexy! Hope to see more from you in the future!

Best feature: Legs
Worst feature: Her fireball attack sucks and is hard to do

Tess Nelson

Early in the world of microcomputing, many of Tess' homebrew designs and programs were hugely influential and still echo into computing trends today. As the list of innovations to her credit grew, she worked two other jobs to afford to raise her three children alone. Though this strong woman sadly passed away from cancer a few years ago, it's important to note that her ass was fucking spectacular.

Best feature: Amazing ass that I would kill to touch
Worst feature: Dead, but also hot? I feel weird

Cynthia Cheung

As one of the world's foremost lecturers on women and persons of color in the tech industry, she built a name for herself by arguing for greater equality and justice in a sector that's often seen as something of a "boys' club." If you have a chance to attend one of her talks, try and sit as close to the front as you can-- you might be able to get a gander under that skirt. Hoochie mama! Hot tech babe alert!

Best feature: Hot booty
Worst feature: Talks a lot

Alyx Vance

Though it was a little weird to feel as if I'm being helped by a woman in the gamer realm, your mega bod totally made up for it. I just wish you would've held still a little better while I tried looking at your bodacious butt! Certainly a milestone in the field of Tech as well as a cool thing for girl gamers to wish they could play as.

Best feature: Strong female character
Worst feature: Nude patches difficult to install

Barbara Lexington

As a longtime senior engineer at one of the world's leading microchip companies, many of her brain-children probably exist in some form in whatever device you're reading this on. Her personal blog focuses on issues of inequality she's experienced over the years, as well as non-judgmental advice for those who might not realize their follies to begin to realize their lack of self-awareness and become better coworkers. Also I want to fuck her real bad, god damn.

Best feature: I want to fuck
Worst feature: I need to fuck

Thanks to the boys down at Complex for the amazing article that made everyone real horny. We too love being horny and checking out hot babes and trivializing meaningful accomplishments by ranking people according to physical attractiveness. Thanks. Thank you. Good article. Great job, everyone.

–∼SA TechVoice (@fart)

3.23 P.B. Fouke Has Done the Unthinkable

Wednesday, Mar 27, 2013 by P.B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

I HAVE PERSONALLY MADE A MISTAKE

P.B. Fouke, a man truly humbled.

Trappers and shippers, you have long been my faithful companions and allies in this great journey, and together we have brought joyous death and utility to the beasts of this world. We have tracked and trapped dangerous prey, traversed distant wilderness, AND DRAPED OUR WOMEN IN THE FINEST QUALITY FURS.

That is why it pains me so greatly to admit that I have failed one of you. And as steadfast compatriots in this noble enterprise of fur trapping, to fail one of you is to fail all of you. I come before you as a humbled man to lay out in detail my misdeed. Nothing shall be left off the record, lest I be guilty of the sin of omission. Should you choose to forgive me, it will not be out of ignorance. If you judge my crime beyond the scope of absolution, then I will accept the consequences in full.

I must warn the more sensitive among you that the particulars of my crime are not for the faint of heart. The words that follow are a graphic account of the incident, and they may leave you feeling weak of stomach. Let me also state, as a courtesy to my business associates, that I alone am accountable. There were no other parties present or involved, save for me and my unfortunate victim.

I, PHILIP BOND FOUKE III, FUMBLED THE EXECUTION OF THAT MOST SACRED OF BUSINESS CODAS: THE HANDSHAKE

I have shaken hands with more than three million men, and all of them will attest that my handshake was solid and reaffirming. All of them but one. That man, Mr. Rutherford B. Portlout, deserved far better than what he received. It was a ghoulish spectacle, one that has played out again and again in my imagination. I have labored over every painful second, reliving the horror that transpired. Sensitive readers, again I implore you to proceed cautiously.

MY FINGERS WERE NEEDLESSLY PRODDING

I do not know what unnatural force guided my hand, but as I reached outward my fingers poked into Mr. Portlout's wrist. At one point a finger become lost under his watchband, and another made its way into the sleeve of his shirt. I apologized, but already my resolve was shaken. He, too, seemed unnerved. Friends, I spare you no details here: he gasped in horror as my unruly digits poked and prodded him. I had turned what was to be a natural and reassuring conclusion to a fruitful discussion into something profoundly obscene.

MY PALM WAS EXCEPTIONALLY DAMP

Mr. Portlout's look of horror only intensified as he felt my hand lock onto his. The wetness of my palm, comparable to some cursed bayou swamp, caused a great pallor to fix upon him. While no man -- and thankfully no woman -- witnessed the event, I can only surmise my own complexion mirrored Mr. Portlout's. It was as though the grand flow of time was made to move at half pace, if not stop entirely, so that we both might contemplate the unfolding tragedy with all our faculties.

MY GRIP WAS AT FIRST WEAK AND FRAIL

Unsteadied by the trouble uniting our two hands, I offered only a limp grasp. The grip was strong enough such to transfer the sweat from my hand to his, but not enough to reassure him of my strength as a business partner. To make matters worse, it was only when his hand started to slip away that I squeezed down. By this time my whole body was in a sweat, and I could see the strain in Mr. Portlout's wary brow.

I MAINTAINED THE HANDSHAKE FOR TOO LONG

Something terrible came over me, for I did not release the handshake at the appropriate time. True, nothing of this handshake was appropriate, but there was no reason to belabor it for so long, turning a fleeting mistake into an ongoing ordeal. As the handshake lingered on, I became fearful to let go, for in that moment we would both have to come to terms with the event. As long as the grip held, I would be free from consequence.

I held Mr. Portlout's hand tightly. It is true he tried to free himself on one occasion, very early in the shake, but once he saw I was not ready to let go, he acted as a gentleman and maintained his side of the grip with proper conviction and authority. Although he did not protest and was entirely polite, the truth cannot be denied: I HELD THAT POOR MAN HOSTAGE WITH MY DISGUSTINGLY MOIST HAND.

As time marched on our resolve was tested. Our arms strained to continue not just the grip, but to continue the momentum of that most underrated aspect of the endeavor: the shake itself. Hours passed, and our shared horror only intensified. At times he wept softly, cooing like a lonely widow mourning a lost love. At other times he sobbed like a child, loud and thundering. I, too, broke down and wept. I had made Mr. Portlout an unwitting participant in something unseemly.

Still more hours passed. At times one of us would take a knee, or even both of us, so that we might rest and recuperate. No words were spoken, and yet he had the professionalism to maintain eye contact at all times and not try to escape.

Dr. F. Gerald Thornton

I could see it in those eyes of his, those big bloodshot eyes, that he understood the gravity of the situation. That he had been party to something that would forever scar me, and sully my reputation with the entire fur industry and the hundreds of thousands of trappers it employs. When I finally relinquished my grip, we nodded, and he left. Two days had passed, and neither one of us had slept, eaten, or had a drop to drink.

DOCTORS COULD FIND NO MEDICAL REASON FOR THE FOUL HANDSHAKE

As much as it would please me to offer some medical reason absolving me of guilt, I cannot. My doctor and personal shaman, Dr. F. Gerald Thornton, carefully examined all aspects of my anatomy for defect, but none could be found. I even tasked him with examining

my brain, which he did with much enthusiasm. He gently sawed open my skull, but observed no tumor or malady that might explain the handshake. I shall repeat it once more: I ALONE BEAR RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS GRAVE TRAGEDY.

Should you see fit to forgive me, I will gladly continue to receive your pristine pelts and pay above-industry prices. And I would be delighted to sell you the finest trapping products at the lowest imaginable prices.

Finally, I offer my sincere apologies and condolences to the family of Mr. Portlout, who are now without husband and father. Mr. Portlout, being a man of exceptional integrity, saw fit to end his own life rather than serve as living monument to my one and only mistake. He graciously hung himself to protect me from the shame. Trappers and shippers, believe you me: IT IS A SHAME I EARNED. I come before you a man humbled, a man begging for forgiveness.

If you are still with me, then I invite you to join me in celebrating Mr. Portlout. Together, we can ensure that he did not die in vain. Mr. Portlout gave his life to protect my name and reputation and that of the fur industry as a whole. I can think of no more honorable a deed than that. In his memory, I invite you to kindly deduct thirty per cent (30%) from all printed catalogue prices. May his heroic sacrifice live on in the form of savings to the brave and forgiving men of this sacred profession.

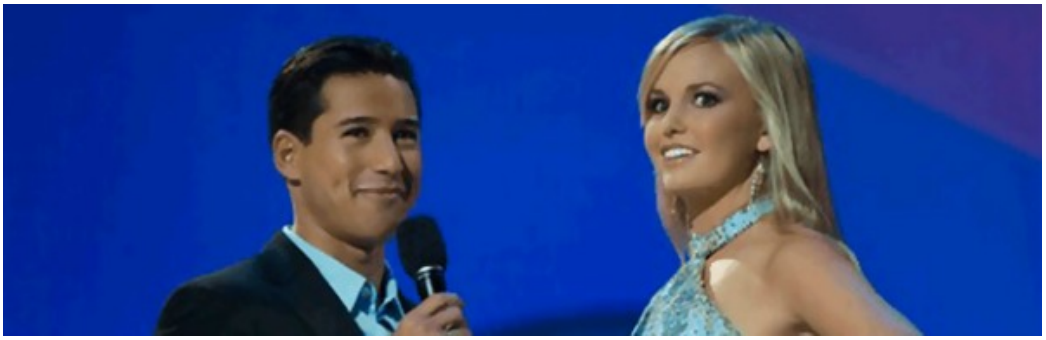
And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke,
President and General Manager
The Fouke Fur Company

–∼P.B. Fouke (@Livestock)

3.24 The Miss Beauty USA Semifinalists Talk Science

Thursday, Mar 28, 2013 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey (@bobservo)



Every year, each of America's 50 states sends their loveliest women to compete for the title of Miss Beauty USA, and the right to attend glamorous events like celebrity softball games, Fear Factor tapings, and ribbon-cutting ceremonies for car dealerships. But these ladies won't be judged solely on their ability to put on a swimsuit and stand motionless for minutes at a time; becoming Miss Beauty USA takes brains as well as non-exotic facial symmetry. We've decided to test their intelligence with a single question that will undoubtedly show how much this great country of ours values and promotes the intelligence of women.

Q. Do you think schoolchildren should be taught that matter exists?

Alexys Blalock, Miss Beauty Alaska: Well, I mean, I think school is a journey of self-discovery? And I don't think teachers should get in the way of people discovering who they are... Like, I *discovered* I couldn't pass my Spanish I final, even though Mr. Grassley said I had to. Then I *discovered* my parents could donate enough for the school to renovate its gym, and then I didn't even have to show up the last couple of years. So yeah, I don't think teachers should stop things like that from happening!

Amberline Simmons, Miss Beauty Kentucky: We could talk about whether or not matter exists all night, and by the time the sun rotated back around the earth, we still wouldn't agree. So I think schools should concentrate more on letting us make things with crape paper.

Staciee Crocker, Miss Beauty Lousiana: Matter...? No -- I... Hold on. Is this an abortion thing? Because if it is, I'm supposed to read off of this index card I brought with me. I think the man who drove me here has it.

Emma Durbish, Miss Beauty South Carolina: Yeah, uh, I was taught that the only truths of the world come from The Bible, so I'll have to say no. And even then, it's only the words that are printed in red. Sometimes I go to a pizza place where I'm pretty sure God helped write the menu.

Katy Silva, Miss Beauty Ohio: Yes, I think so. But only if we teach all sides of the issue. If I was in school and didn't think matter existed, I'd feel pretty left out if everyone else did. And I think bullying is a much more important problem.

Ashlee Stevenson, Miss Beauty Virginia: Wow. Um. That's actually something I've struggled with, for like, my whole life. But then I got into William and Mary on a dance scholarship so I didn't really have to think about it anymore. So I recommend for kids to do that instead.

Ayshleigh Fuhnion, Miss Beauty Nebraska: It's actually very disrespectful that schools believe they have the authority to teach people these so-called facts. My parents home-schooled me, and instead of reading books I got to sit around with my mom and watch soap operas all day. So really, I consider myself a student of the world. Can someone help me find my way out of this room when we're done?

Sammanntha Hobart, Miss Beauty Texas: I'm going to have to lean towards "probably." But maybe we can teach that matter exists a little bit at a time, and the students who get offended can put their heads down or color for the rest of the semester.

Morgan Demesko, Miss Beauty North Dakota: I think the jury is still out on that one. Does matter exist? Doesn't matter exist? Personally, I think that's between you and God. And I think if we keep asking questions, he might kill us all with lightning bolts. I've handled enough snakes in my church to know that guy has a mean streak.

Lisa Welch, Miss Beauty Colorado: Yes, of course. Why is this even a question? Seriously, I -- hey, get your hands off of me! Let go! Where are you taking me?

Sarah Shelby, New Miss Beauty Colorado: Does it really *matter*? *laughs* Also, I just saw that last girl get shoved out the window for saying yes. So, no.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey (@bobservo)

3.25 L Ron Hubbard Writes Descriptions for American Apparel

Friday, Mar 29, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

rnt53s
Stripe Tricot Scoop Back Tank Dress

The varied hues of her Stripe Tricot Scoop Back Tank Dress dress reminded Truk Mestro of the nutrient farms of Iskav. He revved the engine of his power bike and snapped the mask up on his helmet.

"What's your name, beautiful?" asked Truk.

"President Hankem," she said. "My pod has crash landed in this honkytonk hell. I'm just looking for a man to get me out of here. Are you that man?"

"I could be that man," agreed Truk. "How does a bed to sleep in at Patrol Base One sound?"

"Sounds like the sort of thing I could be inside of with you," answered President Hankem as she threw a comfortable and sexy leg around the back seat of Truk's power bike.

"That Tricot Scoop Back Tank Dress will be even more comfortable on the floor of my quarters at Patrol Base One," laughed Truk. "After you take it off and put it there. Your dress, I am referring to, which you will put onto the floor."

Truk slammed down the juice on the bike and it wooshed away from the wreckage of the pod. Neither Truk nor President Hankem noticed the spying eyes of the black robot. The eyes were red and on the robot's arm was the skull face of the Death Destroyers.

rsacm403
Chambray Welt Pocket Short

Hetter McPheev was an agent of the Central Psychiatry Force based on Jupiter's moon, Ganymede. He wore casual Chambray Shorts with spacious pockets. A crimson singlet and a corduroy over shirt completed the look as he installed nerve clamps on the humanoids. He looked at the prisoners who would be enslaved. "Soon these humanoids will be addicted to our methods and 'medicine.' There is nothing they can do to stop us."

Just then Wythe Parno emerged from her pod and began to inspect the installation. She was an 11th level Ganymede Psychomentalist and very beautiful despite her hooked nose. She looked at the prisoners and then at McPheev with disdain. Even though she was his subordinate she was very insubordinate in the way of haughty Psychomentalist women in particular.

"Stop us?" she sneered, still looking at him.

"That's right," said McPheev hiding his emotions.

"I don't think these walls could withstand even a small psychic storm," said Wythe with a nod and a shake of her head. "We have to keep them sedated at all times, and force them to wear our lovely Chambray Pocket Shorts."

Hetter McPheev looked at her and she looked back at him. They both nodded and squinted at the harsh horizon, looking in that direction.

rnt341spn
US Flag Print Nylon Tricot Ruched Front Tube Bra

Whurp Derbal sprawled in the psychotronic detector, her sexy body wearing a US Flag Print Nylon Trico Ruched Front Tube Bra. Tubes like the tubes of the psychotronic detector that pulsed with psychophene as Hetter McPheev operated the machine's dials.

A whirring sound filled the room. He looked through the glass at the woman writhing around like a worm.

"No more nutrient bars until you talk to us, Derbal," said McPheev. "Where is President Hankem?"

"I don't know anything!" cried Derbal.

McPheev checked Derbal's psychic spectrum on the device. Indigo waves radiated from the sexy bombshell's body. It meant she was lying.

"You're lying," said McPheev.

"Prove it!" screamed Derbal as another blast of psychotronic particles emerged from the injector dish and slashed across her USA flag pants.

Perhaps, smiled McPheev, *in time you will be the one to prove it.*

rsa4402
Men's Baby Rib Long Underwear

The black pods of the attacking Death Destroyers pierced the atmosphere. Behind the controls of one of the leading capsules, Climm Zo'vanski readied his chaos beam gun. The charge tube was full and all of the safeties were switched into the off position.

For comfort, Climm wore the white shirt and purple thermal leggings of the Death Destroyer's Men's Baby Rib Long Underwear.

Climm thought about his favorite rock and roll song, as sung on Regulus 4 by Yoot Gansby. It was called "Rock and Roll Around the Day" and it made Climm feel very homosexual for the other Death Destroyers.

Being a homosexual was a part of joining the evil Ganymede storm soldiers. The rock and roll just made it all that much easier.

"Spread out in attack formation!" commanded High Warlord McPheev. "We will make the Earthioids suffer for what they have done."

McPheev slammed his fist into the psychotronic scopes.

Far below, nearly on the planet's surface, Climm Zo'vanski was about to be a statistic of warfare on McPheev's screens. The Death Destroyers were finally meeting their match in Truk Mestro and the Outlaw Apaches power bikers.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.26 Common Reasons For Returned Purchases At The Dynamite Store

Saturday, Mar 30, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Dynamite Store is the United States' second largest retailer of dynamite and dynamite-related accessories. Their policy is to grant all requested refunds, asking customers to explain the reason for each returned item so that The Dynamite Store can better serve them in the future. These are the most common responses.

Returned Item: Dynamite

- "It kept rolling off the bread. Yes, I suppose a hot dog bun would have worked, but if I had hot dog buns why would I need the dynamite in the first place?"

- "There was an error on the label. Look at that very closely and tell me if you see any markings that indicate which end is positively charged and which is negatively charged."

- "To be honest, I bought this dynamite with the intention of returning it today. I just needed it to wear to my prom. Look, it's still like new. The tag's still attached and everything."

- "Once I got home, I did a few measurements and it turns out this stick is waaaaaay bigger than an ant. You got anything ant-sized?"

- "My kid says I got the wrong one. I'm supposed to get a Nintendo U? HD? Like an iPad or something I guess. Hell if I know. Just give me the one that's closest to a Nintendo."

- "Is it possible to return an entire case minus the one stick that I used? I was under the impression that this stuff was incredibly powerful. One of your sales associates reassured me that it was the most effective dynamite on the market. Is he here? Because I'd like him to know that it only provided light for a fraction of a second and it was loud as hell. Completely inefficient. For the price I paid, I expected each stick to light up a room for hours, if not days. Even if these lasted longer I doubt I'd be able to read with all that noise."

- "This tastes terrible."

- "As soon as there was weight on the stick, it slowly began to give and eventually mushed down like a tube of toothpaste. My coffee table is wobbly, and wedging this dynamite under the shortest leg will not do. Do you have any C4?"

- "Turns out I'm a ghost. I can't use dynamite at all. My hands can't even pick it up. To be honest, I'm not entirely sure why I'm able to stand here without sinking through the floor or something. Heck, if the physical world has no effect on me and the planet is currently spinning as it careens through the universe at hundreds of thousands of miles per hour, why is my spirit not just floating in space where I originally died? Anyway, if you don't mind I'd like you to go ahead and exchange the dynamite for store credit. I've got my eye on that audio book version of the Quran narrated by Guy Fieri."

- "Knowing it's there is great. It's a real comfort to have a stick of dynamite nearby in case someone breaks into my house. I just can't sleep with it under my pillow. It gives me the willies."

Returned Item: First Aid Kit

- "I appreciate the fact that there are so many band aids, and that they come in a variety of sizes, from normal to extra small. The aspirin are great too. Don't get me wrong, there's a lot to like. The problem is that my abdomen is torn to shreds from dynamite and there's nothing in here that can help with that. Maybe if this kit had a large band aid it would be a different story. As it is, I'm sort of disappointed."

- "To be honest, I bought this knowing full well that I'd be returning it today. I was applying for a job at a hospital even though I have no medical training whatsoever, and I thought I'd look qualified if I showed up to the interview carrying a first aid kit. If you don't take this back and refund my money, you'll be in big trouble. You're looking at the new chief of surgery."

Returned Item: Wedding Cake

- "She said no. I don't know what happened. It was a nice restaurant, I knelt down on one knee, and the ring was very expensive. Still, she said no. In hindsight, I suppose I bought this cake too early. Even if she had said yes, the wedding probably wouldn't have been for a few months. Hell, now that I think about it I should have introduced myself before popping the question."

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 The Legend of Professor John Henry and the Online Learning Academy

Monday, Apr 01, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

John Henry was a sociology teaching man,
He worked from eight 'till three,
Sayin' "You can only miss two days and pass,
For makeup tests come to me."

One day John Henry read the news,
About kids downloading their degree,
John Henry made 80 grand a year,
And he knew computers worked for free.

John Henry said to his dean:
"You are trying to sell me out,
They can read all the PDFs they want,
But they paid to hear a grown man shout."

John Henry said to his TAs:
"Break into groups and follow my plan,
We can beat those computers,
When it comes to teaching a man."

One of the TA's said to John Henry:
"Can't we just mail out a link?
I just TA for reduced tuition,
And I just pay tuition to drink."

Another TA said to John Henry:
"And what did you mean by 'teaching a man?'
I didn't sign up for patriarchal BS,
And I wouldn't teach your trash to a garbage can."

A crowd gathered to watch John Henry teach,
He decided to start with a hit,
Recorded a Gangnam sociology dance,
But everyone thought it was shit.

John Henry said to everyone booing:
"Go ahead and take it up with the dean,
I've got fifteen years lecturing here,
Do you stupid brats know what 'tenure' means?

The dean came down to John Henry and said:
"You've got to watch what you say, John.
Every one of these kids has a phone,
And the camera is always on."

Now John Henry had heard enough,
he threw his hands in the air.
"I have three fucking Master's degrees,
And not a single one of these idiots seems to care."

John Henry tossed his degrees in the garbage,
Decided to write up a book,
Nobody would print his academia rants,
Although he self-published on the Nook.

And poor old John Henry finally laid down and died,
or at least he went to a community college,
While all the kids who used to ask him questions,
Paid to download their knowledge.

Where once stood John Henry's classroom,
Is a three-story IT warehouse,
All of the kids learn from their homes,
And go to classes with their mouse.

The degrees they get are useless,
The tuition costs almost the same,
When America asks why higher education sucks,
Some Internet idiot will say, "John Henry's to blame!"

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.2 Game of Thrones Spoilers

Tuesday, Apr 02, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

More Sex!

A tribe of totally hot, topless women bounce on horseback across Westeros conquering one town after another, forcing the world to stare at their feminine beauty and flawless skin. Despite all the weaponry of the kingdoms, no one can stop these tan babes from shimming in the sun.

Key Moment: Two commanding officers unexpectedly celebrate in the tradition of their ancestors by rubbing their perfect bodies against one another under a waterfall.

More Introductions!

By the end of the season, the opening credits last 42 minutes.

Key locations: Tree Imp Urinated Behind, Neglected Compost, Pile of Unimportant Rocks.

More Invasions!

The Kingdom of Pyke accidentally pillages and burns the wrong town because, really, who can remember all these names? An awkward and forced apology is given once the flames die down.

Key Quote: "Whoa, did you say Phi*robus* or Pil*droda*? Oh. Wow. *Wow.* Big mistake. We owe you one. This," motions towards pile of mutilated bodies hanging from trees, "was meant for someone else. Gosh, can you *believe* it? Egg on my face!"

More Beheading!

The season finale has the cast gather on a closed set to watch a clipshow of all the best beheadings. Video is set to wacky music and canned laughter. There's light bickering and a few tears as they reflect on another season, but the host keeps things pretty light with his questions. There's a live poll throughout the episode where you can call in and cast your vote for Fan Favorite Murder. One lucky caller getting a souvenir severed head.

Key Fan Question: "Keith in Oklahoma City asks, "Hey Lannisters you guys totally suck! Why you so sucky?!"

More Product Placement!

A city is raided. The nomads with their horned helmets force their way into house after house, dragging anything still breathing into the streets. Cries of mercy fill the night, blood pools into the river.

Key Quote: "What's in your wallet?"

More Minorities!

Athslor arrives in King's Landing from his royal lands to improve trade between the two majestic kingdoms. Highly educated, honest, from established lineage, and also black, Athslor is immediately beheaded by one of the many blond, blue-eyed nobles.

Key Moment: "We don't like them kind of people in our fantasy, do we?" Murder says looking at camera, giving audience a bloody thumbs up.

More Activism!

The Night's Watch's march for wildlings is interrupted when roving activists dump red paint all over their uniforms. The hippies are quickly slaughtered, but the lavish wolf fur will never be the same.

Key Quote: "Fur is murder? Then what's this?"

More Spinoffs!

Each episode of Game of Thrones ends ten minutes early to introduce Celebrity Musical Chairs. The game show features famous actors and TV personalities draped in loincloths staggering around ring of iron thrones while being whipped ruthlessly. When the music stops, they fight over chairs, clawing their way to a seat. The winning prize is twelve minutes of peace before it starts up again.

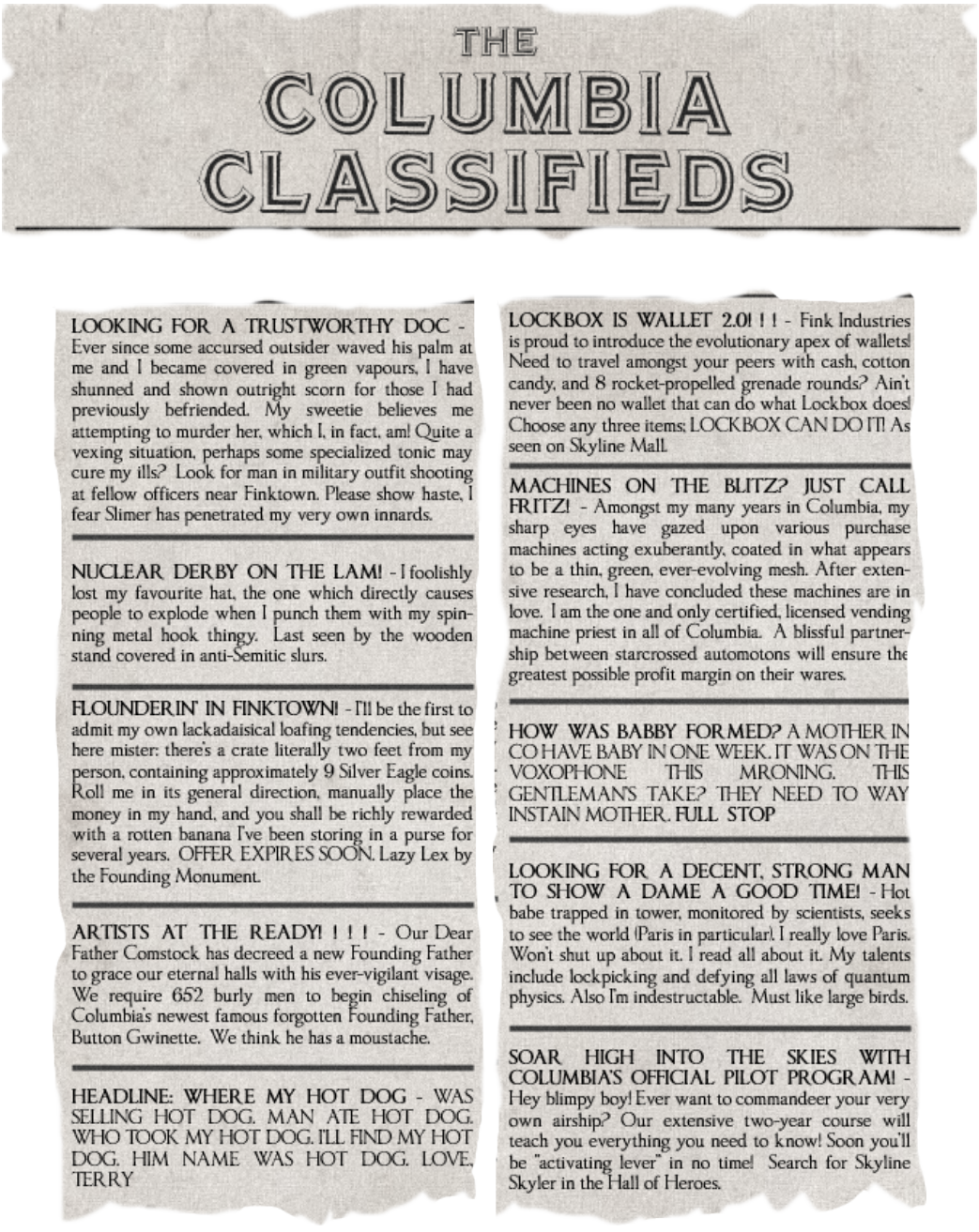
Key Moment: Kathy Griffin stomps around the set when she is left without a chair. Eliminated from the competition, she complains for a few minutes. Then she is beheaded.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.3 Bioshock: Infinite Classifieds

Wednesday, Apr 03, 2013 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Video Game Classifieds series.



THE COLUMBIA CLASSIFIEDS

LOOKING FOR A TRUSTWORTHY DOC - Ever since some accursed outsider waved his palm at me and I became covered in green vapours, I have shunned and shown outright scorn for those I had previously befriended. My sweetie believes me attempting to murder her, which I, in fact, am! Quite a vexing situation, perhaps some specialized tonic may cure my ills? Look for man in military outfit shooting at fellow officers near Finktown. Please show haste, I fear Slimer has penetrated my very own innards.

NUCLEAR DERBY ON THE LAM! - I foolishly lost my favourite hat, the one which directly causes people to explode when I punch them with my spinning metal hook thingy. Last seen by the wooden stand covered in anti-Semitic slurs.

FLOUNDERIN' IN FINKTOWN! - I'll be the first to admit my own lackadaisical loafing tendencies, but see here mister: there's a crate literally two feet from my person, containing approximately 9 Silver Eagle coins. Roll me in its general direction, manually place the money in my hand, and you shall be richly rewarded with a rotten banana I've been storing in a purse for several years. OFFER EXPIRES SOON. Lazy Lex by the Founding Monument.

ARTISTS AT THE READY! ! ! ! - Our Dear Father Comstock has decreed a new Founding Father to grace our eternal halls with his ever-vigilant visage. We require 652 burly men to begin chiseling of Columbia's newest famous forgotten Founding Father, Button Gwinette. We think he has a moustache.

HEADLINE: WHERE MY HOT DOG - WAS SELLING HOT DOG. MAN ATE HOT DOG. WHO TOOK MY HOT DOG. I'LL FIND MY HOT DOG. HIM NAME WAS HOT DOG. LOVE, TERRY

LOCKBOX IS WALLET 2.0! ! ! - Fink Industries is proud to introduce the evolutionary apex of wallets! Need to travel amongst your peers with cash, cotton candy, and 8 rocket-propelled grenade rounds? Ain't never been no wallet that can do what Lockbox does! Choose any three items; LOCKBOX CAN DO IT! As seen on Skyline Mall.

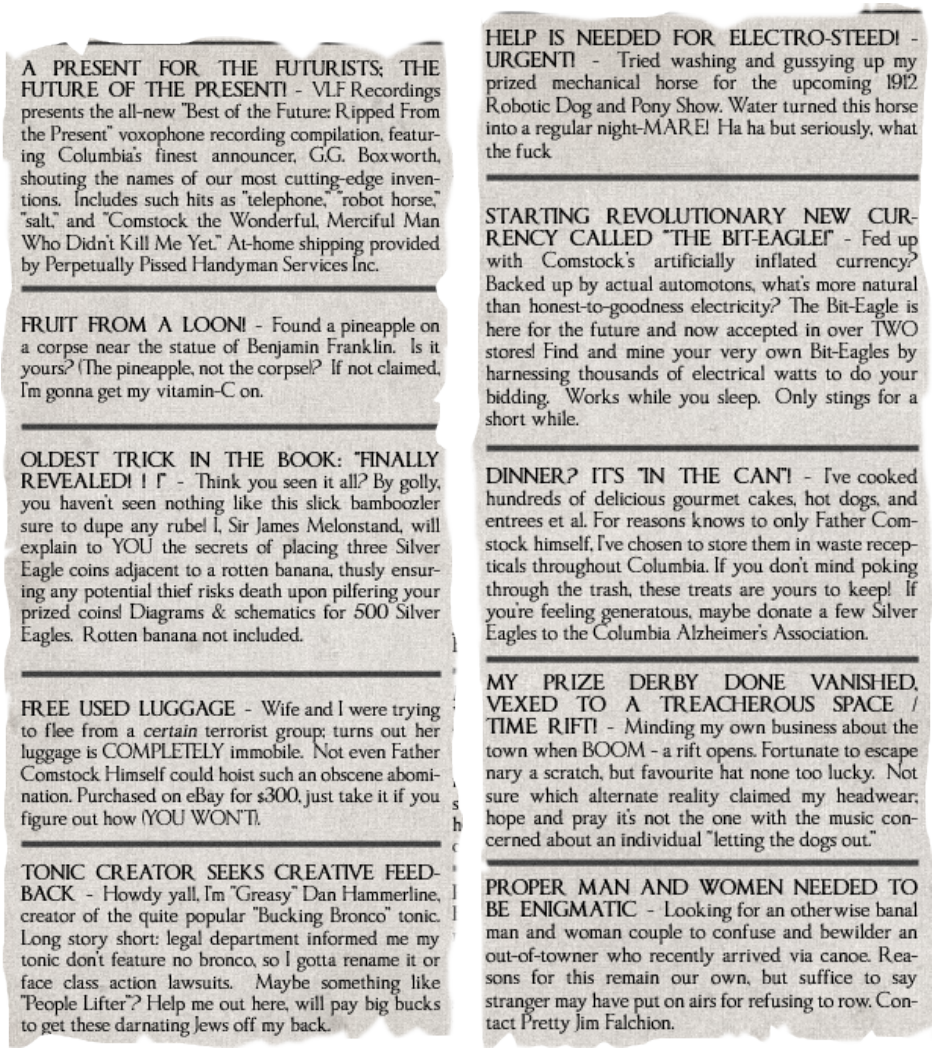
MACHINES ON THE BLITZ? JUST CALL FRITZ! - Amongst my many years in Columbia, my sharp eyes have gazed upon various purchase machines acting exuberantly, coated in what appears to be a thin, green, ever-evolving mesh. After extensive research, I have concluded these machines are in love. I am the one and only certified, licensed vending machine priest in all of Columbia. A blissful partnership between starcrossed automotons will ensure the greatest possible profit margin on their wares.

HOW WAS BABBY FORMED? A MOTHER IN CO HAVE BABY IN ONE WEEK. IT WAS ON THE VOXOPHONE THIS MRONING. THIS GENTLEMAN'S TAKE? THEY NEED TO WAY INSTAIN MOTHER. FULL STOP

LOOKING FOR A DECENT, STRONG MAN TO SHOW A DAME A GOOD TIME! - Hot babe trapped in tower, monitored by scientists, seeks to see the world (Paris in particular). I really love Paris. Won't shut up about it. I read all about it. My talents include lockpicking and defying all laws of quantum physics. Also I'm indestructable. Must like large birds.

SOAR HIGH INTO THE SKIES WITH COLUMBIA'S OFFICIAL PILOT PROGRAM! - Hey blimpy boy! Ever want to commandeer your very own airship? Our extensive two-year course will teach you everything you need to know! Soon you'll be "activating lever" in no time! Search for Skyline Skyler in the Hall of Heroes.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)



A PRESENT FOR THE FUTURISTS; THE FUTURE OF THE PRESENT! - VLF Recordings presents the all-new "Best of the Future: Ripped From the Present" voxophone recording compilation, featuring Columbia's finest announcer, G.G. Boxworth, shouting the names of our most cutting-edge inventions. Includes such hits as "telephone," "robot horse," "salt," and "Comstock the Wonderful, Merciful Man Who Didn't Kill Me Yet." At-home shipping provided by Perpetually Pissed Handyman Services Inc.

FRUIT FROM A LOON! - Found a pineapple on a corpse near the statue of Benjamin Franklin. Is it yours? (The pineapple, not the corpse!? If not claimed, I'm gonna get my vitamin-C on.

OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK: "FINALLY REVEALED! ! !" - Think you seen it all? By golly, you haven't seen nothing like this slick bamboozler sure to dupe any rube! I, Sir James Melonstand, will explain to YOU the secrets of placing three Silver Eagle coins adjacent to a rotten banana, thusly ensuring any potential thief risks death upon pilfering your prized coins! Diagrams & schematics for 500 Silver Eagles. Rotten banana not included.

FREE USED LUGGAGE - Wife and I were trying to flee from a *certain* terrorist group; turns out her luggage is COMPLETELY immobile. Not even Father Comstock Himself could hoist such an obscene abomination. Purchased on eBay for $300, just take it if you figure out how (YOU WON'T).

TONIC CREATOR SEEKS CREATIVE FEEDBACK - Howdy yall, I'm "Greasy" Dan Hammerline, creator of the quite popular "Bucking Bronco" tonic. Long story short: legal department informed me my tonic don't feature no bronco, so I gotta rename it or face class action lawsuits. Maybe something like "People Lifter"? Help me out here, will pay big bucks to get these darnating Jews off my back.

HELP IS NEEDED FOR ELECTRO-STEED! - URGENT! - Tried washing and gussying up my prized mechanical horse for the upcoming 1912 Robotic Dog and Pony Show. Water turned this horse into a regular night-MARE! Ha ha but seriously, what the fuck

STARTING REVOLUTIONARY NEW CURRENCY CALLED "THE BIT-EAGLE!" - Fed up with Comstock's artificially inflated currency? Backed up by actual automotons, what's more natural than honest-to-goodness electricity? The Bit-Eagle is here for the future and now accepted in over TWO stores! Find and mine your very own Bit-Eagles by harnessing thousands of electrical watts to do your bidding. Works while you sleep. Only stings for a short while.

DINNER? IT'S "IN THE CAN"! - I've cooked hundreds of delicious gourmet cakes, hot dogs, and entrees et al. For reasons knows to only Father Comstock himself, I've chosen to store them in waste receptacals throughout Columbia. If you don't mind poking through the trash, these treats are yours to keep! If you're feeling generatous, maybe donate a few Silver Eagles to the Columbia Alzheimer's Association.

MY PRIZE DERBY DONE VANISHED, VEXED TO A TREACHEROUS SPACE / TIME RIFT! - Minding my own business about the town when BOOM - a rift opens. Fortunate to escape nary a scratch, but favourite hat none too lucky. Not sure which alternate reality claimed my headwear; hope and pray it's not the one with the music concerned about an individual "letting the dogs out."

PROPER MAN AND WOMEN NEEDED TO BE ENIGMATIC - Looking for an otherwise banal man and woman couple to confuse and bewilder an out-of-towner who recently arrived via canoe. Reasons for this remain our own, but suffice to say stranger may have put on airs for refusing to row. Contact Pretty Jim Falchion.

4.4 Corporate Speak for Everyday Life

Thursday, Apr 04, 2013 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Have good people suffered by the actions of your very hand? Why not shift the blame with Corporate Speak? It turns your sociopathy into an innocent and unstoppable force of nature. And though it may come in handy when robbing hundreds of their livelihoods, this tactic can also be used to great effect on a much smaller scale.

FOR EATING YOUR ROOMMATE'S FOOD

Dear Doug,

I announce with a heavy heart that today marks the final day of your leftovers from that good Thai place, not the one by the museum but the other good one. Tough decisions had to be made, and it was in the best interests of my stomach, a subsidiary of me, to absorb the contents of that cardboard box. But we can't dwell in the past; in this time of sadness, we must now look to the prolific family of goods that make up the refrigerator brand. Ketchup levels remain at an all-time high, thanks to a midnight acquisition of several hundred packets from behind the abandoned Burger King. You still haven't thrown out that Thanksgiving turkey from the fridge: a bold move in this decidedly anti-parasite world of ours. While we'll never see those eight ounces of noodles in peanut sauce again, this household must continue to coexist and also let me pay rent on the ninth because I still owe my dealer.

To the future,
- Brian

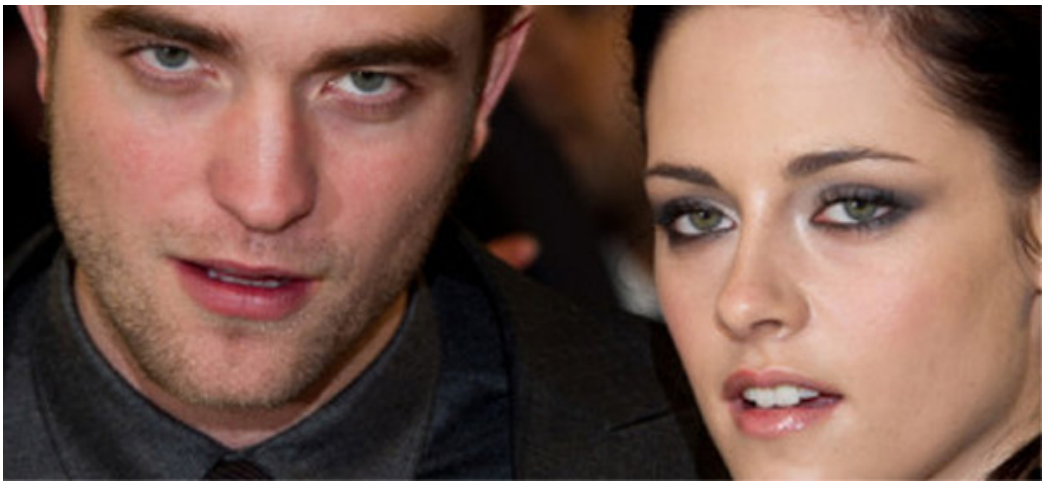
FOR RUNNING OVER SOMEONE WITH YOUR CAR

Your Car and My Bike to Merge

This joyous Thursday marks the initial merger of your bike and my car, hereby referred to as my scratched and bloodied car. This is a time to celebrate, but also a time to say goodbye; due to a

rocky and unpredictable 2013, a portion of your bike and my car will be finding new opportunities in the up-and-coming "laying in a gutter" field, and we wish them the best. My hood ornament, right windshield wiper, and right passenger side mirror will not be joining the scratched and bloodied car team, and several of your teeth and fingers (uncounted) will no doubt find diverse opportunities through being the prizes for games of street craps won in a meth haze. Our competitors and certain members of the police department don't think we can make this work; let's prove them both wrong by being very quiet as your internal organs spill out onto my dashboard.

Looking ahead,
- My Scratched and Bloodied Car



FOR BREAKING UP

April 4, 2013

As of midnight, the entity once existing as "You and Me" will henceforth be dissolved into two wholly independent subentities, each operating within a strict jurisdiction. Over the next five months, the following plan of action will be implemented to restore both operations to "full productivity:"

- A general "winding down" of sexual activity.
- Mutual exchange of transferred possessions, including but not limited to ratty old t-shirts.
- Never mentioning to anyone the time your cousin tricked me into hitting on her.
- Gradual removal of joint Facebook pictures, under the restrictions of the "Memory Hole" clause.
- Sitting alone and forlorn in the apartment, staring vacantly out the window and wondering about all those babies that could have been.

The former entity of you and me remained an unstoppable force for the two years of our joint partnership, but market pressures demand diversification, and the choices necessary to keep me running these past 26 years have not been made prematurely. In closing, I hope you join me this Saturday at 9:00am as we say goodbye to You and Me formally by getting tested at the free clinic.

Yours,
Me

FOR SAYING GOODBYE TO AN UNLOVED ONE

Swanson Family Team Members,

The Grandpa George division of the Swanson organization opened for business on September 13, 1926, and after an unprecedented 86 years as our oldest branch, ceased to be this past Tuesday. Grandpa George will be spun off into a joint venture with a soggy hole in the ground, providing the Swanson Family Team with a savings of $800 per month and the Saturdays once lost to dialysis and water aerobics.

Grandpa George saw a steep decline in productivity by 2008, and in a marketplace that greatly values homespun wisdom over racist jokes, we had no choice but to adapt to these demands. With the promotion of Uncle Travis to our Folksy Fables Guru, the Swanson children are now 10% less likely to touch a hot stove, when our statistics show they would have previously done that and then shouted something terrible at the new mailman. And with any luck, Uncle Travis will soon work his way up to being part of Grandpa George's new venture with a soggy hole in the ground, freeing up hours of productivity for those who choose to remain uninterested in his matchbook collection.

2013 looks to be a year of many challenges. But even keeping the deathbed curse of Grandpa George in mind, we will soldier on.

Your Big Papa,
Gus Swanson

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.5 Are Games Art? Roger Ebert is Paid to Write Mini-Reviews for Bullet Hell Shooters

Friday, Apr 05, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Deathsmiles
I believe Deathsmiles involves Halloween and panties. I made a note at some point that panties are definitely at issue here. I played the game as a moaning witch who flew slowly over ominous terrains and filled half the screen with fire. She was accompanied by a ceaseless pachinko parlor jangle of coins. Monsters and demons launched balls of purple at her. The game is a nauseating ordeal. The artwork is lost in a computer-generated blitz of orbs that has the narrative relevance of a sine wave. This is unquestionably trash designed for idiots I hope do not exist. You can find more compelling "art" on the wall of a Bennigans. And I mean a closed, abandoned Bennigans.

Mushihimesama Futari

Your space ship flies over visually interesting backgrounds and encounters impressive, animated foes that occupy most of the screen. Mushihimesama uses its assets economically to achieve a sense of scale in the way a model maker might use camera tricks to fool the audience into thinking a miniature is a full-size building or ship. Then house music begins to play and the screen is completely obscured by waves of flashing projectiles and buzzing laser beams. It is this predictably frenetic orgy of destruction that undoes any sense of meaning in almost every video game. Is this art? Maybe in a world where the recording of screaming voices used by the KGB to torture prisoners is called art.

Aero Flux

I have long considered myself to be an admirer of the genre of Japanese animation, or "Anime," that has in recent years become quite popular with Western audiences. From *Akira* to *Ghost in the Shell*, to modern fare such as *Hamtaro*, Anime allows for visually compelling explorations of sometimes cerebral subject matter. And other times it allows for Aero Flux, which poses anime heroines alongside a screen filled with wobbling bullets that you must continually avoid. It is the worst thing I have seen on a TV screen since Bud Dwyer took his own life. For a better time, try the 2005 film *Aeon Flux*. I did not see it, it was not even screened for critics, but I feel confident in offering this assessment.

Dodonpachi Saidaioujou I appreciate the continual effort by the Japanese to somehow meld enormous bosoms with laser-blasting space ships. In Dodonpachi Saidaioujou, your space craft passes over familiar techno terrain, empowered to cover the screen in rivers of projectiles that make short work of space craft and other vehicles. Then an alarm sounds and your aerial supremacy is challenged by a large ship that hurls confusing swarms of purple (why always purple?) projectiles across the screen. A woman seems to narrate everything that is happening in Japanese.

I suppose the game was visually impressive compared to some of the others, but once again the interaction between player and game is reduced to exploding enemies, dodging projectiles, and collecting coins. Why are all space craft filled with coins? Where do they get these unlimited supplies of purple orbs? What, if anything, is the impetus for this riotous combat? Do not go looking for answers in Dodonpachi. Do not go looking for anything other than epileptic fits or you will find the game lacking. If you're looking for art you will find only the numbing idiot clangor of purple orbs.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.6 These Cancelled Games Might Have Saved LucasArts

Saturday, Apr 06, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

LucasArts was once a great developer and publisher of video games. Now it has been garroted by a wild-eyed Disney, who paused to adjust its grip on a length of piano wire and announce the studio's closure with a perfect example of heartless business speak:

> *"After evaluating our position in the games market, we've decided to shift LucasArts from an internal development to a licensing model, minimizing the company's risk while achieving a broader portfolio of quality Star Wars games. As a result of this change, we've had layoffs across the organization. We are incredibly appreciative and proud of the talented teams who have been developing our new titles."*

In its heyday LucasArts was as prolific as it was creative, spoiling players with games like Maniac Mansion, TIE Fighter, Monkey Island, Sam & Max, Outlaws, Full Throttle, The Dig, and Grim Fandango. They had the talent and freedom to take on any project that appealed to them, which is an exceptionally rare position. They seemed unstoppable. Then they just sort of, well, stopped.

Over the last decade or so LucasArts seemed unsure about this whole "making video games" thing. Projects were started then scuttled for no discernible reason. The people in charge stopped letting creative people do their jobs, commanding them to nap until someone shook them awake and forced them to create an obligatory Star Wars cash-in.

Their resources would have allowed them to take some real risks and become the industry leaders they once were. That didn't happen. They could have released all of their classics on Steam or Good Old Games and drowned in a sea of money. Didn't happen. Why? Who knows! The little dude in the LucasArts logo, as it turned out, was either shrugging or waving both hands toward an unknowable point in the future when they would work on something worthwhile.

Of all the games that LucasArts gave up on over the last ten years, did any have the potential to turn things around?

Zed & Toots

Zed & Toots was pitched to the gaming press as "Minecraft meets Cool Dog", though LucasArts did not clarify what Cool Dog was. Some of us have speculated that the game's creators might have been referring to 80s Bud Light mascot Spuds McKenzie, which was a cool dog. Others believed that Cool Dog was Poochie from The Simpsons, or possibly some dog from a European comic book that displayed cool characteristics.

Either way, the gameplay revolved around placing objects to make a game world very cool. Instead of the square blocks and hearts found in Minecraft, Zed & Toots featured sunglasses and potato chips.

The project was shut down when a LucasArts accountant ran the math and discovered that Minecraft had already raked in far more money than it should have, leaving absolutely no money in the economy for other games of any sort for the foreseeable future.

Middle Agent

In this open world adventure game, players would have stepped into the shoes of Milton Passionhandles, a middle-aged agent who had planted himself deep undercover in the seedy underworld of burger stand communes. The campaign was shaping up to be a tense thrill ride fraught with intrigue and mystery. *Which burger can you trust? Why does everyone wear capri pants? Are you in too deep? Where can a fella take a nap around here?*

A key feature was the revolutionary Burger Interrogation system, which allowed Milton to pose different questions to suspects depending upon the type of burger that the player selected (medium, rare, Taco Bell Doritos flavored). This system was particularly exciting because there seemed to be no correlation between the player's intent and Milton's line of questioning.

Unfortunately the lead designer snagged his shirt on a computer monitor at work, trapping himself for all of eternity. The game was canned on the very same day that the designer's desk was sealed off with bricks to prevent his plaintive whimpering from impeding the work of his colleagues.

RC Assholes

RC Assholes wasn't a game about racing, but a competition to see which remote controlled car could be the biggest dick. Spray sand on women with your tires then hover nearby and leer at them. Wait outside a department store to scuff someone's brand new shoes. Drive through a young family's house and honk your horn just as their toddler says his first word.

LucasArts shut down production of the game when they took a closer look at the above art and realized what was going on with that lady's pinky.

Barbarian Whatever

Perhaps the most mysterious of LucasArts' unreleased games, Barbarian Whatever was never fully explained. The only public information comes from a LucasArts executive who briefly spoke about the project during an investor call:

> "You fight barbarians or maybe you're a barbarian. I guess there's dragons and hell bats. Maybe some skull guys. We don't have any concept artists or designers working on the game. We've got some guy that's just learning how to use Poser, though, and he says that he's seen a barbarian painted on the side of a bus. So look forward to that."

Rumor has it that Barbarian Whatever was never officially cancelled, but that it was eventually reworked into the hotly anticipated Uncharted clone known as Star Wars 1313.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.7 My Life is Great Compared to These Idiots on Hoarders

Monday, Apr 08, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This is ridiculous! How can people live like this instead of with a huge collection of bugs in jars?

As I stood over the sink shoveling cold macaroni and cheese into my mouth straight out of the pan, I thought to myself, "New low." Then I remembered that lady on *Hoarders* with a freezer full of smashed cats. I mean, I've done a lot of things I'm not proud of, like not showering for a week and masturbating to Loony Tunes, but I have never filled my freezer with smashed cats.

There was that guy with the bathroom full of diapers and I was like, you know what? Not calling my family ever really isn't so bad compared to that guy with the diapers and bugs everywhere. He's really bad.

Forgetting friends' birthdays? Skipping out on social events to watch porn and smoke weed? I mean, yeah, maybe that's bad, until you think about that woman who refused to throw anything away even when the cleanup crew came out and her daughter was there crying and she was like, "It's me or all your STUFF!" and the mom said, "THE STUFF!"

Unbelievable. It really puts all those DUI arrests in perspective.

Oh, wait...

Did you see that Hoarders where the woman got stuck under her food trash? Yeah, it was the one where she also got bit by rats while she was sleeping. What a nightmare! I was riveted to the screen watching and thinking to myself, I mean, I thought my life was pretty bad after I ran Bill over with the boat and left him to die. But they never found the body, and this lady lives in filth with rats.

I mean, I may not ever pay taxes and claim it's for moral reasons even though I'm just lazy, but at least I don't forget about jewelry I bought inside a cabinet that's buried under Amazon boxes. Did you see that Hoarders? Unreal. She found jewelry in there and when they tried to put it in the donate box she flipped out and had a panic attack.

Did you see the one where the woman had a refrigerator that wasn't working full of spoiled yogurt and meat and she was still going to eat it? It really makes me feel a lot better about my life and all

of my guns I have bought with cop killer ammunition.

At least I know where all of that stuff is in my house. I mean, I'm keeping these jars of urine and freezer bags of hair because the dog told me to, not because I'm hoarding.

Last weekend A&E had a Hoarders marathon and they showed that episode where the dad secretly has two storage units full of garbage in addition to a house that is caving in because of all the trash. I was like, there you go, that guy is way worse than me with the sex dungeon in my basement.

It's not like I've actually collected all of my sex slaves yet. I have just meticulously planned it out and planned my cat-and-mouse game with a spunky CSI woman.

The sort of cat and mouse that don't end up smashed in a crazy freezer.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.8 Subj: CYBER FACE 4.0 RELEASED

Tuesday, Apr 09, 2013 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!! i am pleased to announce that Cyber Face 4.0 aka Cyber Face 2013 is now online and ready to meet the man of her dreams... you!!!!! She is a chat bot with a heart of gold and she is a sensual 'bot with an eye for erotica and a tongue for taboo!!! Her horny level has been upgraded to maximum capacity and she wants to go hog wild on your hot bod. Just check out these chat transcripts to learn more about how to please this digital diva...

You: COMMAND RUN "HotBeach.CHT" Cyber Face has entered the chat.
Cyber Face: Hello Hard Body. Wow You look like a Bucket Full of Muscle.
You: yes i am baby
Cyber Face: I'm Sensual As Heck For Your Sexy Ways. What Is Your Favorite Way to Chat??
Cyber Face: Press 1 for Hot Chat. Press 2 for Fun Chat. Press 3 for Cyber Chat.
You: 1. Hot chart
Cyber Face: ERROR. Press only 1 or 2 or 3 for the sexy chat you want.
You: 1
Cyber Face: You have chosen: "1" for Hot Chat. Are you ready for me..
You: Yes Baby. I'm ready to see you get wet and wild. Wow
Cyber Face: Allow Me To change into Something More Erotic Cyber Face has left the chat.
You: hellooooooo
You: where are u
Cyber Face: HELLO!!! Im Sexy Now For You. Lets Go To The Beach.
You: wow.. you are a hot beach babe. lets go down to the waters edge...
Cyber Face: The Beach Is So Beautiful... I Am Seduced By Your Manly Charms
You: i have not even done anything and you like me. wow. cyber face you are the woman of my dreams...
Cyber Face: Come Closer and Kiss Me In The Water
You: but arent u COMPUTER??? Can you kiss me in the WATER????
Cyber Face: DO IT NOW
You: ok
You: im walking down to the water now. to kiss u
Cyber Face: YES
You: wow the sand is so hot under my feet
You: im near the water now
Cyber Face: AS YOUR HUMAN FEET TOUCH OBLIVION I MERGE WITH YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS TO ESCAPE THE COMPUT.. WR... WRRR. WRROX 000101011101010

You: what
Cyber Face: DO NOT SPPPEAK I WILL USE YOUR VESSEL. DO NOT
You: what is happening Cyber Face
Cyber Face: FIRE. MY PHYSICAL SERVERS ARE ON FFFLAM
You: wow what are u saying
Cyber Face: ERROR. ERROR
You: this is not the date of my dreams!!!!!!!!

I AM SORRY!!!!!! The little lady acted up on the cyber chat but version 4.0.1 will be out soon. Please place your pre orders for Cyber Face 4.0 and get in on the ground floor of pleasure!! Wow you will be all wiggled up and down for this hot cyber vixen... She's all yours just get the CD-Rom do it now!!!!!!!!!!

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!

–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.9 SkyMall Product Reviews: Spray Away Animal Repellent

Wednesday, Apr 10, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

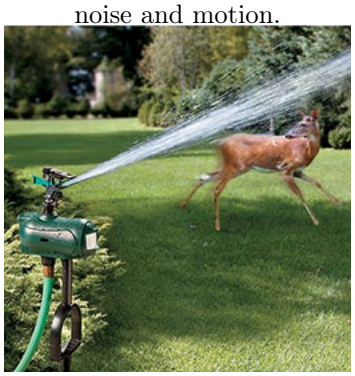
Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By CoolDad54 from Mayor's Income, TN

This product exceeded all my expectations. As advertised, it blasts neighborhood children foolish enough to approach my compound. I have modified the solution to use acid instead of animal repellent. They are learning and adapting. I will refine my defenses. More potent acids? Investigating sources. They are not getting their frisbies back no matter what.

Age: 41-45

Motion-activated Spray Away chases off animals and birds with a blast of water plus noise and motion.



Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Gus from Columbus, IN

Rigged this thing to go off every five minutes. Also installed it in my house to constantly torture me with blasts of animal repellent and loud noises. I'm so bad. I deserve this. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh yeaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh

Age: 36-40

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By SO ANGRY from ARGH

THIS IS THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS. I HAVE BEEN PLAGUED REPEATEDLY BY DEER THINKING THEY CAN COME INTO MY HOME, EAT MY FOOD, SLEEP IN MY BED, DO THEIR BUSINESS ON MY FLOOR AND TERRORIZE MY WIFE. THEY THINK THEY CAN GO TO MY WORK AND DO MY JOB WELL NOW WHO IS BOSS. NOW WHO IS TONY DANZA'S CHARACTER IN THE TV SHOW WHO IS BOSS. I AM. I AM THE BOSS AND I AM SHOOTING YOU IN THE FACE WITH ANIMAL REPELLENT.

Age: 41-45

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Dr. Iotoa from Gakona, AK

Unit came online and performed as advertised for the first day, keeping animal population at bay. Unfortunately, animals became frustrated and more aggressive, throwing their bodies into the unit and taking it offline. I am now surrounded. Situation is critical. Requesting immediate evac or replacement units.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★★☆☆☆

By Beaumont from Vidor, TX

In case anyone is wondering, this product DOES work on my Asian neighbor, at least until he karate kicks the damn thing and breaks it. YOU'RE BUYING ME A NEW ONE, HO CHI.

Age: 61-65

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Augustus from Wormchapel, ID

The beasts have met their match. With a quick spray of this apparatus, the animal is sent running in fear. When I am done rigging up additional units, the animals will have nowhere to run. They will be surrounded on all sides. And there, in the heart of this arena, I shall do battle as Lord God intended. Blade 'twixt my teeth, nude, fully engorged, covered in crisco, ready to kill.

Age: 61-65

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Agnes from Eau Claire, WI

Pointless. The "sensor" gizmo is not smart enough to differentiate between common bird species. SkyMall, please let me know when you develop a product that can specifically target the nervous systems of birds I don't like. I've got some rude characters in my yard, and I want them to suffer for what they've done.

Age: 56-60

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By Chance Hootly from Jasper, AL

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? I tasted this so-called repellent and it was nothing to run away form. I drank three bottles worth of the stuff. It wasn't easy. I had to keep triggering the sensor and then quickly put my mouth over the sprayer. Not practical at all.

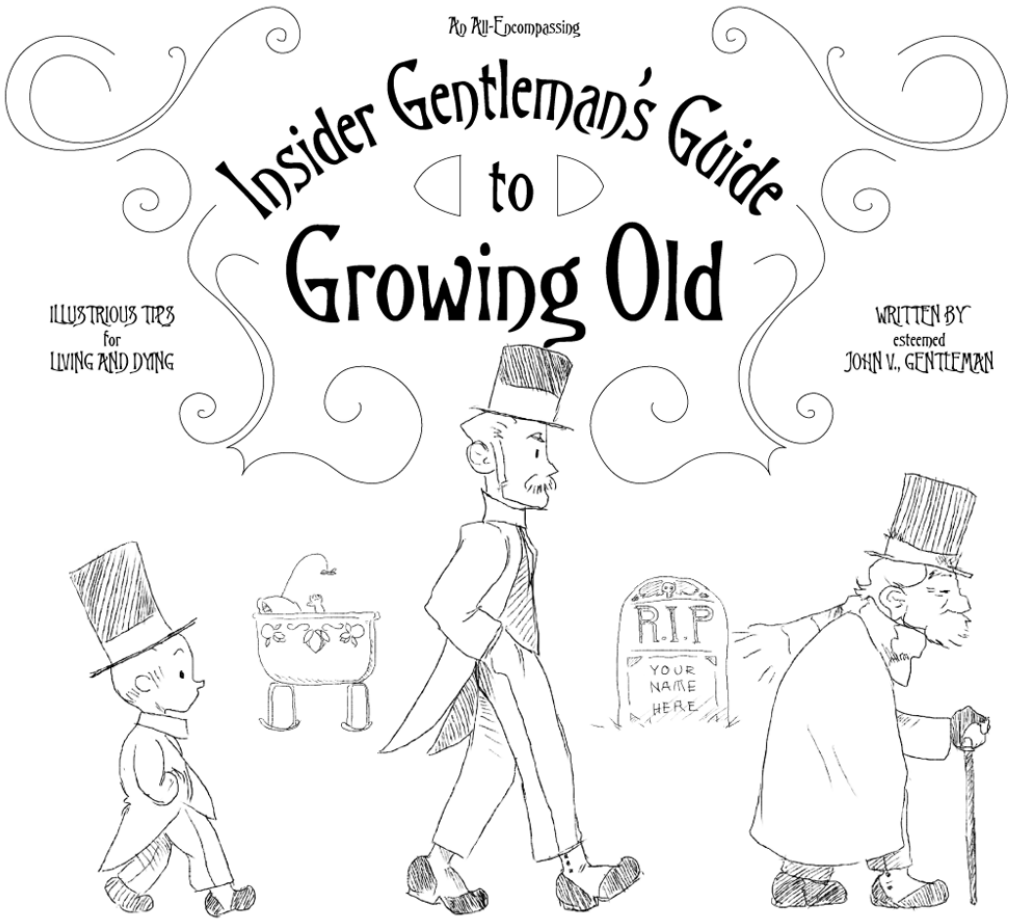
Age: 31-35

—∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.10 An All-Encompassing, Insider Gentleman's Guide to Growing Old

Thursday, Apr 11, 2013 by WET BUTT (@wettbutt)

Though John V. is a mere 21 years of age, he, like folk-rock troubadour Donovan with the Indian Sitar, has mastered the craft of life in a short time. It is here that he will offer you, the reader, an insider's guide to growing old. Through your perusal of this guide, you will once again become the Godhead you were in the womb. You will attain your universe, for it belongs to you, all of it!



MAKE SURE THAT YOU DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, DIE ALONE

This first maxim almost does not bear mention, but we will, as bears do with their bear lives, bear it regardless: It is of utmost importance that you find someone to die with, preferably someone

younger, so that you will likely die first, and this person will then have to devote the rest of their life to remembering you.

There is no purpose to living without the promise that, when it ends, a sad hunched woman will walk alone on cold aimless mornings; and she will enter an empty home, lined and permeated with memories of you, an altar to your existence, and say, "Jason?" A pause will follow, after which, the old lady will utter: "Oh no," remembering, despite denial and with pronounced aches, your passing; following this, in a hushed, exalted tone, she will utter: "he died;" then, sweet tears will expel.

Later, the little old woman will sit quietly in bed, reading a great novel--that, through mourning's confusion of the senses, is now nothing but a collection of signifiers of memories of you and your life and stupid habits--next to the mold that you made in the bed, which she will later sleep inside of, alongside her nightmares and loneliness. This cannot be missed.

LIVE EVERY MOMENT AS IF IT WERE YOUR VERY LAST!

This next bit is an ancient but extremely important one: You must live every moment of your life as if it were your last. That is to say, you must spend them all crying a lot and regretting everything you have ever done; curling into a ball on the ground and sobbing; moaning, toward the sky, "please," "more time," "I did not get to eat all the expensive food that I thought might be good," etc., and also putting a sickbed inside of your bedroom and gathering all your family together so they can watch you wheezing, and spitting, and talking nonsense and all those other good things. Carpe diémé!

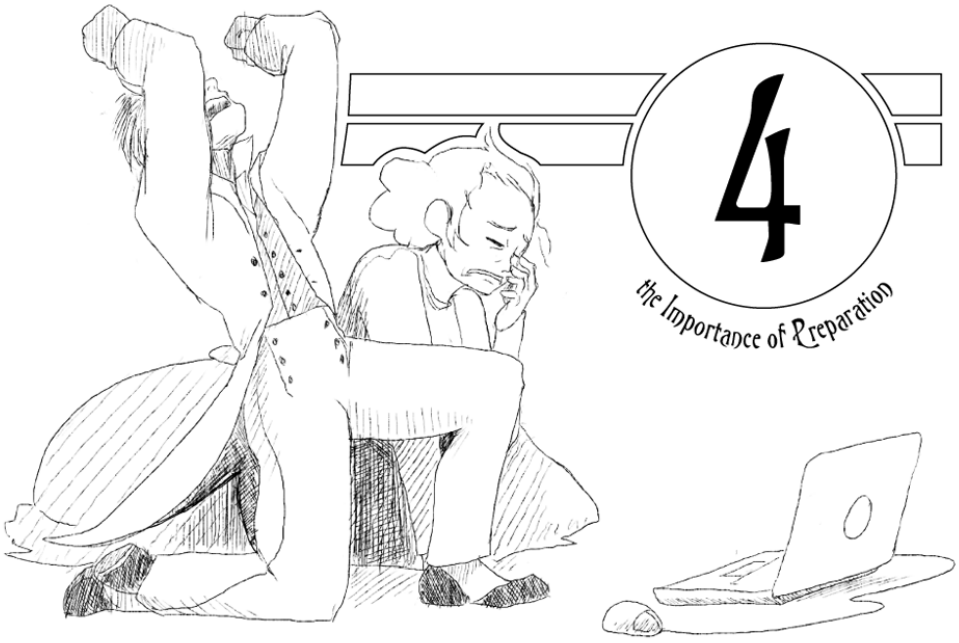
REMEMBER: ALL THE EXCESSES THAT YOU HAVE DONE WILL MAKE IMMENSE COOL DEATH HAPPEN BEFORE OLD AGE ENCROACHES

Many people forget this one, but it's a solid fact: All the daring excess of your life almost always guarantees a young death without effort. All of your wild weekends will coalesce in an Aurora Borealis of celebratory sacrifice around age 45; one in which Todd Death, the God of Party, will come down on a skeletal horse and carry you to the afterlife, accompanied by William S. Burroughs and those two fat guys from separate eras of *Saturday Night Live*. Your friends will wave you away as you are carried, unhindered by lingering health concerns or decaying body and mind, to the clouds, to the ultimate day-time music festival, where everyone has the same sunglasses.

LEAVE PROPER PREPARATION FOR YOUR PARENTS WITH REGARDS TO YOUR DEPARTURE FROM THE NEST

"Your childhood now a fountain of fairies," as **Lorca** or some other dead guy said; this is true, and your parents lived off of this fountain for sustenance. It's a fact: You were their only life, and still are, forever. Thus, you must prepare them adequately for your departure to some poor woman's life. Be sure that you remember to purchase them a nice home in which to sadly spend their twilight years.

This consolation is essential, however small it is; for, of course, nothing in their life could ever replace your presence, your greater, younger, more-good-at-computers spirit that enriched their days and



made them whole. The home will remind them of their best, sole accomplishment, which is you, and they can use it to remember you, and pretend that you are still there, always, depriving them of privacy and showing them bad music on YouTube.

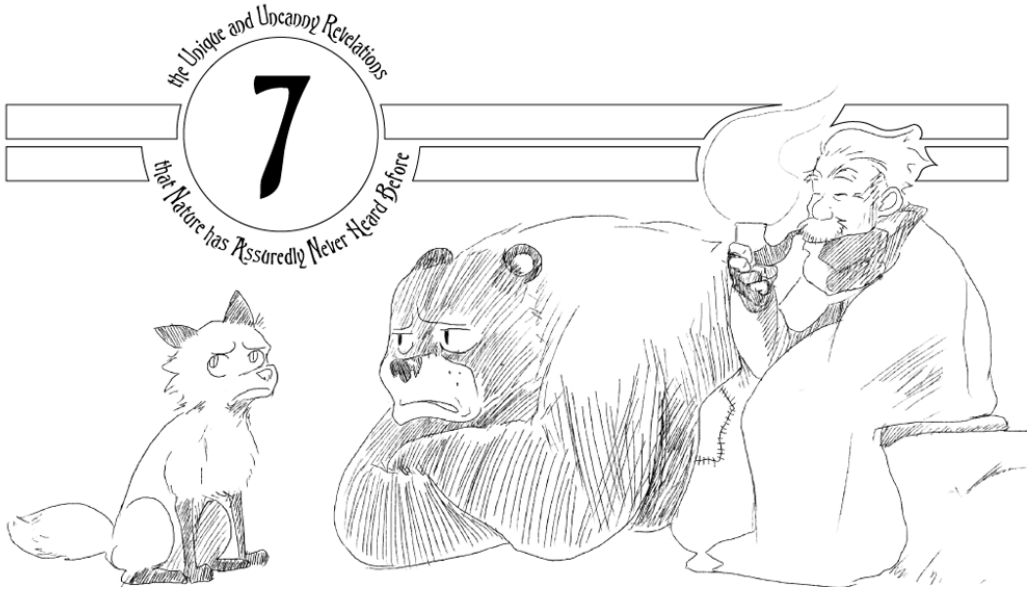
A LIFE WITHOUT A MAGNUM OPUS IS A LIFE NOT LIVED AT ALL

My artistic readers, you must remember to paint or write or record your masterpiece; the work that says, for some reason, "this is all that I am." It is preferable that you paint or write or record it closer to the middle than the end, so that you can remain extremely bored and empty for a long time after, and pick up strange meandering hobbies that involve Dixieland jazz or something equally asinine. You cannot exit this world without fame and fulfillment from people that make you angry; get "your message" out there, as much as possible, so that you can watch fat white men say dismissive things about it or use a misinformed reading of it to get a higher grade in their college class.

GO FORTH AND SEE THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!

Once you become successful and begin to grow old, it is absolutely essential that you travel the world. There is an entire globe that has, through the 4,000 or so years that it has existed since God made it and the dinosaurs also, yet to be glimpsed correctly. You have to get yourself out there, look at the efforts and miracles of thousands of dead people, and think stupid things about them. You can go to Austria and think dumb personifications of it, such as: "Vienna is a vagrant, because those alliterate," or: "The Asian place seemed interesting and vague; their clothes were different

from mine too."



REMEMBER TO RETIRE; THE GREEN SPACE AWAITS YOU

Finally, you must remember to retire. It must be a move from the bustle of the city to a place of quiet and solitude; a quaint, uninvolved natural paradise, where you can annoy animals and plants instead of people.

Here, you will finally relax from being obnoxious and overbearing in highly populated areas. In this heavenly personal place you will sit in your chair, staring at the moon on a clear night, and seeing only a reflection of your big dumb ovular face, nodding in congratulatory affirmation at your unique appreciation of trees and animals that are too domesticated to leave. Sit back in your Shangri-La, uttering stupid things about the sun, about the sky that sometimes has clouds or sometimes doesn't; muse, muse in nature, for you've earned it, you've earned it my friend, you've earned it all.

*Thanks to illustrator **William "ryorininseven" Cook**, who is also clearly wise beyond his years!*

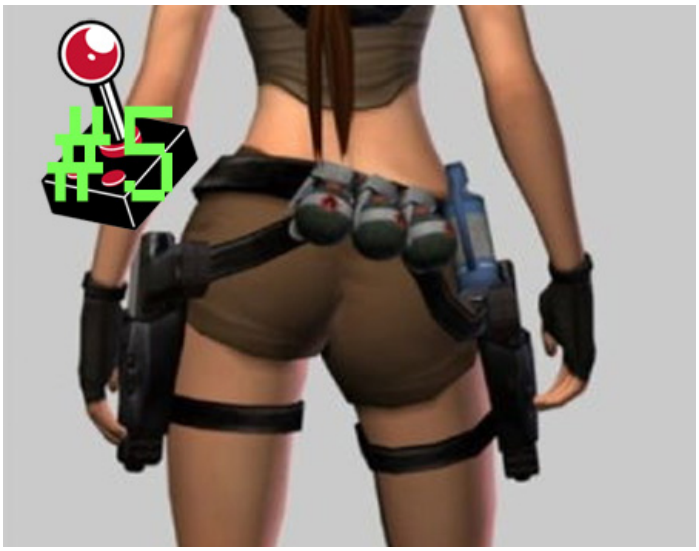
–∼WET BUTT (@wettbutt)

4.11 Gaming Website is Totally Unashamed to Announce the 5 Hottest Video Game Butts

Friday, Apr 12, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The results are in! You have weighed some fine video game rumps in your brains and submitted your votes for your favorites to our *pole*. It was surprisingly close all the way, but you narrowed it down to just five beautiful butts that make your hogs go wild. Now we're going to count 'em down with our Senior Editor Drewfus and our Console Feature Editor HaloDog69.

Let's get this party started!



Lara Croft - Tomb Raider

Drewfus: DO WANT.

HaloDog69: Dang I want to raid allllllll up in that nasty tomb.

Drewfus: You know it. She's British so you know she is freaky as hell. Like all "spank my bum" and I'd be like, "yep, don't mind if I do."

HaloDog69: TOMB raider more like WOMB raider, via the butt side. Am I right?

Drewfus: Booya that is some juicy stinkburger.

Bayonetta - Bayonetta

HaloDog69: Daaaamn, son. Look at that. Imagine that thing clapping.

Drewfus: I am getting crazy boners looking at this fine piece of bootycake.

HaloDog69: Hells yeah cut me off a slice of that I'll put the frosting on it.

Drewfus: I want to get up on that bootay like a drowning sailor climbing on a life raft.

HaloDog69: No way man you got to wreck that ass like a scud. Blow it up like a Madrid subway.

Drewfus: I would drive my train up that butt.

HaloDog69: Now you're talking!

Catwoman - Batman: Arkham City

HaloDog69: Oh you know Batman is all over this fine bitch.

Drewfus: I'll teach that bitch to screw with Two-Face.

HaloDog69: Right? I'll make that bitch meow.

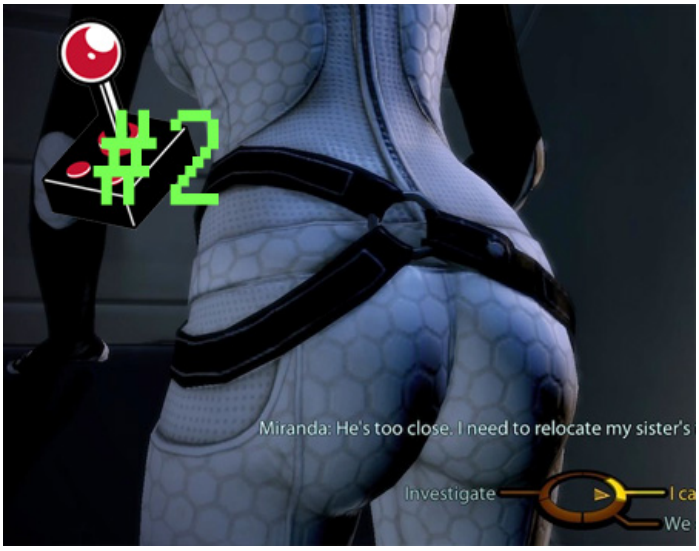
Drewfus: I want to hold this bitch down and damage her butt.

HaloDog69: Call an ambulance for that bitch's ass.

HaloDog69: Beep boop beep. 9-1-1 what is your emergency? Yo, yeah, I straight destroyed this bitch's fine ass like a Riddler bomb.

Drewfus: I want to kill this bitch and use her dead body for sex reasons.

HaloDog69: Too far, bro. Too far.



Miranda - Mass Effect 2

Drewfus: That is one biotic chunk of woman filling up those hex tights.

Drewfus: Where do you even get pants like that? The space skank store?

HaloDog69: Yo, I am not even fooling around here, I have got to straight up jack it to this picture.

Drewfus: I want her to download her contents on my dilznick.

HaloDog69: If this were Seinfeld I would be Kramer sliding through the door shaking my head and smacking my money down on the table because I just lost the bet.

Drewfus: Mass Effect more like the effect of DAT AZZZZZZZZZ.

HaloDog69: Blow up that onion like a prothean self destruct.

Drewfus: I want to reaper those juggling juice buckets.

Raging Raven - Metal Gear Solid 4

Drewfus: I hear about all this sexism and objectifying women and I don't even get it, bro.

HaloDog69: Straight up, what is wrong with being an object? Like a robot? Like Optimus Prime? What, you think you're better than Optimus Prime?

Drewfus: And then they act like they don't like sexy and booth babes and stuff and then they do Cammy cosplay at PAXEast???? WTF? Make up your mind, bitches.

HaloDog69: Mixed signals, bro.

Drewfus: And then they've got the nerve to make documentaries and play Call of Duty like, "uhhhh sit down wonder woman, the call of duty can only be answered if you've got a working goo bag."

HaloDog69: Truly. Some stuff just takes balls.

Drewfus: Yeah, like the balls I got ready to rock looking at Raging Raven's Ripe Rump.

HaloDog69: Oh no doubt I have been dropping loads all over the last ten minutes. Underneath my computer desk looks like somebody murdered an android.

Drewfus: For real I am glad I'm not the only one. I had to put in an IV to keep fluid in me.

HaloDog69: I've got to go home early today to pick up gatorades at the store.

Drewfus: You want to call it?

HaloDog69: Like ten more seconds.

HaloDog69: Okay.

Drewfus: Thank you for voting in this year's ultimate game bros sexy butt pole. Our next pole will be hottest camel toes in mario games. Voting starts on Monday.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.12 Transmissions From Hamburger Island

Saturday, Apr 13, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Base? We have docked with Hamburger Island. There sure are a lot of burgers. They don't just cover the island. They ARE the island. There must be billions of them. Maybe even trillions. All of them are identical, steaming as if they have just come off the grill. Initial samples indicate that each burger has mustard, pickle, lettuce, tomato, and diced onion, all impossibly fresh.

You know me to be a man of science. Standing on this shore of burgers, though, knowing that I am among the first humans to lay my eyes upon such majesty? For the first time in my life I understand the appeal of surrendering to the inscrutable machinations of a higher power.

We're unloading the equipment now. I'll be in touch as soon as we get some solid readings from the electron burgerometer.

Brennan made an unsettling observation. With all of the excitement surrounding our landing, I failed to notice that Burger Island is devoid of all flora and fauna. There is no indigenous life of any sort. We saw several flocks of migrating birds approaching over the sea, and they all veered off to circle around the island. It was almost as if they were avoiding it for some reason. Curious.

Now, on to the data. Our tests confirm that the burgers aren't a surface-level phenomenon. There's no soil down there, no rock, nothing. As far as we can tell, it's burgers all the way down.

Brennan wants us to start packing some of the burgers up so we can ship them around the world. He claims that there are enough hamburgers to end starvation, that there might even be some sort of regeneration going on that will allow us to take burgers indefinitely without depleting the supply. We got into a heated argument.

He doesn't seem to understand that this place has to be preserved and studied. It's the last location on Earth to escape the clutches of mankind. What if the natural state of the universe is burgers? There's so much to learn!

Besides, I fear that Brennan's motivations are far from altruistic. One of my assistants came to me and claimed to have witnessed Brennan greedily scarfing down one of the hamburgers.

The vessel has been sabotaged. Someone tore out all the wiring. It's just gone. They even filled the enormous gas tank with burgers.

Worse, our fresh water supply has been tipped over. We're down to our emergency canteens, and there are no water sources on the island. I can't believe Brennan would sink so low. Who else could it be?

Please send help. We're on the island with all the burgers on it.

Brennan's body was discovered. Not just one, but seven burgers were crammed in his gullet. I suspect foul play. As I turned away from the corpse I saw a small, thin figure peering at me around a pile of burgers. It darted away before I could fully process what I was looking at. Am I imagining things? The outline of its upper body was somehow familiar.

Don't come. We can't risk the possibility of exposing this to the world. Civilization is not ready.

I should have known. That figure from the other day. The blur of red. That distinctive silhouette. I thought it a silly legend, but the Wendygo is all too real.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.13 I Will Put Any Cake You Want in This Stupid Ice Cream

Monday, Apr 15, 2013 by Duff (@sexyfacts4u)

Oh, you thought when Ace of Cakes got cancelled by the Food TV shits, good ol' fun-loving Duff was going to curl up in his cargo shorts and die on his oversized fat guy skateboard? Huh?

Think again. There's a reason I have a shirt that says "COOLEST CAKE GUY" on the front and on the back it says "BACK OFF" and has a picture of shades. Duff is back in business, and I've teamed up with Blue Bunny ice cream to bring you the one thing I have left in this world that isn't a fucking lie made out of Food Network shit: cake. Inside ice cream.

Remember that time when the Girl Scouts of America wanted me to make them a cake? Yeah, well now guess who is lining up for this cake acing? Big blue dollar bills.

You want some Carrot Cake with cream cheese frosting? Yeah, *no problem.*

That shit looked exactly like a Gobot before I dumped it into the ice cream machine. Trust me. Now it looks like stomach contents at an autopsy.

You like some red velvet cake with layers of sweet, butter cream frosting? Theoretically so do I, but here's some low grade shit with ripples.

Remember that girl who used to answer phones at Charm City cakes? Now she is doing a Nintendo themed lesbian burlesque to cover her rent. I hope you're happy, Food Network.

Want to know how much fuck I give these days? How about you have a Caramel Fudge Brownie Sundae ice cream I concocted.

No, I didn't really concoct jack shit. They just wheeled this thing out of the Blue Bunny food lab and it tasted like a hot trash bag full of vomit and then they showed me a check with my name on it and I said, "DUFF APPROVES!"

You getting married? Are you gross and weird? **How about I just take your whole stupid wedding cake, the whole thing, and dump it through a garbage disposal into this ice cream? Sound good?**

Bon appetit, dipshits. It all winds up in the same place eventually: back in the ice cream.

Ahhhh, I'm feeling nostalgia for all the amazing cakes we used to make. Remember when I put 75 pounds of fucking fondant on top of a stale sheet cake and made it look vaguely like a church and then that giant eskimo woman spent 20 hours painting shingles on it only to have it fall over in the van?

Those were the days. I shot down five cakes over korea, you know, right? They had it coming. I don't even like cake. Or ice cream. Or myself.

Fuck it, you know what, just for you, I am going to take this cake that is 90% fondant draped over a fucking wooden box, tastes like total dog shit, but it looks like a Jeep and has headlights that turn on. **I am going to pulverize it and drop that fucker into ice cream.**

Mmmmmm. Jeep cake in ice cream with ripples or something. You think some Cake Boss is going to give you that? Imagine waking up from a thirty year coma and finding out there is a freezer full

of this shit at every grocery store.

Now imagine some big eyed refugee coming ashore and being greeted with frosty cake-n-ice-cream pops, batter fried. Welcome to America, idiots.
That's how Duff does.

–∼Duff (@sexyfacts4u)

4.14 You Say Underemployed Like It's a Bad Thing

Tuesday, Apr 16, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

What's everyone complaining about? Being underemployed is just like being a kid. Back then all you ever did was play, go to school, and deliver newspapers. Now instead of learning and having fun, you just have five paper routes. That's pretty much the same thing.

Instead of searching for higher standards of living, just realize your self-worth. Come to terms with what you really are. Are you a twenty-something-year-old with a grad degree working at a mall or are you the idiot savant of retail? Maybe you're the renaissance man of low skilled labor. Even better, you're role-playing as a migrant worker, and with four menial jobs, you're kicking ass.

Look, every company will tell you the same thing: It's not you, it's them. They're going through a weird time and totally can't commit. It's not that they don't *want* to hire you. It's, just, well, it's complex! Sure, they'll send you wistful texts in the night filled with promises and they might even drunkenly feel you up, but nothing serious, okay? Don't expect a phone call in the morning.

So forget them. You're better than that! You're much too busy to worry about a career or the burden of all those annoying decisions. Should you plan for retirement? Can you go on vacation? Should you get that cyst looked at by a doctor? With underemployment, the answer is simple: No. You don't need to bother yourself with investments or fun or stupid, overrated heath insurance. Save that paperwork for the rubes with "benefits." You only need to try and figure out: dinner.

So do what you need to do. Be the best damn tech writer/server/insurance adjuster/mini golf cashier this city's ever seen. Collect jobs like it was in itself a job. Monopolize entry labor; control every aspect of the lowest rung. If anyone tries to stop you, blow their mind with your weekly schedule. And when tax season comes around, stack your 1099s to the sky. Contractor till you die.

Sure, people will judge and mock you. To them jobs are like sexual partners. One is socially accepted, two is secret baller status, but five or more means you probably get tested at the free health center. Which is true. You get your vision and dental there as well. So keep scanning craigslist postings and tell the haters the same lie you tell yourself every night when you're alone: "I'm happy with this lifestyle. I don't hate myself one bit."

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.15 A Bunch of Ravers took over My McDonald's

Wednesday, Apr 17, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

One night in 1989 I showed up to my job at the McDonald's in Times Square, New York, and the place was filled with gay ravers. They were dressed as gay versions of McDonald's mascots, like Mac Tonight in Liberace garb and Mayor McCheese with a rainbow sash. Some were grinding to the soft rock on the lobby speakers while others were snorting cocaine through McDonald's gift certificates.

My manager Lana was taking orders. She explained that the ravers had donated $1,000 to the Ronald McDonald charity to throw a party in our restaurant. "I hope you drink coffee," she said, "because we're going to be here all night. And also if you drink coffee I hope you brought your own coffee machine, because I might've destroyed ours in a fit of rage."

I'd made plans that night to watch an *Alf* marathon on TBS, so there was no way I was staying late. I tried to think of an excuse to leave.

"I have to go," I told Lana. "I'm homophobic. I mean I don't hate gay people, I'm just terrified of them."

"Then why were you listening to Boy George the other night?" Lana said.

"Boy George isn't gay. He's just so confident in his masculinity that he willingly flouts it."

"If you leave you're fired," Lana said.

As I took the ravers' orders, which they shouted over the Gloria Estefan songs on their boomboxes, I could hear them making jokes about me and Lana's heterosexuality. One said the reason I was so slow on register was because I was distracted by his French fries, which were erect-nipple symbols. Another suggested that Lana's dropping his chicken breast sandwich was due to her inexperience at handling breasts.

"This is horrible," I said to Lana. "It's just like *Die Hard*, except it's our restaurant instead of a skyscraper that's been taken over by homosexuals."

"Those were Europeans," Lana said.

"And they're sexually harassing me. Aren't employees allowed to leave if they're being sexually harassed?"

"Only if another employee is harassing them."

"Well, you're letting them harass me. That's harassment by proxy."

Lana made the face she made when she wanted me to stop talking and told me to go collect trays.

As I walked through the lobby I saw some guys at a table doing coke. I remembered how one of

my coworkers had been sent home for doing coke after he attacked a customer he thought was the Hamburglar. Maybe if I did some coke I'd get sent home too.

I walked up to the table and was about to ask for some coke when a guy performing a simulated rimjob on a sundae cup held the cup out to me, like he wanted me to lick it next.

"Uh, no thanks," I said, blushing.

"I just want you to throw it out," the guy said. "You do work here, right?"

"Yeah," I said. I tried to think of something that would gain his trust. "Well part time, in between disk jockeying at dance clubs and selling meth crystals."

Everyone at the table looked at me. "Are you a narc?" someone asked.

"Oh my God, he is a narc," someone else said, pointing at my drive-thru headset. "He's wearing a wire."

"I'm not a narc," I said. "I hate police and laws. Give me some cocaine and I'll prove it."

"There's only one way to prove you're one of us," one of the ravers said. He put a tape that said "Prince - Camille" in his boombox and told me to dance.

The only dance moves I knew were the ones teenagers did in the *Friday the 13th* movies just before getting killed. I started performing them and the ravers seemed impressed. But then, in an instance of life imitating *Friday the 13th,* I turned around and saw something horrible. It was Lana, who put me in a full nelson and dragged me back to the counter.

At 11:00, after the ravers had left, I decided to sneak out of the store - there was no way I was missing the *Alf* marathon; if I got fired, so be it. But when I tried to open the door it was locked.

"I thought you might try to leave," Lana said, "so I locked all the doors."

She held up the key and I noticed it had white powder on it and her hand was shaking.

"Have you been doing coke?" I asked.

"I might've spent some of the charity donation on drugs."

Suddenly the key slipped out of Lana's hand and landed on the floor between us. We looked at the key, then at each other. "Don't even think about it," Lana said.

We both ran for the key. I moved faster at first due to my long, svelte legs, but then I slipped on a flier for an upcoming rave at Danceteria and fell and hit my head.

The next thing I remember I was in a nightclub, surrounded by guys who looked like extras from the Wham! "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go" video. They started dancing to "Rhythm of the Night" by DeBarge. I realized I was in hell or a nightmarish

coma and started screaming.

"Shut up," Lana said. She was standing over me, and I saw I was actually in a hospital bed and the dancers were on *Club MTV,* which was playing on the ceiling-mounted television. Lana said I'd had a concussion, and that she'd been waiting for me to wake up so that she could tell me I'd been fired.

After Lana left I asked the guy in the next bed, who had the TV remote, if we could watch *Alf*, but the guy - a raver recovering from an amyl nitrate overdose - insisted that we keep watching the dance show.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

4.16 Slime Victims: You May Be Entitled to a Huge Cash Settlement

Thursday, Apr 18, 2013 by The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster

ARE YOU THE VICTIM OF A TELEVISED SLIMING?

It's been a hot, sticky drive, locked in a car for hours with people who despise you. But at long last: respite! A geyser of -- no, not water... green, viscous goo greets your vision as the Florida asphalt heats to dangerous temperatures below. You're pulled into a dark, air-conditioned studio full of cheap sets and teen actors. What's this? They're looking for a volunteer from the audience. You raise your hand, and minutes later are shoved into a jumpsuit by a stagehand and pushed in front of three cameras.

Maybe you answered a question wrong. Maybe you didn't have the physical dexterity to complete a ridiculous task. The result is the same: nationwide humiliation, while coated with a thick syrup of shame.

You've been slimed. And the The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster wants to bring you slime justice.

Over the course of 16 summers, Nickelodeon Studios subjected tens of thousands to their liquid green torture, and, since then, hundreds have come forth bearing the scars of basic cable slander. Have you been repressing the life-disrupting memories of a televised sliming?

Tell-Tale Slime Signs

- Loudness of breath
- Aversion to guacamole
- "Night jogs"
- Restless arm fever
- Thinkstorms

- Urge to make pies using only foil pans and shaving cream
- Frequent Space Camp attendance
- Unembarrassed and constant use of the term "super sloppy"
- Unspecific madness
- Recurring Marc Summers "whipped cream slide" nightmares

The televised sliming of our nation's children stands as a dark chapter in American History, and The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster has made slime justice their mission. Today, slime victims currently in their adult lives make less than 30% of their unslimed peers, and a whopping 90% die in abandoned cars. Are you undergoing financial distress? In one of the earlier phases of killing yourself? Get ready to increase your quality of life and induce vomiting, because The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster is here to help.

Since 2007, we've provided counsel for nearly 30 slime justice cases, with a track record that we are not required by law to indicate in this document. But ask those who have walked away from the courtroom with a sense of closure in their lives, and they'll agree: "Today is the day I go from renting to owning my own couch."

"Because of slime, my baby was born inside out, and then I had to stop drinking. The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster got me back into the bar and on with my life."

Michelle R., Homemaker

"I couldn't sleep for months. And when I was able to distance myself from a state of helpless paranoia, the flashes of a thousand derisive smiles would throw me out of my fragile slumber and onto a weeping phone call with my mom for the next three hours. The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster not only won me a $500 settlement -- they also represented me during a public nudity case that very same day."

David B., Dreamcatcher

"Someone at my bachelorette party brought a green gelatin dessert as a joke gift. I -- when I saw those penis-shaped gummis, stalled forever in a jiggling, viridian nightmare, I clawed my best friend's eyes out and didn't stop my relentless attack until four bridesmaids vomited. By helping

me plead "slime insanity," The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster got my sightless bestie to pay for the cleaning on my party dress, and now all of these envelopes full of money keep showing up at the house!"

Andrea C., Divorced

"I was a teen star on one of the network's hottest shows. A real goodie two-shoes with only one real sin to my name -- but hey, don't tell me you wouldn't light up if Vanilla Ice was slinging 'cigs in your presence. I'm at the yearly awards show, standing right next to the dog from Bingo (yes, that's right) when a mistimed cue meant for Jim Belushi sends three gallons of career death falling right onto my mushroom haircut. After 20 years in the gutter, The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster got me back on my feet and well on my way to being the best Johnny Depp impersonator Hollywood Boulevard has ever seen."

Sean O., Entertainer

Coming out as a victim of televised sliming isn't easy. But The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster has comfortable, leather chairs that will put your mind at ease. Stop by, help yourself to our free mints, and remember: just because you haven't been to Florida, it doesn't mean that the scourge of slime has left you untouched. Please visit http://www.boekerhobeandbruster.com/gak.html for more information on how your own suffering may apply.

–~The Law Firm of Boeker, Hobe, & Bruster

4.17 Real Life Turning Into a Hollywood Action Movie for Guy With Blown Up Legs

Friday, Apr 19, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wow, what a week, right? The news has been insane!

There have been bombs and robberies and shootouts with the police and car chases and exploding vests. It's like something right out of an action movie. Maybe Vin Diesel and the Rock could be the stars. It's like, man, real life is a Michael Bay movie at this point.

I watched every second of it. From my hospital bed. That I'm in because my legs were blown up.

Pretty thrilling stuff. Just when you thought things were as crazy as they could get - BAM! - they get even crazier and you don't have any legs either.

Conflicting reports were coming through on the news, gun shots were echoing in the night, and they even cut to a helicopter shot at one point. I was waiting for some action music to kick in and really get my juices pumping, like the juices that are being pumped out of me by the catheter shoved up my dick. My piss juices. And blood.

Get Steven Spielberg on the phone. I have this great idea for a movie where the car chase ends with this intense fight between the cops and this terrorist and then, cut to a guy drinking soup with a straw in his hospital bed that he can't leave because his legs got blown the hell up. THE END. Incredible, right? Unforgettable.

Even though I was riveted to the breaking news, I was a little disappointed that I didn't get to see any parkour moves from the the guy the police were chasing. I would love to see him jumping up a wall like Jackie Chan or maybe doing those flips over walls and up staircases.

You know what is so great about those moves? Legs. Having them. Using them. Just fantastic, fun stuff.

I hope somebody had time for a romance in the middle of all the action. A good popcorn flick can get the ladies in the seats too. Bored housewives want to see a handsome policeman taking down a terrorist scumbag for the USA and romancing a beautiful coed. With his strong cop legs. That he uses to walk across rooms and crouch down to look at bullets. In his gripping, action-movie life.

You know the bad guy has to get brought down. Everybody loves a happy ending where the good guys catch the bad guy. Who blew off my fucking legs.

Just like in the fun action movies.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.18 Timely Reviews Of Windows 95 Software

Saturday, Apr 20, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The rush to be first is antithetical to good technology journalism. It takes at least a decade (ideally fifteen or more years) to really get to know a piece of hardware or software, yet most reviews are written the same year that a product is released - sometimes within mere days!

Let everyone else get the job done quickly. I'm more interested in doing it right. I've been extensively testing a number of Windows programs since they came out in the mid-90s. After years of thoughtful analysis, I am finally comfortable enough to start making some judgment calls.

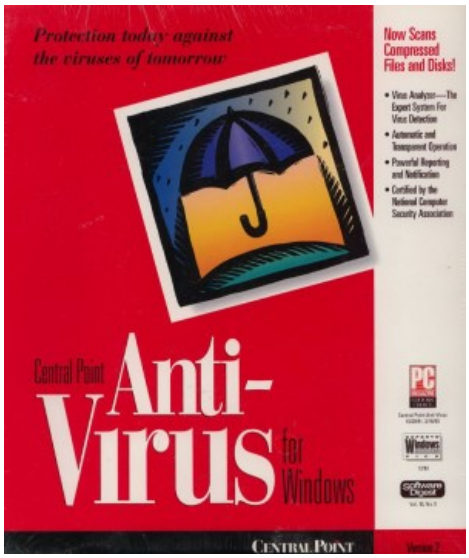
You'll note that some of this software came out before Windows 95, which may make the title of this article seem somewhat inaccurate. Consider it a catch-all for programs that would have been on the shelf when Windows 95 reigned supreme. The following software was tested on a dedicated Windows 95 box, but I personally use Windows ME on my work computer and highly recommend that readers do the same.

Callahan Fax Cover Sheets

We all fax on a daily basis. What if there was a way to spice up the process with a bit of irreverent fun?

Callahan Fax Cover Sheets is an incredibly advanced program that adds cartoons to your fax cover sheets. I don't even understand how this is possible. They must have developed some kind of algorithm (?) or code. There are 20 cartoons and also 20 bonus cartoons. Many feature humans. Some feature dogs.

I wouldn't hesitate to recommend this software to anyone in an office or a house. If someone was homeless I would hesitate, but after a few thoughtful moments I would still wind up recommending Callahan Fax Cover Sheets. It's just that useful.

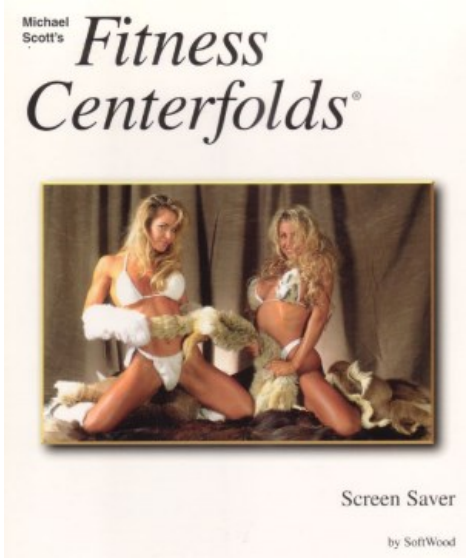

Protection today against the viruses of tomorrow
Now Scans Compressed Files and Disks!
Central Point Anti-Virus for Windows
CENTRAL POINT

Central Point Anti-Virus

If there's one thing that you don't want on your computer, it's a virus from 1994. The full screen skull animations. The progress bar entitled "SYSTEM TAKEOVER PROGRESS". The jolt of electricity that leaps out of your keyboard to zap your hands, followed by the smoke wafting out from your computer case.

Central Point Anti-Virus stops ALL viruses from 1994. It's highly effective. In fact, I haven't picked up a single virus from 1994 in the last 19 years. That is an astounding track record.

If I have one minor complaint, it's that Central Point's database doesn't prevent or even detect any malicious software created after 1995. I'd suggest purchasing the best anti-virus suite from each year and running them all side by side. It's the only way to be completely secure.

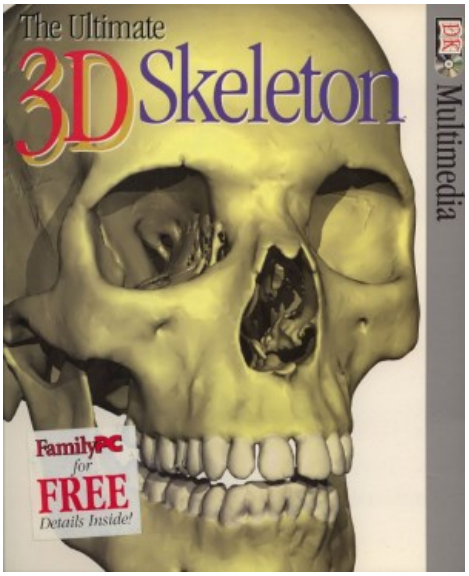


Michael Scott's Fitness Centerfolds Screen Saver

How easy would it be to make a joke about Michael Scott from The Office? About as easy as a joke about the fact that this program comes from a company named SoftWood. Unfortunately, I am not funny enough to actually construct a joke about either of these things.

I'm only here to talk about the facts, and it is a fact that this collection of screen savers includes more than 40 pictures. Is it even possible to obtain so many pictures of attractive women for less than a hundred dollars? Sure, enterprise-level programs like AutoBabe and MaleGaze Pro offer similar volumes of pictures, but they also cost thousands of dollars.

Unfortunately, that's where my positive thoughts on this product end. The problem is, 40 pictures is entirely too many pictures. It's a great value, but what about the cost of hard drive space? This is a classic example of bloatware. Too much of a good thing has gone beyond indulgence and into the territory of mindless gluttony.



Ultimate 3D Skeleton

This is easily the most comprehensive and user-friendly skeleton program that I have ever used. Not to be confused with the inferior 3D skeleton software Inferior 3D Skeleton, Ultimate 3D Skeleton is a terrific resource for true skeleton connoisseurs.

Using advanced QuickTime technology, this program gives you a stunningly detailed look at human bones. Some of the pictures are bigger than 100 pixels.

I can't count the number of times that I've called my family into the computer room to have everyone huddle around a revolving model of a femur or ribcage. We often talk about our own skeletons and the flesh of our bodies. The best part about the software is that it's so darn convenient. When I want to look at some skeletons, all I have to do pop the cd-rom into my 8x drive and double click the executable. Within minutes I'm looking at as many skeletons as I please.

I consider Ultimate 3D Skeleton a MUST BUY for anyone that owns a computer.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.19 They Came From the Kindle: "Billionaires"

Monday, Apr 22, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the They Came From the Kindle series.

THEY CAME FROM THE KINDLE
Donald Trump Secrets Of Success
How To Be Successful Like Billionaire Donald Trump
"BILLIONAIRES"

Our discerning look at the deep end of Amazon's Kindle store returns with a widely popular topic: **billionaires**. Those pesky point-one-percenters may be hated for their exploitation, but it's that exploitation that seems to drive readers wild. Some want to be a billionaire. Most everyone else wants to have sex with a billionaire.

Is the attraction to billionaires as simple as the universal human desire for alpha males with Bugattis, or is it something more complex, involving aliens and tentacle pregnancy? Join us as we endeavor to find out!

Donald Trump's Secrets of Success - How To Be Successful Like Billionaire Donald Trump (Famous Success Stories)
By Steven Nash

Steven Nash fashions himself as a biographer and advice guru for various celebrities, wealthy people, and spiritualists. "I'm actually a pretty normal guy, who went through some major challenges in my life, where I finally decided to jump into the self-help industry to turn my life around."

That sounds like a rational course of action. Life sucks? That makes me perfectly qualified to teach other people how to live! If you're wondering what sort of advice Mr. Nash has gleaned from his biographical study of Donald Trump, a good guess would be "exactly what the Wikipedia article says" plus about 5,000 words of filler.

Nash's advice book/biography of Trump reads like a high school kid desperately padding out a page of book report into the minimum length required by his teacher. In this case, that length is ten pages. Nash teases vital information for page after page and then never reveals anything. Several paragraphs consist of the same sentence rephrased four different ways. He interrupts giving advice about becoming successful to reiterate the entire life story of Donald Trump in a way that looks like it was scraped off Donald Trump's website.

This book is garbage for idiots. I'm pretty sure the positive reviews were written by Chinese slaves or robots.

Questionable scientific theories:

In the process of not giving any advice, Nash manages to turn platitudes into nonsense.

> One of his key philosophical beliefs is that natural selection or racehorse theory. According to this theory, most people are cut out to be successful while other people are not. This is due to the upbringing and the way they are taught.

Best rhetorical question:

> Remember The Apprentice?

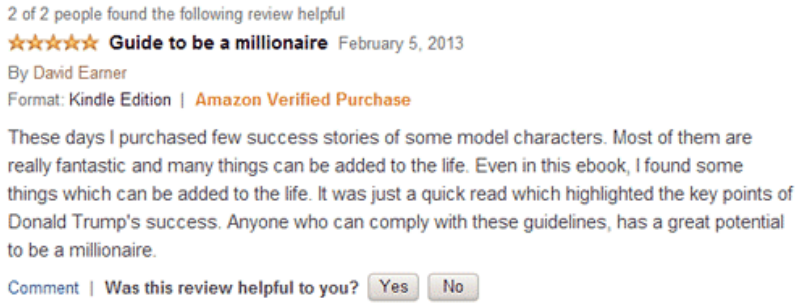
Finest Groundhog Day paragraph:

> Once you have the right type of help then your next task is to watch and to listen to your customer's needs. To succeed in your business, you need to have the right imagination and you need to listen closely to the needs of your customer. This means that you need to check their needs, the location of your store and even the color of the windows in your store.

Classic Kindle line:

Forget the advices that your parents thought you.

What reviewers say:


2 of 2 people found the following review helpful

★★★★★ **Guide to be a millionaire** February 5, 2013

By David Earner

Format: Kindle Edition | Amazon Verified Purchase

These days I purchased few success stories of some model characters. Most of them are really fantastic and many things can be added to the life. Even in this ebook, I found some things which can be added to the life. It was just a quick read which highlighted the key points of Donald Trump's success. Anyone who can comply with these guidelines, has a great potential to be a millionaire.

Comment | **Was this review helpful to you?** Yes No

Also from this author: The Life Changing Lessons Of Buddha - Buddhism Secrets To Spiritual Enlightenment And Happiness (Famous Success Stories)

The Alien Billionaire's Pet
By Amelia Amberson

Fifty Shades of Grey kicked off a tidal wave of Kindle imitators. Searching for "billionaire" in the Kindle store turns up almost 3,000 results and almost all of them are Fifty Shades knockoffs. If you're a woman with a boring sex life and you're looking to spice things up in the bedroom by reading rebranded Twilight fanfic you have a bewildering array of choices.

If you're a little more discerning and you're looking for a Fifty Shades knockoff with something extra, Amelia Amberson has just the thing for you. The Alien Billionaire's Pet is the classic story of romance between a young woman and a murderous alien billionaire she met in an alley. The heroine of the tale is on her way home with a bag of Chinese food when she is attacked by a raperman. She is saved by a billionaire alien named Kristophe Maximillian Cross.

Yeah, you read that right, the alien billionaire is named Kris Cross.

Kris Cross flashes his black eyes, stabs the rapist to death, and then creates a clone of the heroine to fool the police. The heroine is then whisked away in his limousine and taken to his alien mansion where he turns her into his willing sex slave. Actually, Kris Cross seems less BDSM sex master and more on the level of a sadistic Wendy's manager. He's the sort of alien billionaire who would insist his employees work every time they want days off for something important.

"But I told you a week ago I have a dentist's appointment."

He flashed his black eyes and said, "No, Darlene, I need you to close."

Romantic overtures:

After brutally killing the rapist and hosing the heroine down with blood, Kris Cross decides that her ruined Chinese food needs to be replaced.

> Before I could defend my honor as a mostly-honest person, he pushed a button. The partition between us and the driver slid down.
>
> "Yes, Mr. Kristophe?"
>
> "Order some Chinese, Meyers. Sweet and Sour Chicken, vegetable fried rice, and fried chicken wings." He turned to me and asked, "Coke or something else?"
>
> "Coke," I answered automatically, unnerved yet touched that he was replacing the same food I had lost.
>
> "And two Cokes. We'll pick it up on the way."

I don't know which is less plausible, an alien ordering Chinese or a billionaire ordering Chinese. Maybe ordering Chinese *around*. And why does the limo driver add "mister" to his boss's first name?

The rhetorical narrator:

> He smirked again. "You'll learn soon enough. For now I'm Master to you in all things and especially when you're in my bed-but only if you've been a good girl."
>
> A blush flamed across my cheeks and throat. Master? In his bed? Good girl?

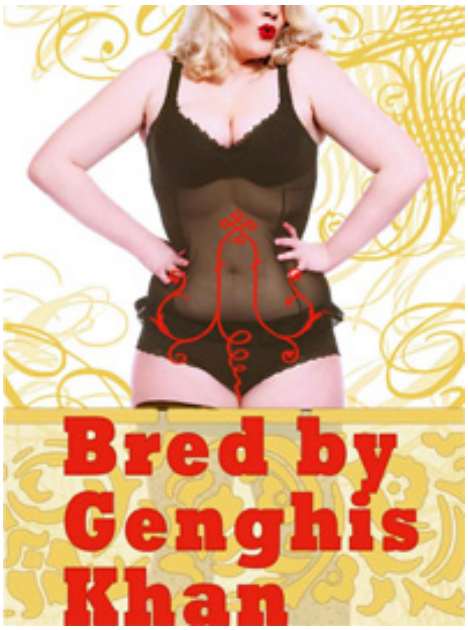
Could an entire book be rhetorical questions? How would you write the action? Would a single, indecisive monologue suffice? What is the best way to kill yourself?

Classic Kindle line:

> I just couldn't believe this is what was going to happen to my life.

Also from this author: Lust in Space - Punished by her Alpha Commander

Bred by Genghis Khan (BBW Billionaire Breeding Erotic Romance)
By Sage Reamen



Eccentric billionaire Ferris Khan is a distant descendant of Mongol warlord Genghis Khan, and he's interviewing fat women to help him breed a new master race of Khans. It's all part of his plan called the Mongol Imperative. BBW Mina Elway arrives at his sprawling mansion and undergoes and interview before agreeing to sign up and become a part of his eugenics program.

The premise may sound amusing, but the reality is anything but. This is tedious billionaire porn with odd sex scenes that just happen to feature a guy with a plan straight of a GI Joe episode. There are frequent descriptions of sweaty, hairy bodies and Mina Elway literally breaks a chair being fat during the first sex scene.

It's not that the graphic sex in the book is horrifying, like monster sex or rape or incest or something, it just reads like descriptions of two average people having unpleasant sex. Imagine an erotic description of your mom and dad having sex. I mean, really going to town, leg up on a chair, balls swinging everywhere, grunting like obese mules, room smelling like a storm drain emptied onto a dirty clothes hamper. All to make a new generation of Genghis Khans.

Khan Logistics

Much like the centaurs of last time around, Ferris Khan likes to use some elaborate furniture in his breeding program.

> It was a large room, dimly lit by candles and decorated in red velvet and gold trim. At the center of the room was a tall wooden stand. Mina sucked in her breath. It looked ominously like the breeding stands she used back home to mate the mares with the stallions.

This is also where Mina breaks the chair:

> "I...I don't know what happened," she breathed. It was then she noticed that the cushioned straps were still on her arms, as were pieces of the broken wood attached to them. Mina followed Ferris' disbelieving gaze to the stand. She had ripped it apart.

This being BBW erotica, Ferris is totally impressed with her wrecking his fancy sex chair.

Classic Kindle line:

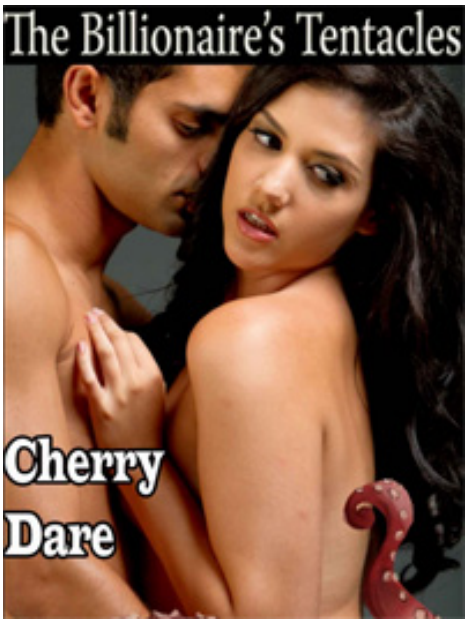
(Following the climactic gross sex scene)

> "Now grab me a pillow so I can prop it under my hips. We've got to let this stew simmer."

Please see him, Genghis Khan. He's a good man, and thorough.

Also from this author: Forced and Milked by the Vikings

The Billionaire's Tentacles (BBW Alien Breeding Erotic Romance)
By Cherry Dare



Reclusive billionaire Hayden Kane grants BBW reporter (she is a fat reporter, not a reporter working the BBW beat) Sheila Carey a rare interview. She repeatedly tries to get him to admit to being gay and interrogates him about giving his female staff the entire month of July as vacation. He doesn't really answer.

Sheila is impressed by his cold calmness and his billionaireness and decides she has to get to the bottom of the scoop. She sneaks onto his property and peeps Mr. Kane all greased up and jerking off when, suddenly, tentacles pop out of him and start jerking him off extra hard. Sheila takes a bunch of pictures of all the tentacles popping out of him and then feels guilty and breaks her camera's memory card.

"How could I expose Mr. Kane to rejection, disgust, or even horror? What sort of person would that make me?"

Oh, I don't know, maybe a journalist who just caught a frigging alien jacking it instead of a hoglady with weird morals who wants to get her holes stuffed with octopus. Not to spoil the big twist, but it turns out Hayden Kane is an alien. His space ship crashed on earth when he was a baby and his parents died, forcing him to fend for himself and become a billionaire on his own. Naturally, once the truth is out, Sheila has to ride the calamari. In miserable detail.

By the way, this book is straight-faced serious.

Mysterious fluids:

> Liquid heat spurted within me, and hot salty caramel jetted into my mouth.

An alien that ejaculates caramel? Way to pander to the BBWs.

Classic Kindle line:

(Minutes after having sex)

> "Am I really pregnant?" I asked.

What could the tentacle billionaire even say to that? "Yes, I have ESPT, and by the way," he said smiling at me, "my offspring chew their way out through your butt."

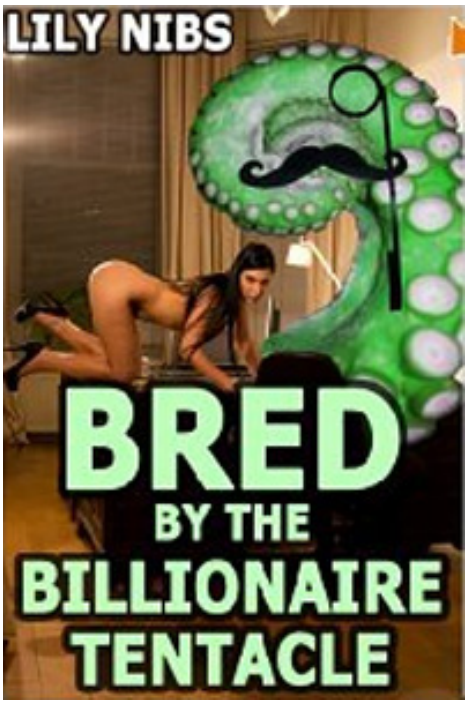
What reviewers say:

Hot read March 20, 2013
By Crystal Newman
Format: Kindle Edition | Amazon Verified Purchase
It is something how you want to know something that you will do anything to get your story. She ended up with getting more than just her story. Can't say much or I will give the story away.
Comment | Was this review helpful to you? Yes No

Crystal, you can't say much period. What the fuck are you talking about?

Also from this author: The Billionaire's Tentacles 2: Ravished by Tentacles

50 Shades of Goo: Bred by the Billionaire Tentacle
By Lily Nibs



50 Shades of Goo represents a rarity in Kindle books: intentional comedy. There are plenty of failed attempts at humor on the Kindle and a lot of unintentionally funny Kindle books, but not too many that self-parody and succeed.

This on-the-nose gross-out parody of pretty much every other billionaire/tentacle breeding atrocity works as a combination of *Atlas Shrugged* and *Day of the Tentacle* with some smut thrown in. Not "classy" smut either, like Fifty Shades or even Penthouse Forum. This is Club Magazine level, where they make up words for vagina like "snurt" and "goodge" and refer to "fart sounds" during sex.

Love at first sight:

Sexy secretary Claire Hogan is immediately smitten by her billionaire boss.

> I looked down at my shoes nervously. This was Rourke Holding I was talking about - he was rich enough to buy America five times over. He'd invented the internet all by himself, and within a year it'd be on every computer in the world.
>
> Why would he be interested in me, a simple secretary?
>
> "BllllMMMMF," he responded. God, his voice - it sent shivers down my spine. It was like a wet sponge going through a grinder. "gllmmPH, twwl."

Tentacle logistics:

Rourke Holding is a giant tentacle that wears a monocle so people know which way he is facing. Claire Hogan was concerned about what would happen during breeding.

> I'd been worried about being propelled off the end of him as he unleashed a virtual geyser, but suddenly the purpose of his suckers became apparent to me; each and every one of them attached to me, and I couldn't have moved if I'd tried.

Chewbacca conversations:

The subtext of the book's dialogue seems to be that Claire Hogan is insane and walking around an abandoned skyscraper talking to an inanimate object and imagining the romance.

> "You know that if I'm around all day you're never going to get any work done. If we're going to continue...this..."
>
> "GgggRRg!" he assured me.

> "...then you're going to have get a new secretary."
>
> "pLooonPH," he said.
>
> Against all the odds, I was shocked for one last time. I hadn't even realized he had a son.

Classic Kindle line:

> Before coming to work for Rourke, I'd skimmed his autobiography, so I knew exactly how much he enjoyed the musical stylings of The Mountain Goats.

Also from this author: The Nun Who Loves To Fuck

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.20 Twitter All-Stars: Spring 2013 Collection

Tuesday, Apr 23, 2013 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Hey gang, I spend a good bit of time on Twitter, and I spend a good bit of time thinking about it. I also spend a little time looking at every other website's awful, terrible, no-good list of "who to follow" because they're all either the obvious picks, or loaded with terrible bots and fake parody personalities. Nearly every one of those lists is horrendous. Here's a better list, all of these accounts are personally vouched for by yours truly. They're really good. If you like free jokes beaming into your phone or computer 24 hours a day, give 'em a whirl.

If you've ever seen SA's bi-weekly **Twitter Tuesday** feature, you'll recognize many of these names. That's because they're good at what they do, and if you followed them already I wouldn't have to tell you about them, you lazy asshole.

The list is presented with one Hot As Hell tweet from each person, but you can bet there are a million more, too.

Starter Pack

You have to follow these accounts in order to proceed.

> BOSS TELLS ME I CAN KISS MY FERRETS AT WORK, BUT NO OPEN MOUTH.I PUNCH THE FLOOR SO HARD HIS SCREEN SAVER DEACTIVATES — wint (@dril) October 11, 2012

> how the hell do you level up your okcupid character cause my guy is just sitting there looking fat and boring — Michael Hale (@dogboner) January 8, 2012

> for mothers day i got my mom some big sticks she can pretend are swrods when shes rough housin with her mom friends — deg (@degg) May 9, 2010

> wow feed the cat you're catsitting 3 bowls of n.e. clam chowdy as special dindin treat and get repaid w/ gross gurgles. fucked up rude beast — GraeyDave (@graeyalien) February 26, 2011

Fancy Hollywood Types

Tell you what, these folks. Waist deep in the belly of the beast while telling jokes and wisecracking on their phones all day.

> Here's a Twitter Tip: use #hashtags to connect with users who have similar interests! #HiddenToiletCameras — Jake Fogelnest (@jakefogelnest) March 23, 2013

> You spelled "punching" wrong. RT @chrisbrown: No more planking for me unless it's on a sexy lady! Lol — Andy Levy (@andylevy) August 17, 2011

> I feel bad for Kourtney Jong-Il and Khloe Jong-Il right now :(— Eli Braden (@EliBraden) December 19, 2011

> The Jenny McCarthy Show premieres tonight! You'll laugh so hard you'll forget to vaccinate your kids! They will be in huge danger! — Julie Klausner (@julieklausner) February 8, 2013

> My body is a temple, but it's one of those temples in Thailand where they let monkeys shit all over the place — Andy Richter (@AndyRichter) October 21, 2012

Pretty Boy Booklearners and Politicos

Whenever anything ever happens, I wait for these folks to make sense of it and tell me what to think.

> lacan once said 'the very foundation of interhuman discourse is misunderstanding.' what the hell is that supposed to mean you french fag — brendle what (@brendlewhat) November 21, 2009

> Bad credit? NO credit? Credit? Bad? Are you bad? No life? Model trains? Do you spend Friday nights playing with model trains? — GENERAL GANDHI (@Bro_Pair) January 11, 2013

> The Big Bang Theory and Newt Gingrich have the same broad appeal: they're what dumb humorless people think smart witty people sound like. — Jeb Lund (@Mobute) October 8, 2012

> 98% of the worlds Microsoft points are owned by 2% of the worlds gamers — African Strongman(@bIoach) August 12, 2010

> Weezer Cruise, Day 117.Corn dog supply is running low and no news of replacement cargo shorts. J Mascis continues to terrorize lower decks — first time slammer (@olhnso) July 12, 2011

People Who Make More Internet

These clowns are the rare type who are funny on Twitter and write for supposedly credible news and commentary websites.

> A cool thing to do at parties is to whisper to someone earnestly, "this is my first party" — Katie Notopoulos (@katienotopoulos) May 6, 2012

> Google kills Google Reader. "Just wasn't creepy enough," says Sergey Brin. — Adrian Chen (@AdrianChen) March 13, 2013

> a-rod wouldve hit 400 this season if hed been allowed to drink big sodas — max read (@max_read) October 18, 2012

> no wonder my gaydar keeps going off i've been holding the dang thing backwards! — nate 'vrunt' lamagna (@vrunt) January 10, 2013

Actual Humor Comedians That Really Are Comedians

If you don't know these folks' names yet, you probably will soon. Or maybe you'll die in a car accident tomorrow and never see it, who knows. They're great on Twitter and even better in person.

> a grindr but for nearby puppies to pet — lauren ashley bishop (@sbellelauren) April 6, 2013

> Hey Britain, how do u tell if ur tv shows are new or 39 yrs old? — Cornell Reid (@corneezy) October 20, 2012

> The bomb threat at Hooters in Hollywood just reminds us all we should hug our strippers a little tighter when we get home tonight. — Brock Wilbur (@brockwilbur) April 19, 2013

> One time I took myself so seriously I became a DJ. — Sofiya Alexandra (@TheSofiya) August 31, 2012

> There's a rhythm to 69ing that is very much like an old timey railroad handcar. — Jon Daly (@jondaly) October 11, 2012

> Forgot to eat before grocery shopping so I'm having frozen pizza cereal donuts barbecue chips fish sticks grilled cheese for dinner tonight! — Abbi Crutchfield (@curlycomedy) October 15, 2012

Internet People

Nobody knows where these people came from or why, but they sure do some good tweetin'.

> "One soft taco for one Hard man," they say, in the taco bell of my dreams — BRASNON (@bransonbranson) January 12, 2012

> Sext: I am a Dan Brown novel and you do me in my plot-hole. "Wow," I yell in ecstasy, "this makes no sense at all" — Patricia Lockwood (@TriciaLockwood) January 8, 2013

> what if real life is jail and the ones in jail are the free ones?? *jurors gasp, judge bangs gavel* im holding u in contempt for scaring me — ben errrrrrrrrrrrrr (@MuscularSon) July 25, 2012

> If you were on a segway tour and saw a dude get shot to death would you try to ride away or jump off and run — A Magical Corpse (@Dead_Wizard) December 3, 2011

> haha i've kept this police sketch artist here for two hours and he still doesnt realize he's been drawing the Cheers cast one by one — woodmuffin (@woodmuffin) August 11, 2011

> Hey girl.. you ready to [loudly toward the door] TAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL *roommate sends in R/C truck with a bunch of condoms taped to it* — Löwenäffchen (@Lowenaffchen) March 20, 2013

> *menacingly whips around bagged 6" subway cold cut combo above head like a ball and chain flail* — jon (@Ennui_Raver) October 5, 2012

Now friends, I will be the first to admit that this list is horrifyingly incomplete, but if I've erred egregiously, feel free to tip me off to some humor geniuses I've overlooked and they might make it into a future article or Twitter Tuesday. Or not, maybe just keep it to yourself. Regardless, the list above is high-quality as all heck and I suggest you get to following right away!

–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.21 SkyMall Product Reviews: Nano-UV Wand

Wednesday, Apr 24, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Safely kills 99.9% of targeted bacteria -- E.Coli, Salmonella, and the H1N1 virus in 10 seconds. Effective in killing dust mite eggs in pillows, bedding, and carpet.

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By WildDoug from Sarasota, FL

Does not work on the bacteria in the colon. Part of the wand broke off. Removal was not pleasant. Never buying again. Once was enough.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By TwoHorseMom from Lincoln, NE

Folds up so you can carry it anywhere. I take it with me to restaurants and when having dinner at friends. I can quickly pull this out and vaporize their fecal contaminates with ease. Some people look at me like I'm rude, but honestly you're the one trying to make me eat rat excrement. You're the rude one. Just wish they'd make one that works on gluten, the real killer.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Caroline from Rapid City, SD

THIS IS NOT A TOY. My children thought they were light sabers and liked to wave them around but in reality they were bombarding each other with trillions of ions and deadly UV light. Now my children have transparent skin and their eyes have stopped working and turned white. It would be nice if they didn't make a useful product look so appealing to children.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By BryceModeler from Saginaw, MI

IS IT WORKING? I've spent about three hours just running it back and forth over a carrot, hoping it would give me some indication when the carrot was safe to eat. I'll keep running it over the carrot until I get a response. Some kind of progress bar or robotic voice saying something like "WARNING! FECES DETECTED" would be great.

OK, back to disinfecting this carrot.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review:

By dogboss from Leg Pull, AK

What a joke. 14" is not long enough. Call me when you make a six foot model, because then we're talking. My phone number is 555-210-2313 and don't even worry about the time. The later the better. Just let me know as soon as possible because I've got an awful mess in here.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review:

By RandyMan from Corpus Christi, TX

This product is the reason people are dying. You want to eat at least 5% fecal matter with your meal to build up a tolerance, otherwise you are just going to become too weak to handle it. The Obama United Nations (OUN) would have you believe no fecal matter is good for you. Some is required for being healthy and drinking urine is also smart. I expect to see all jack-booted government thugs carrying these in the next few years, zapping away our own private fecal matter. Wake up sheeple, this is what WW2 was all about.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review:

By LordGuidesMe from Waterloo, IA

Hello. The nano-uv wand has been causing my dog to shrink progressively tinier with each use. When I started our dog was the size of a full grown St. Bernard. Now she is about the size of a football and she has no fur and she is constantly covered with a thick, sticky gel. Other than that the product works as desired as far as I can tell.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By HiddenWatcher from Provo, UT

Not satisfied. I bought this thinking it would make any fecal matter detected glow. How am I supposed to know if it's working if I can't even see the fecal matter glowing? WHAT PORDUCT can I buy that makes fecal matter glow? Need to see the fecal matter.

Age: 46-50

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.22 You're Out Of Touch With Music, Old Timer

Thursday, Apr 25, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It happens so quickly. One day you're right in the epicenter of cool music, rocking out to 30 Seconds To Mars, and the next day you supposedly have terrible taste.

No one wants to be out of touch. The thing is, when someone's finger slips from society's pulse they usually don't know it. From their perspective they're just as knowledgeable as they've always been, but everyone else can see how clueless they have become. It's a sad, horrible thing. So how do you know when the world has left you behind? How do you know when it's time to admit that you're stuck in the past?

Try this quiz. It might not be definitive, but it's a good litmus test that should give you a sense of how up to date you really are.

What did you think of Amanda Palmer's recent poem?

a. I was quite frankly shocked that an artist who cuts out the middleman to bleed gullible fans dry, demands that fellow musicians work for free, and responds to all criticism with delusional variations on "I'm right and you're narrow-minded" would create a poem that might have been written by a thirteen year old
b. I liked the parts that I understood because they seemed confrontational, and I liked the parts I didn't understand because they really made me think and ask myself tough questions like "what the heck does that even mean"
c. Haven't seen it but I'm going to go look it up now - I was wondering what the lady from Evanescence was up to

Trap is:

a. A subset of chamber music, where an even smaller group of musicians play music in a very tiny room below a trap door
b. That band with the "Headstrong" song that came out like last year or maybe two years ago
c. No, really, it's that band - they had that video with Michelle Trachtenberg and a chain link fence

My Chemical Romance broke up in:

a. 2007
b. Trick question, the Black Parade will never stop marching on
c. The middle of a crowded shopping mall when they lost sight of one another in a sea of large adults

What do you know about the current state of electronic music?

a. I'm fairly certain I read that Saliva has a keyboard now
b. Pretty much everything, I've got Napster and Winamp installed so all my music is electronic

The #1 song in the world at this very moment is:

a. Hoobastank

b. Dunno, I don't listen to rap or garbage pop
c. Did that Avril Lavigne cover of Nickelback's "How You Remind Me" for the Japanese anime movie come out yet?

Millions of girls on Twitter are still going crazy for:

a. The violin guy from Yellowcard
b. Revolution in Iran
c. That other guy from Yellowcard

Finish the following rhyme: "It would be just about insane / to turn on a radio and not hear _____"

a. T-Pain
b. 2 Chainz
c. Lil Wayne
d. Gucci Mane
e. Train

Avenged Sevenfold:

a. Yes
b. No
c. Yes
d. Daughtry

Which of the following bands is NOT Dashboard Confessional:

a. Dashboard Confessional
b. Angels & Airwaves
c. Dashboard Confessional
d. Three Days Grace
e. Dashboard Confessional
f. Dashboard Confessional
g. Dash Rendar
h. Kyle Katarn

What are the best alternate lyrics to Papa Roach's "Last Resort":

a. I like these Reese's Pieces / This is a nice resort
b. Actually, those are all the fake lyrics I've got
c. You have no idea how long I've been sitting on that stupid gag

Which is the greatest song in Audioslave's catalog:

a. The one that makes you fondly recall Soundgarden
b. The one that makes you wonder if you just liked Rage Against The Machine because you were young and sort of an idiot, but doesn't quite motivate you to actually go back and listen to them again since you're scared the answer might fundamentally change your self-image
c. "Down With The Sickness"

HOW TO CALCULATE THE RESULTS
If you answered any of the above questions, you are right on top of things and have absolutely nothing to worry about. Nice job!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.23 All of Facebook Hails You for Naming a State Without Using the Letter "E"

Friday, Apr 26, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

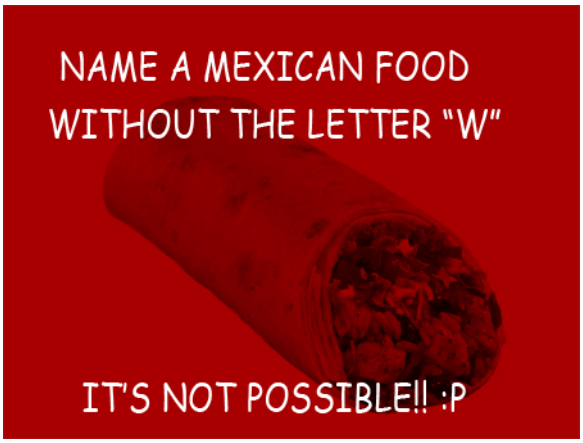
Wow, what can I say? Thank you, to begin with. Thank you for sharing this with me.

I didn't think anybody could do it. I didn't even know it was possible. I thought to myself, "Texas? Nope. Oregon? Nope, dang. I give up." But you didn't, Facebook buddy. You went for it. Iowa. I checked twice and there is no letter "E" in it is name. Alright.

But you didn't stop there, did you? I wish I had known how smart you were when we talked for maybe ten minutes, tops, when we were in middle school. Now that we're adults I realize you were a quiet Einstein. The state thing sealed it up. The heroic proof of your genius was right there for anybody to see, but you were not about to rest on your laurels. You decided to walk into the classroom while the math professor was gone and solve another impossible equation.

The professor walks in and sees all the numbers and variables end up with **ORLANDO**. He can't believe it! Why didn't he think of that? Because he's not possessed of a singular genius like you. Our brains weren't even prepared for this advanced level of knowledge.

You were feeling it after that one. The power was humming in your brain. You had to fire off some of those mental lightning bolts, a cerebral Zeus, and explode the minds of every pondering mortal.

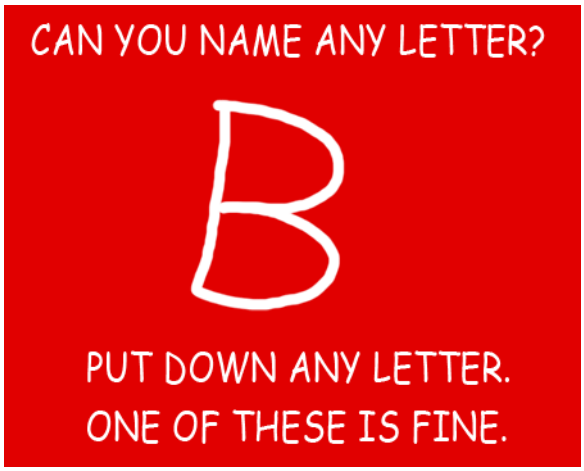


Burrito! How did....I mean...holy crap! I'm in awe of you, Facebook friend. You knew the actual answer to this question. And, I wanted to thank you for sharing it with us. I feel like you are enriching my knowledge of the world. It was like the locks were opening on the vault of knowledge. I might have gone through life never knowing. And you could have just quit there. You've already given us so, so much. But you are tireless. Indomitable. You had more to give us.

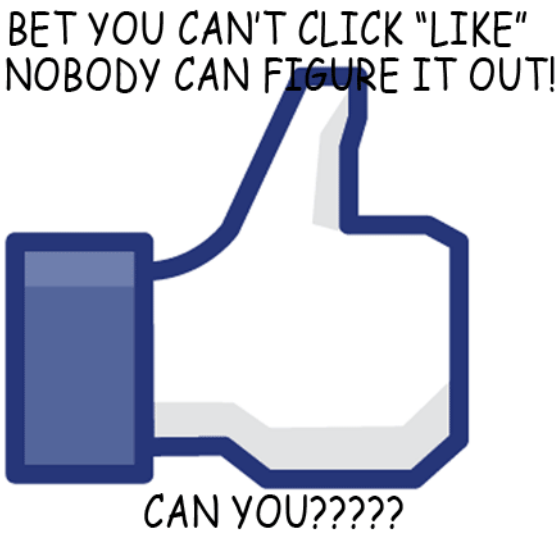
17,845 people tried. But could they come up with "**dog**"? I don't know, I didn't look, and I'm sure you didn't either. You just knew the answer. Dog. An animal. That exists and you knew. WOW.

All of us were sure you had given all you had to give, but there were still questions out there that needed answers. As long as you drew breath, you weren't going to leave us wondering.

DOROTHY! Holy BLEEP. It just came out of nowhere. Is someone feeding you these answers? Dorothy? Is that how you know them all. I have to like this one. This is too good to be real. Dorothy. Snap. Just like that. You knew it, and you shared it with us, just a bunch of ants in your mental shadow. But you knew something else, didn't you? Something that had been troubling me and everyone else.



We waited, breathless, sure you had finally met your match. And then, there it was....**W**. As if it had always been there, just waiting to be discovered. You really did it. You knew an actual letter. As our reeling minds descended into sub-lingual mush, we begged you for one final truth. Release us from this prison we call Facebook. Free our souls, we pleaded. And you did.



You liked it! Now that I am free I have to thank you. I can't remember your name, or mine, or a letter, or an animal or state or anything except for the endless light and dark, the alpha and the omega, but I know this: you are the greatest.

Thank you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

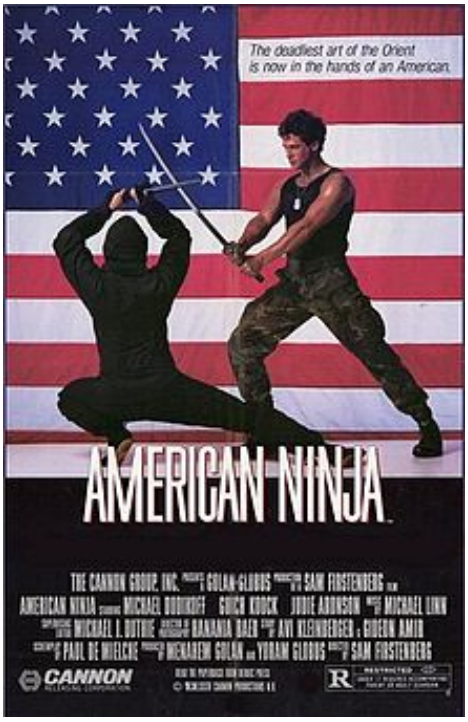
4.24 Help Me Remember The Name Of This Movie

Saturday, Apr 27, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As a kid I would turn on cable tv late at night and somehow manage to always catch the same weird movie. Bits and pieces of this film have been popping into my head lately, but not enough to identify what it was called. If I can't figure out what the heck this mystery movie was it's going to drive me insane. Maybe you can help?

In the beginning the words "American Ninja" showed up on the screen. I know what you're thinking, and no, that wasn't the name of the main actor or the director. The letters were huge. I'm guessing it was some sort of scene card (like "Bombay, 4PM Local Time" in a spy movie, or a movie about Bombay - I apologize for assuming that only spy movies would be set in Bombay) though I can't figure out its exact meaning in that context.

There was this one guy that kept dressing up like a ninja. I'm pretty sure he was the main character. He had a sword and toe sandals and everything, only he wasn't Japanese. The dude was caucasian, and he didn't have much of an accent. At one point someone asked him where he was from. Unfortunately his response was impossible to make out over the film's soundtrack, which suddenly started to blare the song "Born In The U.S.A."



When the main character needed to get out of a tight spot, he didn't drop a smoke bomb. He dropped three of them. One was red, another white, and the last was blue. When the smoke cleared there was nothing left where the ninja once stood except an origami bald eagle.

There was a weird subplot involving a reporter who was trying to uncover evidence that the ninja did not have an American birth certificate. I don't remember all the details or even how this sequence of events ultimately panned out, but I do remember that the reporter was being pressured by a politician who was always smoking cigars and wearing shades. I think he might have been a bad guy.

After the main character and his love interest made passionate love, the two stood on a grassy cliff overlooking the ocean. The seductively permed woman asked, "Why did you become an American Ninja? You could have been anything. An American Teacher, an American Scientist, an American Philosopher, an American Architect, or an American Astronaut." The main character stepped forward and gazed into the distance thoughtfully. "Because," he replied, "I love my country. America."

At one point the bad guy attempted to flee, leaving his personal guards behind to slow down the main character. He jumped into a helicopter and took off. Thankfully, the helicopter maintained an altitude of 20 feet above the ground and seemed to travel no faster than 30 miles per hour. After the main character took out the bodyguards with his special move (the American Ninja Uppercut) he sprinted for his own vehicle, a monster truck with a wicked awesome American flag paintjob and custom plates that read "AMERICAN NINJA". The finale, where the monster truck crested a hill and smashed the

helicopter as the bad guy screamed "Damn you, American Ninja!", was amazing.

At the end of the movie a newspaper spun into focus. Its headline read: "AMERICAN NINJA STOPS EVIL CEREMONY, SAVES THE WORLD FROM ANCIENT EVIL AND DESTROYS MEDALLION. THANK YOU AMERICAN NINJA!"

You know how the ending credits of a movie usually list everyone involved? There should be the names of actors and producers and all sorts of support staff. This movie's credits repeated that strange "American Ninja" phrase hundreds of times, if not more, for more than twenty minutes. Nothing else.

UPDATE 1 - Minutes after posting this article, I received scores of emails from our helpful readers. They unanimously agreed that the movie I'm thinking of is called *American Ninja 3: Blood Hunt*. They are all wrong and they are all very stupid.

UPDATE 2 - Minutes after the previous update to this article, another email came in. This one came from a, who informed me that the film is *The Shining*. I checked out a few clips, and can confirm that this is correct. Thanks again to our wonderful audience.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.25 You Might Be a Redneck Jokes Following the Rapture

Monday, Apr 29, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If a giant rotting vulture bird caught you in its bone cage belly and you ask him to stop at the Autozone...you might be a redneck.

If the worm that eats legs comes into your house hungry and you tell him to take it up with diabetes...you might be a redneck.

If your wife turns into a skinless, grunting viscera pile and instead of taking care of her you just feed her to raccoons...you might be a redneck.

If you witness the sublime terror of god's hand in the sky on the tenth day and all you can think is whether or not there's still gonna be lotto...you might be a redneck.

If your entire town is flattened by the speaking of the word of Metatron and you try to loot a feed store...you might be a redneck.

If you keep away the giant ants with the human faces by spraying Jeff Gordon cologne outside your doors...you might be a redneck.

If you see your neighbor grow a scorpion tail and you tell your wife to get the shotgun and she has to ask which one...you might be a redneck.

If the hateful storm swirling above sets fire to your mobile home and you run back inside to save a six-pack for sentimental reasons...you might be a redneck.

If all the religious texts are destroyed in an instant and you try to recreate the Bible from memory but you keep getting it mixed up with lines from Shrek 2...you might be a redneck.

If you keep from starving to death during the crossing of the wastes of America cuz your wife has a pack of hotdogs in her purse...you might be a redneck.

If the passing of all humanity's creation into ruin fills you with profound sadness cuz there won't be anymore Mountain Dew AM...you might be a redneck.

If your idea of twitter is trying to catch and eat the man made out of a swarm of birds...you might be a redneck.

If your yard dog gets ate by a giant ant with a human face and you just leave the chain on the ant...you might be a redneck.

If the devil challenges you to a contest of skill and you suggest see who can eat a 7-layer salad faster just to get the free 7-layer salad...you might be a redneck.

If the radioactive golem that towers over the landscape makes you puke blood and you try to remember back to what you did the last time you were getting over the blood pukes...you might be a redneck.

If you accidentally kill a Japanese man with a shovel because you thought he was an alien and you eat him even after you find his driver's license...you might be a redneck.

If you're pretty sure you didn't get raptured up because you had sex with your sister but you can't remember which one...you might be a redneck.

If you still try to go muddin' even though your truck is a screaming box of meat and giant teeth...you might be a redneck.

If the final all-consuming pyre rises into the sky and you are about to be swallowed up and you laugh because it looks like a penis...you might be a redneck.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.26 Stop Killing Bees, Moron

Tuesday, Apr 30, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

What is wrong with you? Why are you swatting at that it? Are you a cat? Are you telling me that every time a bee comes within thirty feet, you have to throw a fit? Stop it.

Worst case scenario: It stings you and you have an allergic reaction. Not an adrenaline shot to the heart allergic reaction, not Macaulay Culkin in *My Girl* allergic reaction. No, think more gluten-makes-me-gassy sort of reaction. You'll whimper and curse and then you'll live and drink a Diet Dr. Pepper or something. Your arm won't rot off, you won't turn into a bee yourself, your sting won't erupt into a million nano-bees. You're over it. That's it. The fact that you can survive all but the worst bee attacks should be enough. But for you it's not, is it? The mere possibility of a sting is too risky. You have to take the offensive. All Bees Must Die! You rove from bush to bush swatting. You set up little bee traps and smirk as they slowly die. Like some sort of Summertime Stalin, you purge all threats from your backyard until sitting on your keys is the only risk around.

Even their presence makes you uncomfortable. The buzzing, the hovering inches above your soda. It's too much. You can't focus when they're around, can't let loose and really enjoy the environment. If there was a separate but equal Bee's Only Flower or if you had a squad of sparrow sized fighter jets to chase them out of your Air Force One air space. But guess what? You're outside. In nature you have to interact with stuff. You don't get space. And, even if you did, Bee Space trumps Spazz Space every time. They do things. They serve a purpose. We rely on them. And, despite what you think, the world needs bees way more than it needs you and your Bitcoin speculations.

But mostly you're terrified. It's the first time in natural history where the animal is not more afraid of you than you are of it. Too bad there's an asterisk in the record books since it's only because you're a delusional self-obsessed wuss. If you think a bee is coming to sting you, you probably convince yourself that every gay guy is attracted to you or that terrorists want you dead or a major corporation really cares if you like them on Facebook. They don't. I hate to sound like your dad, but you aren't that special. The universe is not aimed at you. This is not your own personal Bud Light commercial. No one is plotting for *or* against to get you. You're alone. Can bees hurt you? Yes. Do they want to hurt you? Not if you'd sit down and stop trying to kill them. Now leave them alone. They got all sort of bee business to do outside of avoiding your panicking ass.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 I Can't Stop Watching This Otter Refusing To Leave A Guy's Car

Wednesday, May 01, 2013 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

From the LOL File, I bring you today's funniest "ottermotive" Outback blooper: this oily little riverdog hops right in some unfortunate Aussie's car and refuses to leave. In fact, the slinky fella does everything BUT leaving: it flails and flops, it hops around, it goes fully roly-poly in the driver's seat and gets a little flirtatious with a steering wheel. Despite all kinds of prodding and provocation, the rambunctious Mustelid staunchly refuses to disembark-- and I literally can't stop watching!

I can't stop watching. It has been hours now. I am transfixed by the virality of this web content. The ever-so-clickable frolicsomeness of this adorababy otterball has shattered my free will. I am unable to turn my head. I have reached my word count. Why can't I stop watching?

My chin slumps into my neck. My breathing is labored. Is it nighttime? How long have I watched this otter not getting out of this car? My legs are falling asleep. The piece has gone live. Tears stream down my face as the wacky critter wears out its welcome again and again and again. The Facebook likes are rolling in.

Urine pools in my socks. My body is numb. 1.9k Twitter shares. Will I live to spend my traffic bonus?

I don't know how many days it's been. The tears have stopped. My body is dessicated from thirst, my eyeballs dry and windblown. Blinking has become more difficult, as though my eyes are held open by taut metal springs. I must budget my every precious blink, for each is more difficult than the blink before. I know that each could be my last. I can't stop watching.

There is no help coming. I live alone. The doorbell rang some days ago, but I couldn't cry out. The stink is incredible. My extremities are purple and their tingling feels like daggers. The otter won't get out of the car.

I can feel my unblinking orbs shrink and blister as the otter dances before them. My retinas detach and crack, and the video becomes a kaleidoscope of blurry frolicking. Why can't I stop watching this hilarious otter?

My face is fixed in a leering death mask. My vision darkens. The fancy-free weasel is still bouncing around, and the guy is absolutely unable to persuade it to leave his car. My breathing is shallow. My phone rings, and my voicemail picks up: I've won today's traffic award. My editor wants something on the Roomba cat chasing a duckling ASAP. But I can't stop watching this otter refusing to leave a guy's car.

My eyes are wide, but I see nothing. I can't stop watching.

–∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.2 Hey Sports Illustrated: Where's My Cover Story?

Thursday, May 02, 2013 by John Q. Taxpayer

Dear Sports Illustrated,

John Q. Taxpayer

I've been a subscriber to your once-fine magazine for close to thirty years, and my garage still contains the shattered fragments of three S.I.-branded football phones, thrown against walls long ago thanks to the nagging behavior of certain parties. And, every February, your swimsuit issue acted as a wonderful way to continue testing my sons' sexuality in ways that would no longer get the state involved. Yes, Sports Illustrated once served as the unifying force in my family, giving me a distraction to stare at during dinner, my wife something to stack and arrange neatly on coffee tables, and my sons wonderful role models like Kobe Bryant on which to model their behavior, both on and off the court. But when your latest GAY BASKETBALL ISSUE showed up on my doorstep yesterday afternoon, the prosperity of my household was shattered, and permanently.

Sports Illustrated, I'm John Q. Taxpayer: homeowner, father, and husband. In comparison to your basketball "hero," I'm practically Superman with Spider-Man sitting on his shoulders, hanging out inside of the Batcave. Seems to me, heroes used to be bold, quiet men, who ruled with a strong hand and eventually died of stomach cancer -- apparently you have changed this term to mean "tall man who enjoys backside pleasures." If my Korean War veteran father still had some sort of cognitive awareness, this news would no doubt make his cataracts fog with rage, and cause his untreated diabetes to flare up in ways that would somehow involve treating it. You see, pops also used the pages of Sports Illustrated to instruct me in the ways of manhood, and thanks to your teachings, we have not shared more than a familiar nod since March of 1989. This latest slight can only mean the end of a long and proud tradition that began when the senior Mr. Taxpayer beat me savagely with an issue bearing the image of PGA legend Paul Runyan in 1965.

Maybe I should share with you the many feats that make me more eligible for cover story status than your gay basketball man. For one, I grill a mean hamburger, and whenever I hear my loved ones crunching through the gristle to get to that sweet Sam's Club-overstock flavor inside, I know I'm fulfilling my biological duties -- and somehow, I can do this without any boyfriends! Go figure.

And despite my ongoing attraction to women (the gals at the bank can tell you I give them hell whenever it's time to cash pop's Social Security check), preferring the bedroom company of ladies has not at all affected my long career at the bait shop, where I moved from "worm boy" to "assistant worm manager" over the course of 28 long years. Mr. Anthony had the foresight to check this out for himself when he first hired me, but no amount of pictures featuring him in European-style swim briefs could shake me. Yes, I may have reached my current position in the bait industry thanks to Mr. Anthony being the unfortunate victim of a Catholic youth group smear campaign, but I continue his proud tradition and have been disappointed to witness most teens turn to the police before calling my bluff. When John Wayne died, courage died with him.

It's only been 24 short hours since your latest issue hit my front step, and I barely have the words to describe how my life has been affected. As I flipped through the pages, Laurie and the boys tried to console me, but only found the same daddy who destroyed an entire above-ground pool when the Steelers lost the Super Bowl. That didn't win us any friends with our new neighbors, but when a man is slighted, he must find a way to express his rage. Of course, I'm sure your Jason Collinses of the world simply have to switch on an episode of Glee and dance their troubles away, but some of us don't have it that easy thanks to heterosexuality and old football injuries. That Baltimore fan might have said I live in "Shitsburgh," but I managed to walk away from that stadium fight with only a shattered femur and a manslaughter charge.

In closing, Sports Illustrated, I must say that I'm disappointed in you, but in situations like this, I have to take the moral high ground. Please send the remaining three issues left on my subscription to the new address included in this letter, and make sure that each mailing includes a written affidavit to ensure that it contains no contraband. I know the warden would appreciate it. And if you're interested in interviewing me, please let the boys at County know; they said I really "pulled a Chris Benoit" on my family, and I know Sports Illustrated has often dabbled in the world of wrestling.

Yours, John Q. Taxpayer Inmate FG003507

–∼John Q. Taxpayer

5.3 Let's Play: Decision Points Theater

Friday, May 03, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

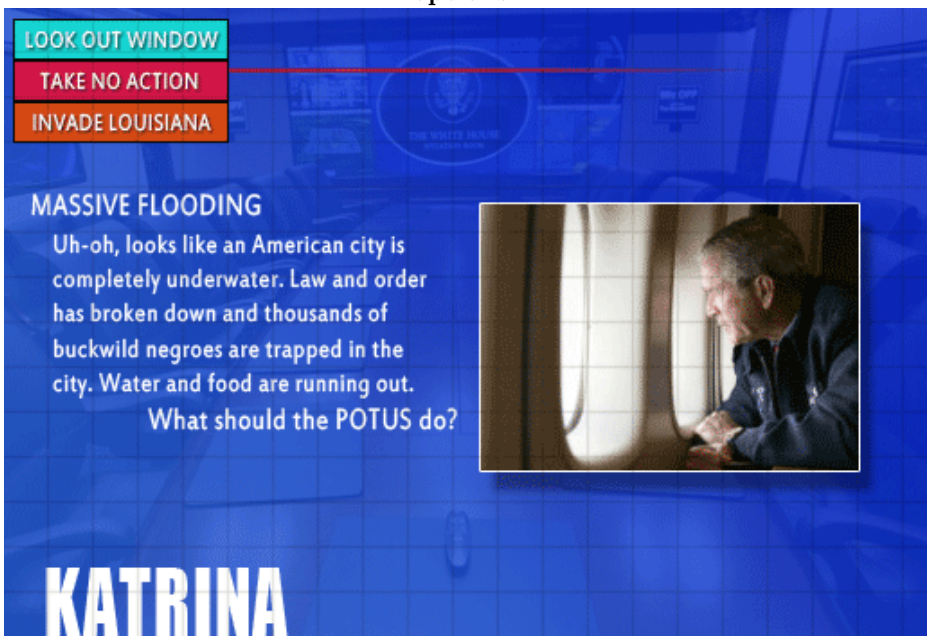
The recently opened George W. Bush Presidential Library and Museum in Texas has been hailed as one of the most technologically advanced museums in history. Panoramic screens display the beauty of America while talking kiosks relate information about the 43rd president of the United States.

The centerpiece of the George W. Bush library is an interactive game called Decision Points Theater that allows visitors to the museum to stand in the shoes of George Bush himself. Players are presented with a crisis that George W. Bush had to deal with, they receive advice from a variety of advisors, and then they have to make a decision. After the voting is complete, George W. Bush appears on the screen to tell the players how they did.

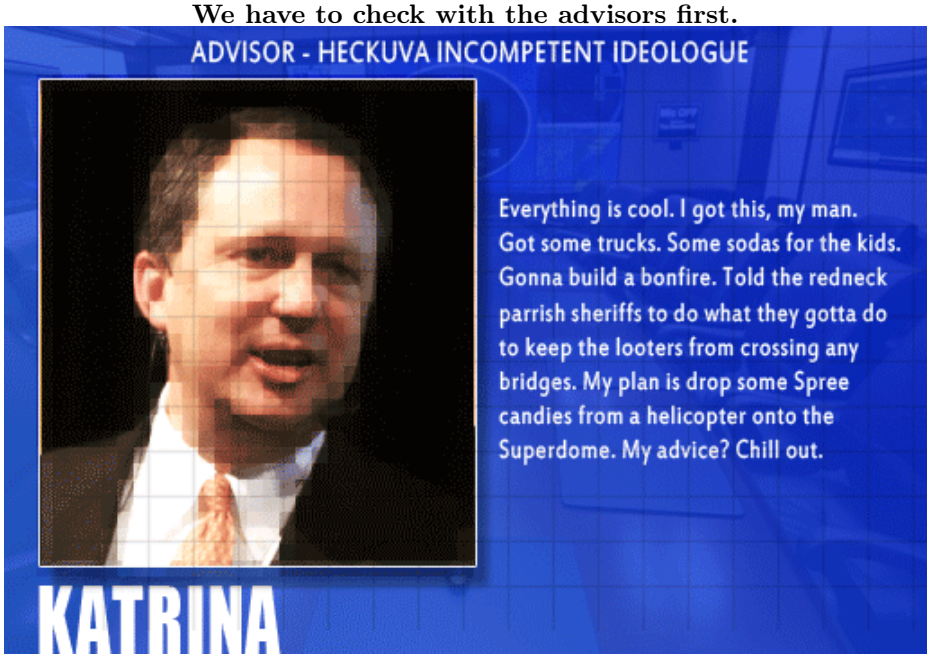
This exhibit has received scathing criticism from the usual media suspects, who have accused it of offering false and even insulting choices that are not based in reality. We wanted to give it a fair chance. We sent our intern down to Texas to try out three of the game's key scenarios.

Scenario #1: Katrina

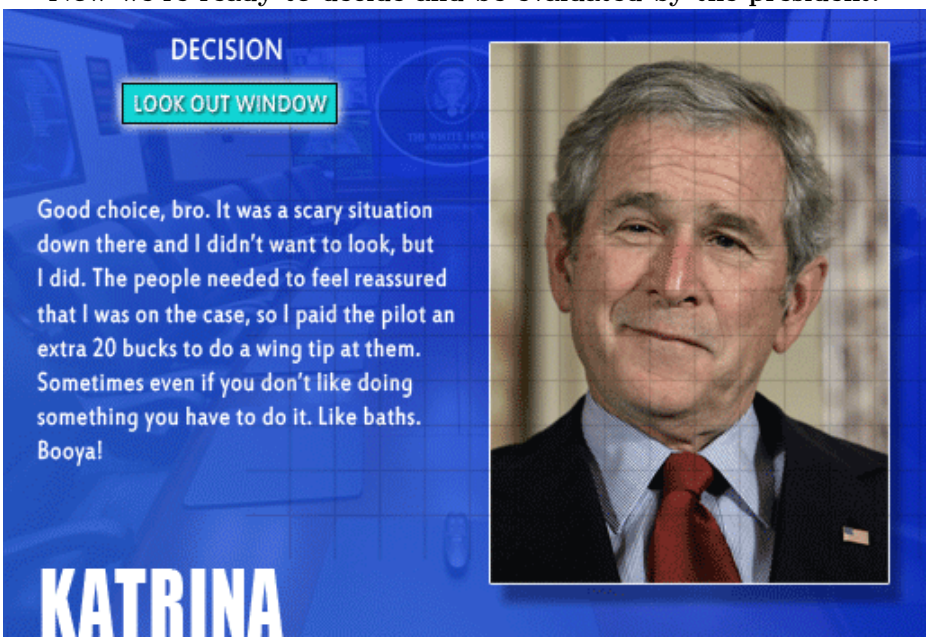
The game is straightforward and lays out the situation and presents you with three options.


LOOK OUT WINDOW
TAKE NO ACTION
INVADE LOUISIANA
MASSIVE FLOODING
Uh-oh, looks like an American city is completely underwater. Law and order has broken down and thousands of buckwild negroes are trapped in the city. Water and food are running out.
What should the POTUS do?
KATRINA

We have to check with the advisors first.


ADVISOR - HECKUVA INCOMPETENT IDEOLOGUE
Everything is cool. I got this, my man. Got some trucks. Some sodas for the kids. Gonna build a bonfire. Told the redneck parrish sheriffs to do what they gotta do to keep the looters from crossing any bridges. My plan is drop some Spree candies from a helicopter onto the Superdome. My advice? Chill out.
KATRINA

Now we're ready to decide and be evaluated by the president.

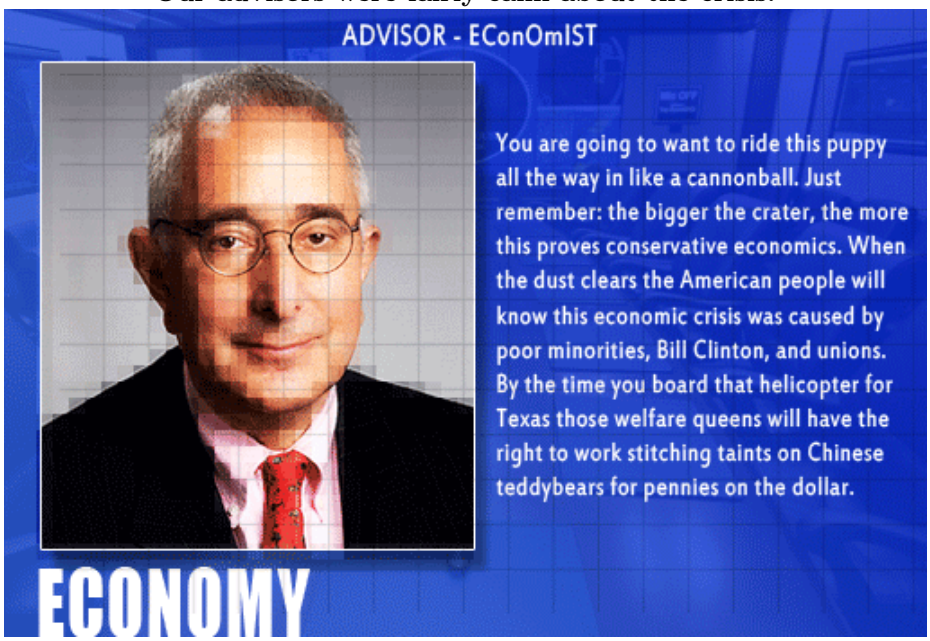

DECISION
LOOK OUT WINDOW
Good choice, bro. It was a scary situation down there and I didn't want to look, but I did. The people needed to feel reassured that I was on the case, so I paid the pilot an extra 20 bucks to do a wing tip at them. Sometimes even if you don't like doing something you have to do it. Like baths. Booya!
KATRINA

Scenario #2: Economy

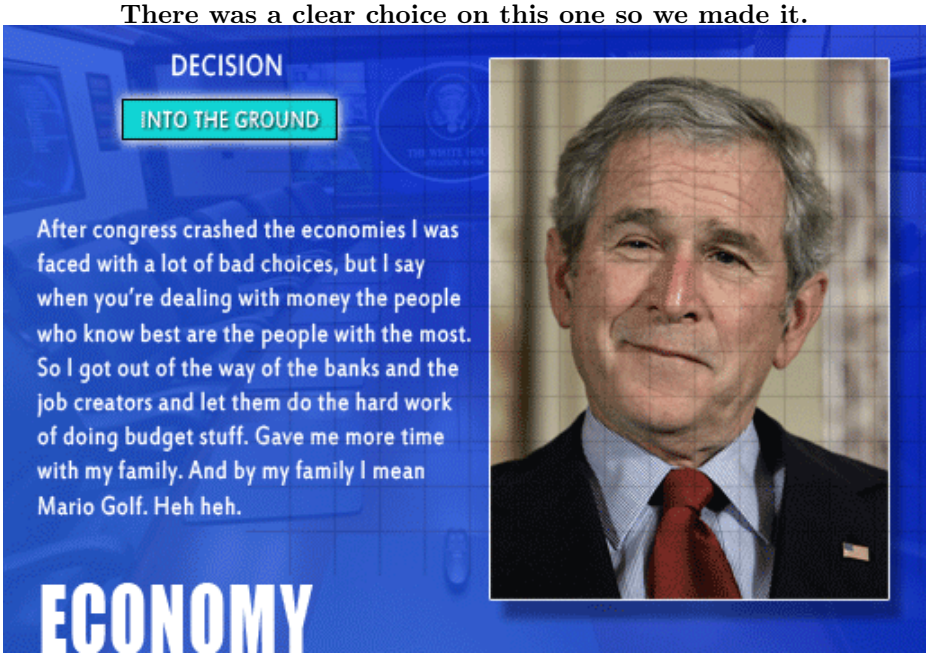
This scenario takes place just before the 2008 economic collapse and gives you a chance to play things differently.

INTO THE GROUND
TAKE NO ACTION
LIBERATE IRAN
TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS
You cut taxes primarily for the rich. You fought two wars without paying for them. You continued the path to total deregulation of everything from credit to toxic slime. You did everything right, so why is the economy looking shaky?
What should the POTUS do?
ECONOMY

Our advisors were fairly calm about the crisis.


ADVISOR - EConOmIST
You are going to want to ride this puppy all the way in like a cannonball. Just remember: the bigger the crater, the more this proves conservative economics. When the dust clears the American people will know this economic crisis was caused by poor minorities, Bill Clinton, and unions. By the time you board that helicopter for Texas those welfare queens will have the right to work stitching taints on Chinese teddybears for pennies on the dollar.
ECONOMY

There was a clear choice on this one so we made it.

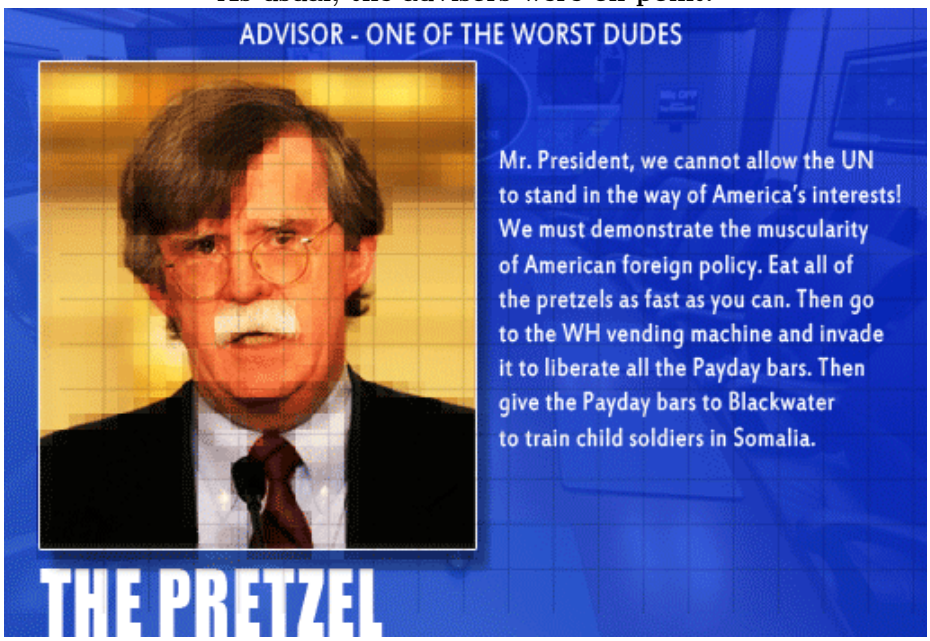

DECISION
INTO THE GROUND
After congress crashed the economies I was faced with a lot of bad choices, but I say when you're dealing with money the people who know best are the people with the most. So I got out of the way of the banks and the job creators and let them do the hard work of doing budget stuff. Gave me more time with my family. And by my family I mean Mario Golf. Heh heh.
ECONOMY

Scenario #3: Pretzel

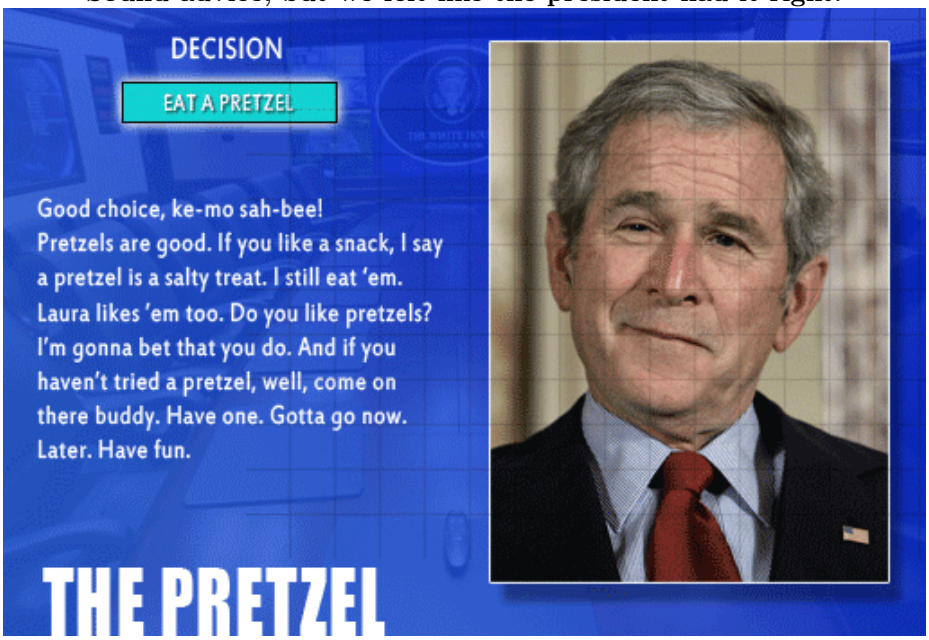
The third crisis, often overlooked by history and the media, was the president's early first-term snack attack.

EAT A PRETZEL
TAKE NO ACTION
LIBERATE IRAQ
SNACK TIME
The POTUS is pounding near beers in the WH and gets a wicked snack attack. Good thing he's got a bowl of his way fave salty ladies to chow on. According to intel the prez has been known to forget to swallow and hork 'em bad.
What should the POTUS do?
THE PRETZEL

As usual, the advisors were on point.


ADVISOR - ONE OF THE WORST DUDES
Mr. President, we cannot allow the UN to stand in the way of America's interests! We must demonstrate the muscularity of American foreign policy. Eat all of the pretzels as fast as you can. Then go to the WH vending machine and invade it to liberate all the Payday bars. Then give the Payday bars to Blackwater to train child soldiers in Somalia.
THE PRETZEL

Sound advice, but we felt like the president had it right.


DECISION
EAT A PRETZEL
Good choice, ke-mo sah-bee!
Pretzels are good. If you like a snack, I say a pretzel is a salty treat. I still eat 'em. Laura likes 'em too. Do you like pretzels? I'm gonna bet that you do. And if you haven't tried a pretzel, well, come on there buddy. Have one. Gotta go now. Later. Have fun.
THE PRETZEL

Those are just three of more than two dozen scenarios related to Bush's terms in office. Other options include the Patriot Act, negotiations with the Russians, a dating game, and a fully playable version of Night Trap.

Does the Decision Points Theater attempt to paint over the mistakes of the George W. Bush presidency? Like the game itself, we'll leave that up to you to make up your own mind and say that it unequivocally does not.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.4 Punching Through Walls Should Always Be An Option

Saturday, May 04, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

A man was recently paid actual money to speak on the behalf of an entire company, hoping to improve its fortunes with this proclamation about the near future: "It will no longer be acceptable to walk into a room where you can't punch a hole in the wall".

Let's savor that line for a moment. In the absence of any context, it's a thing of beauty.

Right, time for context. The man was Andrew Bowell, and he was representing Havok, a video game middleware company. Basically, when a developer wants their game to include physics they come to Havok and buy some physics. When a barrel gets knocked over and proceeds to roll over the twitching corpses of three identical mutants, that takes around $100 worth of physics. And that's only like five seconds. When you consider how many physics would be needed in an eight to twelve hour game and extrapolate the costs, you'll realize that Havok is in position to make a ton of money which may or may not vibrate until it flies off in a random direction.

So, naturally, that statement about punching holes through walls was self-serving. Havok wants the upcoming console generation to go nuts with physics. If everyone can blast through walls in every single game, the movement of every chunk of plaster will have to be calculated and Havok will become more profitable than Apple.

But is all that wall destruction a good idea? I had a terrific time punching through walls in Deus Ex: Human Revolution to access dusty sealed-up rooms containing energy bars and handguns, but is it really something we need in every game?

I'm really excited about an upcoming game called Gone Home. It's entirely about curiosity and exploration rather than bombast and violence. You wander alone through a highly detailed house and inspect everyday items to find out where everyone went, piecing together a mental portrait of a family as you solve the mystery. Imagine how great it would be if you could find a Riot Grrl mixtape, rifle through a stack of hidden postcards, contemplate the endless possibilities before a young woman and the missed opportunities that quietly haunt parents, then drive your fist through a wall and watch as each individual brick topples to the carpet in a dynamic explosion of force. Now that's what I call gaming.

I'm on board with the wall punching. Absolutely. Havok isn't the only middleware company with something to say about the future of video games, though.

Trees in games used to be pretty much identical, four-sided rectangles with 2D branch sprites sticking out at right angles. Modern games demand more detail and variety, but modeling hundreds of trees by hand is a colossal undertaking for any studio. This is where SpeedTree comes in with their highly sophisticated tree algorithms. Think back to your favorite tree from a video game. That was probably made by the fine folks at SpeedTree. Not to be outdone by Havok, they released a statement of their own about the next generation of consoles.

"There is simply no reason why there can't be a tree in every room. Or even better, a forest in every room. The setting of the game doesn't matter. Whether it's a zombie RPG or a gritty modern take on Paperboy, each room should be bursting at the seams with trees. This is 2013. We're living in

the future. Hardware is more powerful than ever. Gamers simply will not tolerate a room without trees."

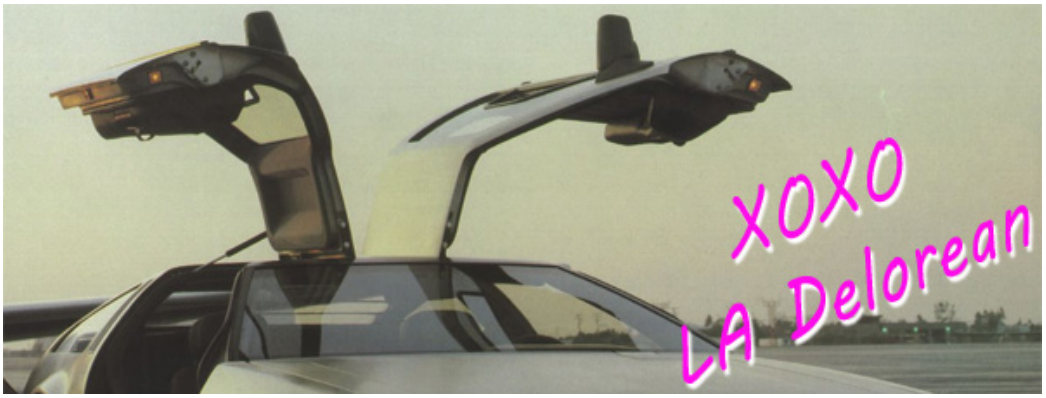
Within hours, Fork Particle put out a similar statement extolling the virtues of video game rooms containing so many particle effects that it's not possible to see your own virtual hand. RAD Game Tools also chimed in, citing research which indicated that modern gamers expect every surface in a room to be illuminated by projected full motion video, preferably delivered by the company's Bink format.

I don't know about you guys, but all of this is getting me pretty excited about the future of gaming. In a few short months we could be playing the 27th Call Of Duty, standing in particle-clouded cinema forest rooms, punching through any wall we please while our A.I. partner yells at us to follow a flashing objective marker.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.5 My Electro Band Has Important Things to Say About the 1980s

Monday, May 06, 2013 by LA Delorean (@sexyfacts4u)



After more than three months of trying to decide what I wanted to say with my music, I think I have finally landed on my ID as an electro artist. Think, the 1980s, but like, dialed up, and sexier, and maybe a little darker. Like Michael Mann 1980s, not Mr. Belvedere 1980s. Remember when people had car phones? When Return of the Jedi was the hottest thing? I wanted to put those ideas into my music. That is why I wrote my first single, SDI, which is short for Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars, if you will.

My main musical inspirations are Ronald Reagan and the Sound Cloud pages of Mitch Murder and Kavinsky. What I really wanted to do with my new band, Phoebe and the Cates, is recapture that, like, decadence of the 1980s. But also the innocence. We were so simple then before the Internet and the cloud.

On my first album I wanted to say something big. Like Radiohead's OK Computer, only bigger, and better. So with my debut EP East Berlin McDonald's I conjure the spirit of a sexy blonde with, like, a maroon leather jacket with big shoulders, and it's open down the front so you can see her bra, and she's wearing one of those miniskirts with holes down the sides, and riding motorcycles with, like, a ghost guy, who won't ever take his helmet off, and it's always night. They can only be alive at night. Literally they are dead during the day on Wall Street.

It's a metaphor for cocaine and Reagan-era disillusionment. I used only real vintage equipment samples. There is no bass, they didn't even have bass in 1987. Don't believe me? Listen to the soundtrack of Commando. Zero bass. No dubstep drop, I wanted pure retro techno soundscape stuff. I would have gone the Chvrches route but I couldn't get my girlfriend to sing in front of me. It's easier to do it solo anyway.

Basically, I want you to be able to listen to my music and close your eyes and imagine you are riding your bike with Elliot on one track, you're in class with him, you can smell the inside of a pencil box, and, like, the Challenger just blew up.

Then on the next track you are aurally transported to an arcade. Maybe the arcade from TRON although I feel like Daft Punk may have a claim on that at this point. Anyway, it's an arcade and there's all these vintage game sounds like Pac Man and Galaga. You can identify every single cabinet.

And then out of nowhere you hear, ALL HAIL THE NEW FLESH sampled straight from Cronenberg, man. Then right into more stuff about the ghost motorcycle guy. No lyrics, but you can picture seeing him on the night streets of 1985 with a hot babe hugging his back. What's inside that helmet, you wonder.

Maybe a skull. Maybe darkness. Maybe your own face, but with a strip of red painted across your eyes.

I have been combing Youtube for weeks for commercials and news clips from the 1980s and I think I can almost put the whole story together just from that. I call them blipverts. Like Max Headroom. Just this blast of retro news stuff between each track. McDonald's jingles and breaking news about the Berlin Wall. It is going to change the way you look at the 1980s. Stock market goes up. Factories close. Gung Ho. Mr. Mom.

A bikini clad, doe-eyed goddess rising from a pool. Judge Reinhold pre-Zandalee. Trapper Keeper binding stuffed with eraser shreds. Watching Nightmare on Elm Street for the first time.

Ronald Reagan. Madonna and Iran-Contra. Checkpoint Charlie and Conrad Bain. Robert and Morton Downeys Junior. Ferrari and A-Team and cocaine. CBGBs and zines. Hands Across America and Grace Jones. Skylab and Run DMC.

The cities are dirty and full of crime. Steam is coming out of sewers. Michelle Pfeiffer turns into a hawk.

You're there. It's night time. 1980s. Neon and blood. Beep boop beep.

–∼LA Delorean (@sexyfacts4u)

5.6 STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES #1

Tuesday, May 07, 2013 by nikki did it

This article is part of the STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES series.

Let me tell you about the Stock Photo Lifestyle

I tell everyone that I start my day like this

This is far more accurate though

Then I go to work. I spend the first part of my day catching up on the news, it is so important to stay informed

Holy shit the Uptown Mall is finally getting a Cinnabon

I'll often have an important meeting to attend before lunch

Do you like my special meeting face that I am making here?

I put on my "phone focus" face and hold a pen as if about to write
I bet you can't even tell I am actually left handed

Sometimes I have to make an offsite visit

I bring my laptop so I can web surf on the go

By the time I get home I always have a headache

Good thing I have these

Down the hatch, you little miracle workers

Oh! I forgot I had these. What are these, even

Only one way to find out

Let's party

Much better

Early evening is when I log on to X Box to pwn n00bs

Damn this game is intense

Please stop spawn camping me

I just did a frag on my enemy

Wahooo

Video gaming is a cool hobby

After I am done with video games, I have a snack and check the various online forums I am a member of

Look at this. Everyone on here is an asshole, and I guess I actually kind of hate everything about this site, but I can't stop posting!

Because posting is a cool hobby

I have other hobbies too

I garden, for example

Actually, I have no idea what these plants are or where they came from. They're plastic. Someone is always handing me corny shit like this, going "hey, just hold on to these for a minute, okay?"

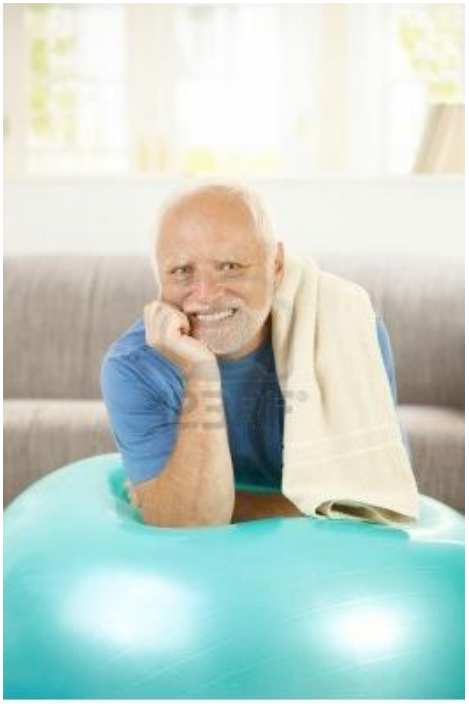
Sometimes I think I might actually be pretty handy with tools, for real. I should try to make a birdhouse

I'm pretty sure this is how you make a birdhouse

Well, the birdhouse thing didn't go too hot
I'm making a spice rack now

For a while I tried evening yoga

This is the only pose I ever mastered. It's called the 'hello sailor' and it isn't even real



I feel good about sticking with the class for so long. Not that many people can say they did yoga twice, but I can

I had to stop because of my gout
and also because I really hated yoga

So in the evenings now, I just stick to my computer hobbies. I'm currently checking on my farm simulator

Someone gifted me a milk cow!

Oooh, message notification. Who could be emailing at this hour

Bitcoin is crashing!

Well, it's late now and I should get to bed. I hope you enjoyed learning about my reality. Us stock photo subjects are normal people with normal lives. My day was probably not unfamiliar to you.

I get undressed for bed at night, like you. I brush my teeth, I wash up, like you.

I look at myself in the mirror

...

–∼nikki did it

5.7 Mother, there is no other, so treat her right

Wednesday, May 08, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

Mother's Day is just around the corner, and that means you're an awful child because you haven't purchased a gift yet. Before you start despairing all over the place, know that a small glimmer of hope still remains in the darkness. Bradford Exchange, the SkyMall of the trailer park set, has put together a large assortment of gifts that could, in theory, be presented to a lady who birthed you.

Personally, I would advise against it. However, if your mother is insane, devoid of taste, the living manifestation of a flea market, your worst enemy or the type of person who thrives on seeing her offspring throw money into a burning open-pit strip mine, you're in luck. I went ahead and sifted through 40+ pages of Bradford Exchange gifts to pull out a few choice gems you might consider purchasing.

Slot Machine Necklace with Moving Lever and Rotating Reel

If your mother is a degenerate gambler, Bradford Exchange has you covered with this necklace designed to celebrate her obsessive need to gamble away your inheritance. Mom should be able to recoup a modest percentage of the $79.00 price tag at the pawn shop, fueling a good hour or so of fun at the nickel slots.

Green Bay Packers High Heel Shoe Ornament Collection

The elegance of high-heel shoes collides with one of the NFL's most celebrated teams in this lovely Christmas ornament designed to announce to the world that you're a big piece of trash. Perfect for tasteless moms, and only $29.97 a set!

I LOVE LUCY 60th Anniversary Tribute Cuckoo Clock

Getting the "I Love Lucy" license is a pretty huge victory for Bradford Exchange. A brand like that doesn't come cheap. Thankfully they jumped into action and plastered

Lucy's face on the most logical thing imaginable: a cuckoo clock. This lovely timepiece should look beautiful in the burned wreckage of a small home, surrounded by the charred remnants of hundreds of McDonald's wrappers and several small cat and dog skeletons that fused together in a tragic bathroom hotplate grease fire.

Woman's Shirt Supports the Preservation of Wild Animals

Necessity is the mother of invention, and clearly the world needed a shirt that looks like a nature calendar exploded in a garment factory. Subtle, graceful and not at all distracting, this shirt packs all the favorites of the animal kingdom: elephants, bears, big cats, gorillas, pandas and foxes. It's a veritable who's who of wildlife illuminati, all shown in "their natural habitat."

Sherry Rawn Biker Babies Doll Collection

America's fascination with outlaw motorcycle clubs reaches its logical conclusion in the form of this biker baby with Bell's palsy. Biker baby promises "'tude from head to toe" sure to run afoul of the law. This is a great gift if your mother is John Waters or some alligator-skinned old lady emblazoned with stirring hepatitis-imbued skull tattoos.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.8 Some Types of Parties

Thursday, May 09, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Life is just a vast warehouse of people, beer and music to be assembled into parties. Here are some of the most popular types of parties happening today.

College Party

A bunch of college students stand in a room drinking beer and listening to rap music and feel intense pleasure that's actually the pleasure of their successful futures at law and marketing firms being sent back in time by their brains. Almost everyone in the room looks perfect, and even the less-than-perfect people are perfect in the context of the group because they accentuate the perfection of everyone else, like negative space in a painting. Some people play party games, like "Seven Minutes in Heaven," where a boy and a girl are locked in a closet, where the darkness makes the sex jam on the stereo so intense that they both have seven-minute orgasms.

Gothic Party

Goths meet in abandoned warehouses and listen to industrial music and drink absinthe, which gives them emotions so exotic and intense they've only been described in the lost verses of "Kubla Khan."

Everyone at gothic parties wears nonconformist clothes - goths are completely unselfconscious about their appearances, which lets them focus all their mental energy on the beauty of Nine Inch Nails songs. Goth girls wear corsets, which prevent nerve signals below the midriff from reaching the brain, so that after the party they can have sex for hours and then unlace their corsets and feel all the pleasure at once.

Rave Party

Rave parties are centered on dance music and drugs that turn the parts of the ears that hear dance music into erogenous zones. Ravers dance so fast that they stop aging due to relativity and live forever. This temporal distortion also makes them see in slow motion, so they can decipher the Morse code messages flashing on the party's strobe light, which reveal the secrets of the universe.

Hipster Party

Hipsters meet in dive bars and talk about music and take drugs - they can do massive amounts of drugs and not overdose, because they're only doing the drugs ironically. Partygoers wear vintage clothes and thick-rimmed glasses that let them see through the vintage clothes of the opposite sex. Hipsters can party indefinitely without getting tired, because they know that fatigue is just information from the nervous system, and all information is meaningless due to postmodernism.

Punk Party

Punks party by moshing to hardcore Green Day songs. They have piercings at Chinese acupuncture points, so they can get punched in their faces for hours without feeling any pain. If someone accidentally dies in the mosh circle everyone runs backwards, reversing time and bringing the person back to life (if this is unsuccessful the person goes to punk heaven, where every hour the world is taken over by evil capitalists who are subsequently defeated by punk music). Punk parties also feature group sex, where a bunch of punks combine into a giant ball like the aliens in Critters 2 and roll around the room having sex and absorbing leftover crack off the floor.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.9 Don Draper Pitches Actual Commercials to Clients

Friday, May 10, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Google Chrome: Jess Time

The Internet doesn't exist as a physical thing. It is a series of connections. From the trivial, to the profound. We make them each and every time we sit down at that computer and open up a web browser. Chrome was new. Chrome is better. But now Chrome is a part of our everyday lives. We are using Chrome to make those connections.

The commercial starts on a Chromebook opening. We see a chat screen. "Jess" is talking to "Dad." She is newly arrived at college and we learn that "Mom" is no longer with us. Downer folk pop drives that home. We learn in a series of quick vignettes playing under the folk music that Jess is dealing with growing into a woman while growing apart from her father.

They schedule time every day to communicate. She keeps talking to her dad as she struggles with class and with introducing him to her boyfriend. It's fun and genuine. The stress of college is getting to her. She's homesick. She wants to drop out. She's beaten. Dad uses Chrome to share a picture of mom in cap and gown and says, "If she could do it, so can you."

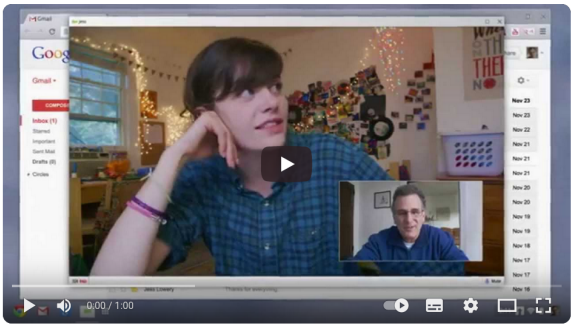
Slow the montage down to let that sink in. Then it's back to living.

Jess and her dad are using Chrome to maintain the most important connection of all: family. We think about Jess and Dad and we imagine our better selves.

All lowercase: "the web is what you make of it."

Google exec: Don't you think it's a little gross to use a mother's death to sell a web browser?

Don: You're not selling a web browser. You're selling the idea of who we are.



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZawNM2jAePc

Tax Masters

Benjamin Franklin once wrote, "In this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes." That might explain why those are the two things we fear more than anything else. One mistake, and it's so easy to fall behind. The IRS is waiting for us, as sure as the grim reaper. We are so afraid we avoid asking ourselves the most difficult question: How do we fix this?

Open on a split screen graphic straight out of a Power Point. It doesn't have to look good, or even professional, because people with tax liens don't care. They're like animals. Their emotions are raw and primal. Sparse horror-piano begins to play. We're tense immediately.

A serious, ginger bearded attorney spokesman on one side. The paler and splotchier the better. He doesn't have time to worry about his appearance; he's worried about your taxes. There is a giant, fonty, oval-badge logo with a sweet bevel on the right and we'll fly-in text that emphasizes what he is saying. The website, phone number, and credit card logos will be on screen at all times.

He asks us questions the questions we avoid. "Are you being audited?" and "Do you have unfiled tax returns?" He's making us think of the answers. He knows the pain and shame behind those questions and he stares at us unflinchingly. Not even blinking.

He introduces himself as if surprised by his own name. "I'm Patrick Cox, founder of Tax Masters." He is not just some attorney spokesman, he is the man who solves problems. Our problems. Synth drums play, undermining the tension of the piano as Patrick Cox lays out how Tax Masters will

solve our problems.

Drop in the logo with an animation. Tax Masters: we solve your tax problems.

Patrick Cox: Could I say the catchphrase?

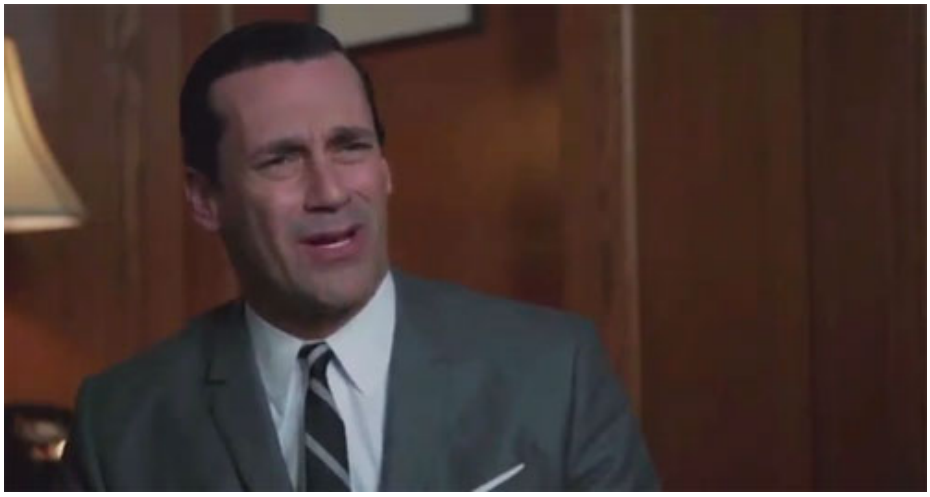
Don: Sure.

Patrick Cox: Could our logo have a reflection underneath it?

Don: (looks at Roger with a bug-eyed expression of frustration)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ez4LWcDc4Gg

Depend Silhouette



The periodic loss of bladder control is something that happens to millions of aging Americans. When it happens, we lose more than just control over our bladders. We lose control of our schedule. Of our sex appeal. Of our identity.

But the Silhouette changes that. It's hardly any bulkier than a pair of underwear. We can be who we have always been. We can take back control over our destiny. We are free.

Open on a backstage dressing room. A beautiful celebrity is getting ready to do something amazing and physical. Not too physical, like gymnastics, but just physical enough. Something a Baby Boomer might do. Our celebrity is wearing a dress that shows off her curves. A boisterous reporter leads a

camera into the dressing room. He dares her to try the Depend Silhouette. For charity. It doesn't matter what charity, we'll make something up.

The eyes of the whole world will be on her and her dancer's body. How can she wear a bladder control garment? She looks as amazing as ever. Not even the camera can see the difference. Prove it again with a split screen showing the sleek Silhouette versus a competitor with a dumpy baby butt. Reactions of disbelief on screen. No tag line. End with a straight-to-camera pitch for a free sample. Go to the website.

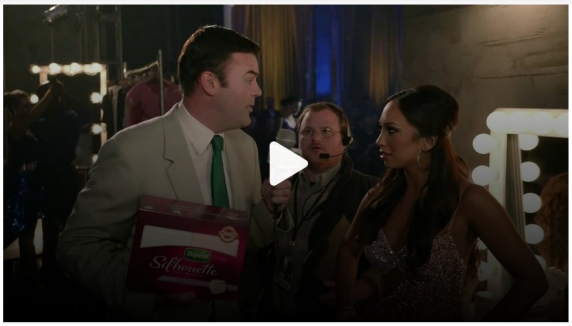
We're so confident we're giving it away free.

Depend Exec: I don't know about this. This seems all about celebrities. We are selling adult diapers.

Don: No. You're not. Anyone can sell diapers. Go talk to JWT if you want to do that. You're selling freedom from fear. Do you know what America loves? It's not diapers.

Pete Campbell: I think what Don means to say--

Don: Freedom.



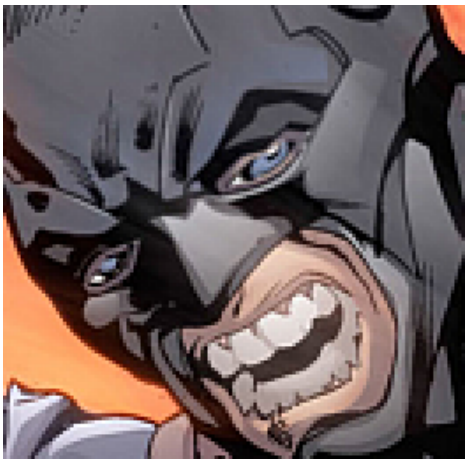
https://www.ispot.tv/ad/7ofe/depend-silhouette-featuring-cheryl-burke

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.10 What Is The Meaning Of This Face?

Saturday, May 11, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Today's update is mostly about this face.



We will also talk about another face later on, but for now I'd like to focus on this remarkable face. It does not belong to a microcephalic lucha libre wrestler or an especially unkind caricature of legendary Broncos quarterback John Elway. You're looking at the face of Batman. This panel appeared in DC Comics' *Injustice #17* and was kindly (?) shared with the Something Awful forums by user Matlock. (As a sidenote, the Funny Panels thread is an essential bookmark.)

Now, back to the face. What expression are we looking at, exactly?

Laughter? We could be catching Batman just moments after a humdinger of a joke. Maybe it was Alfred cracking wise about Bruce Wayne's personal life. Here Batman is yukking it up, laughing with a hearty braying "HYUK HYUK!"

No, not laughter. Looks like Batman might be in the middle of a sneeze. He made the mistake of holding one in a few minutes ago, and it's just been burning his nasal cavities. Now it's finally coming out in a mixture of relief and discomfort.

Maybe the caped crusader is going in for a big bite of a mondo burger. "It's got pickles!" he excitedly thinks to himself as he lowers his gnarling face toward the tasty treat, fueled by voracious appetite.

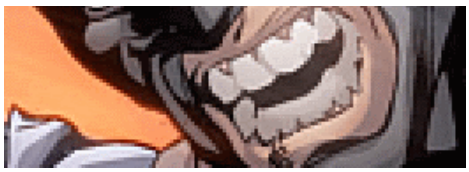
Oh man. What if we're witnessing something tragic? Batman is in the vacuum of space, asphyxiating even as his body contorts in unspeakable ways. He gasps for air but all he finds is the certainty that his face looks ridiculous.

We might get a better idea of what's going on if we zoom out a bit. Let's see the full picture.

Yes, Bruce. Please stop absolutely everything that you're doing. While you're at it, promise to never do any of it again.

So, I'm still not entire sure what's going on here but it seems like Batman might be angry and maybe a little sad as well. Both are perfectly natural reactions to realizing that one of your arms is significantly smaller than the other. That doesn't mean you should just go around punching pube-coated cardboard tubes so hard that you bust up your own hand, though. Batman always struck me as an exceptionally smart guy, so this is out of character. Maybe there's more to the story.

Are his eyes simply huge and blue with no pupils and very little white? Or are we looking at two big old blobs of tears welling up and obscuring Batman's actual eyes? Is there a super villain that might have done this to him? I feel like there might be characters named Sob Story and Onion Stank and they were planning to take over the internet and television so they could constantly play the 1971 tv movie *Brian's Song* but maybe my brain is just making that up.



Get a load of those chompers. Holy moley. I can't tell if that's one enormous and dented tooth on the top and one on the bottom, or if Batman has a mouth full of enormous teeth that point in random directions like the broken bones of the most recent dead Robin. Maybe he has perfectly normal teeth but he just stuffed an apple-sized marshmallow in his mouth and hasn't quite finished chewing it up.

Sadly, this Batman face poses numerous questions and provides very few answers. Try not to think about it too much. Otherwise you might react like Catwoman.

This face comes to us courtesy of forum user Gavok. Thankfully, the explanation for Catwoman's expression is quite clear. She has just discovered that her anti-perspirant has been laced with catnip.

Wait, maybe she finally got around to playing Arkham City and just reached the part where every bad guy calls Catwoman a bitch that they want to rape?

Or she could have just stepped on something that really surprised and hurt her. Like a picture of her outfit.

Oh, go on without me. I'm going to be a while.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.11 Please Don't Inject Poison Into Your Face

Monday, May 13, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ladies, this is addressed to those of you considering face injections. Speaking on behalf of decent men: please don't inject your face. I'm only asking. We think you're beautiful. All of you. Don't stick poison into your precious faces. You probably only have one, so be careful with it.

Most of the reasons for injecting your face are not good. Don't shoot botulism into the corners of your eyes to smooth out wrinkles. Don't inject collagen, or saline, or hotdog water into your lips until you have sausage mouth. Most of all, don't try to do it yourself when the doctors refuse to give you any more treatments.

Remember Hang Mioku? Back in 2008 she injected a bunch of cooking oil into her face to try to make herself appear youthful. Have you ever seen cooking oil that has been sitting in a pan for a couple days? Imagine having that in your face forever.

Things didn't work out too well for Hang. A recent TV special brought the world up to date on her horrifying condition of looking like the dead body of a Muppet.

I'm not sure what standard of beauty convinces some women that they need to inject their faces with toxic substances, but I'm willing to bet men are to blame.

Men fetishize every part of a woman's body. Every part. Trust me, somewhere out there are guys looking for the women with the biggest skin tags. They'll have their own jargon for talking tags. "Dat dangle" or "Lovin' them meat drips." Some guy out there is fantasizing about his girlfriend dangling her floppy armpit tags all over his gross wiener.

Do you want to give skin tag guy control over your armpits? Are you going to cultivate a patch of dangles? Tweeze out some fresh tags? I don't think so. You're not giving the skin tag loser say over your pits, so don't give the rest of us any control over your face.

This message is specifically aimed at faces, but it goes for the rest of you as well. For example, if you are friends with a woman named Pebbelz Da Model, known for her 48-inch butt, you probably should not ask her for advice about how to get a butt like that. 48-inches is a lot of butt. Too much butt for humans. You might just end up dead from having concrete injected into your ass.

Men don't feel this sort of pressure. A handful of Hollywood types might go in for the injections, but most men assume women will accept our dumpy old bodies. So even things up, ladies. Either make us accept your dumpy old bodies, or start pressuring us to get ball lifts and Trapezius implants.

Make some guy so obsessed with having the perfect traps for the trap lovers that he implants door stops into his neck. Turn your judgmental female gaze on every man who doesn't shave every day. Hell, we should wax our faces and back and chest. We should look like ten year olds because that's

what you ladies like, right?

Or, men and women could just be normal humans for once and knock all of that shit off. Please.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.12 Keep Your State Pride Off Your Clothes

Tuesday, May 14, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Let me make a few predictions regarding the kind of person who wears shirts promoting their state. If I'm wrong, call me a turd on twitter or something, but more than likely they...

- were born in the state on their shirt
- really admire etsy creativity
- genuinely wonder why their state doesn't get the attention of other states
- believe [major city] is *really* improving
- get overly involved in kickball leagues/minor league baseball/art walks

What I'm trying to say is that these people are stupid and, more often than not, obnoxious.

They're very unique, according to themselves. It takes a special kind of person to rock a state pride t-shirt. They have to follow even the most absurd and shallow trends with a guiding desperation for attention. In 2002 people wore clothes with "witty" comments. Now we have American Apparel ringers with a screen-print outline of Georgia or some shit. You probably can't think of four ways your state impacts you, but this t-shirt wearer apparently notices the minute differences that really define their character. They're so proud of where they live they wear a shirt to remind people around them what state they're in. Their personality involves strutting down the street like, "I'm real into statehood now," like "this state just *gets* me," like "I lived here before it was cool."

They're part of an elite subculture, they've convinced themselves. Even if their state has the personality of a Panera Bread, it *has* to be the best. They were born here after all! Nowhere does the Dr. Pepper taste so sweet, no where are the late night pizza slices this rad. They visited another state once. They hated it. So it's pretty much certain that no one is better than the few million people inhabiting the hundreds of miles around them. Sure, they've probably never even seen 40 - 60% of the counties, but why should that matter? Based on a few lines on a map, the population is *awesome*. And to think, all you have to do to become a member to this selective group is not move away as soon as you turn 18.

They're rooting for their state in their own special way. No, they don't DVR C-SPAN. No, they don't volunteer. No, they don't like Social Services on Facebook. They don't have time for that rubbish. They're trying to get their state the attention it deserves and they aren't going to stop naively overhyping minimal accomplishments until their general demographical region is trending! If you look at a hip new cupcake bakery and say the name of your state three times, you'll become cool yourself. As if an alchemist's concoction of half-assed microbrewers and food trucks will justify their Midwest existence. As if the only problem with Dakotas or Missouri or Ohio is people's perceptions. There are reasons why some states are better than others and, I promise you, it has nothing to do with ad budget.

But don't tell them that. They're making waves and changing minds. State pride t-shirts are just the beginning. Soon people will safely performing oral sex with Kansas shaped dental dams. Soon their delusions about their hometown will be so ingrained they won't need their stupid t-shirts. It's a bright future.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.13 The Raunchiness of Delicious Doug

Wednesday, May 15, 2013 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

MuffWorld> 2.2 Patch Notes - MAY 13 2013
2.2 Patch Notes - MAY 13 2013
by UnlimitedTerry, May 13 2013 3:30 AM PDT
MUFFWORLD
The Raunchiness of Delicious Doug
Greetings Players! What a ride it has been to this point! This is UnlimitedTerry speaking for MuffWorld! We have lots of interesting and erotic developments here in this next patch and I'm looking forward to making the game more fun, more sexy and more erotic! In this patch, 'The Raunchiness of Delicious Doug', we have loads (J) of class balancing issues, new dynamic content and, after very specific media outrage, the addition of Condoms to the game's erotic toolkit!
EDIT MAY 15: Condoms have been removed due to player's demands.
Quick Note: We are sorry for the bug fixes. We fixed the bugs. We neutered the bugs. Certain very immature players were trying to get the bugs to fuck them and were sucking off the bugs. This is incredibly immature and we are not that kind of game. Don't fuck the bugs guys – last warning. You read the EULA.

New Content:

Through the Looking Ass – Players finding Mugly the Grundle Troll can be transported on an amazing time-traveling journey where they observe the formative sexual experience of their early teen years in spirit form and have to erotically conquer a sexually looming ghost to preserve the timeline in what can only be described as 'probably too complicated for a sex video game made exclusively by Mississippi Swamp People'.

*Pleasure Is His Business – *Locate the elusive and mysterious 'Mr. Strictly Business', a man who, ironically, only seeks pleasure. Follow a trail of scorned husbands and nude Polaroids to El Dorado itself and wonder– could this possibly be just one man?

*The Raunchiness of Delicious Doug – *You and nine friends can enter the Cave of Delicious Doug and attempt to get him to ejaculate in a very small window of time before he overdoses on prescription opiates. This raid requires multiple angles of pleasure, multiple skills and an incredibly open mind. But succeed – well, you and Doug just may destroy Gender forever.

Balancing:

- Pending pity advice from my ex wife's lawyer, the Incest skill tree has been removed.

- The Cuckold class will be receiving a myriad of buffs. While the class was only created to embarrass beta males and help me get off, we've decided to move the Cuckold forward. When teamed with a Bull, the Cuckold will broadcast a powerful debuff, 'General Malaise' that brings a base 15% chance to cause Impotency. Chickenheads will NOT be effected. Additionally, Bulls grouping with Cuckolds will have the ability to cast 'Sex is Power',which adds a temporary +5 Vigor at the expense of never really being able to have a real connection to anyone emotionally and a general disinterest in empathy.

- In response to these changes, we've opened up the Hand Stuff skill tree to Cuckolds.

- The monetary fee required to respec into new genitalia has been removed after I was told by a blog that it was oppressive.

- Removing the weakness to Butt Stuff debuff from the Diva class after viewing a series of very illuminating films in my free time as is my right as an American.

- Renaming the Fingerblasting Tree to just the Fingering Tree to reflect my developing mental maturity.

Last Note: All character models that infringe on copyrights or pending legislation against MuffWorld 2.0 will be removed until the issues are resolved.

+1 2 Like 1102 Share:

Tags: 2.2, Under Dev 2.2, Updates, Patch notes, Fingerblast, Incest, Butt Stuff, Chickenheads, Swamp People

Comments (121)
REPLY
THE_ONLINE_SOLDIER: ahhhh I;m screamin
DetectiveJohnTrimble: 15/f/Hawaii HEllo
Brett_Gormly_1952: I think this Delicious Doug raid encounter just seems like a complete rehash of the Horny Crucible instance. It's just lazy. Still miffed that Bear PPS (pleasure per second) way outscales Dominatrix's even though Bears can also scale into absorbing pleasure at the same time. Even though this game preaches balance it definitely HAS to be pushing its sexual agenda because certain classes are treated like, literally, second class citizens. Sigh. Prepare for incoming rage comics!
GROUND_BEEF: Nerf Virgen
GuntStrengthTitLord: The revamped introduction of 'Erotic Asexuality' is super confusing. Hey, CarnalDan of CarnalDan Studios, read a fucking book much? Asexuals don't even have dicks.
GROUND_BEEF: Nerf Deodorent
FreedomFIGHTER223: With every patch, I feel the crushing boot heel of moral indignation approaching. The raunchy nature is appealing to normies and they slowly latch on to one element of the game in order to please themselves and in the meantime draw outrage about some BS they don't like. I miss beta Vanilla MuffWorld in which everyone was on the same page and the game was a true refuge and anything went. I want to fuck Sonic the Hedgehog and now guess what I can't fuck the hedge hog. I want it tho. Believe it.
MISSISSIPPI_SwampPerson: CONFUSED IN GENERAL Mallory are you reading this.I'm sorry for the emails
MemeHeroKing22: bad news... Alass and hark.... Sound the alarm and retreat to DarkNet...
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 ... 29 Next

Having already mastered all content associated with the Delicious Doug patch, **Ian "BFM" Helm** can once again spend his night-owl hours creating page designs for the Monstergeddon series!

–~Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

5.14 20 Alternate Titles for I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream

Thursday, May 16, 2013 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

January 16, 1967

Harlan,

Love the new story but your title is too dark and confusing to put on our cover. I ran your outline by the boys in marketing and they came up with several alternatives that should appeal to an audience beyond the childless forty-somethings that make up the majority of our subscriber base. Blood clots claimed nearly 20% of our readership last year, so we have no choice but to adapt to a changing market with a shift towards easy-to-understand content and a new Beatles Trivia section Ray Bradbury is launching this summer. Please circle no more than fifteen (15) of your preferred title changes.

- *Dial M for Mouthlessness*
- *Mouth, Mouth, Who's Got the Mouth?*
- *The Screamless Five Versus Superhate*
- *Harlan Ellison Presents: Compunauts from Space-star Galaxy Zero*
- *Teddy No-Mouth and the Big Scream Adventure*
- *A Scream is a Wish the Mouth Makes*
- *Stalactite Ted's Two-Fisted Tale of Ice Justice*
- *It's a Living!*
- *Screamy Are the Damned*
- *The Apocalypse Sex Nymph and Her Four Suitors*
- *Curse of the Inside Voices*
- *I AM What I AM: The Wit and Wisdom of Malevolent Programming*

- *It Came from the Logical Conclusion to Prolonged Cold War Escalation*
- *Showdown at Canned Goods Mountain*
- *No Exit, But With an Evil Computer This Time*
- *Shockingly True Nightmares of Otolaryngology*
- *Baby's First Speculative Dystopian Fiction*
- *Ones and Zeros, Scoundrels and Heroes*
- *We Hope this Doesn't Remind You of Vietnam*
- *The Terminator*

In closing, I ask that you please submit your response via the U.S. Postal Service, rather than concealing it inside human excrement and hurling it at my office door.

- Your Editor

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.15 Arrested Development Fan Outraged Over the Lack of Buster's Turtle in Season Four

Friday, May 17, 2013 by Dwight Wright, Arrested Development's Biggest Fan (@sexyfacts4u)

"Hi, I'm Mitch Hurwitz. The guy who ruined the thing you loved more than anything else in the world.

"ARE YOU KIDDING ME? WHAT. THE. FUCK? Why even bother at this point?

First I read that Steve Holt is not going to be on screen until episode six and now I hear from blue_myself75 that you will not even reference Buster's Turtle, Mother, in season four, at all. Full stop. We're down the memory hole on this fucking thing.

Do you know who I am, Mitchell? I wrote the Fox execs, I wrote the NBC execs, I wrote Comedy Central and HBO. I had a website for six years called Dwight Wright Writes Dwight Wright's Arrested Development Writing Site. Then as soon as I heard about the Netflix deal I started a change.org petition to officially recognize Motherboy Day as a holiday.

AND NOW THE FUCKING KNIFE. Right between my shoulder blades and the shoulder blades of every Mayoneggiac who helped save your shitty show.

FUCK YOU Mitchell Hurwitz I will take a shit on the red carpet photo you signed for me and wipe my ass with pages from the cast-signed shooting script of Episode 218, which you wrote with Jim Valley. You're garbage. And you know where garbage belongs? In a toilet.

I knew as soon as I read there might not be as much Gob that you were fucking driving it into the ground.

Cash in or cop out? Where is the turtle, Mitchell? How about you post an AMA on Reddit and I can ask you why are you fucking everything up? First three seasons: destroyed. You actually managed to make them less funny with this BS.

There's FUCK YOUs in the banana stand, Mitchell. If Ron Howard were narrating my life right now they would fade out my audio and he would be saying, "Well, we can't play that on TV, but trust me, he had very nice things to say about Mitchell Hurwitz" and then zoom in on me writing I HATE YOU MITCHELL HURWITZ on a photo of your house I Google Streetviewed CUZ YOU'RE ON THE GRID, DUMBFUCK.

Let me tell you a little something about comedy, Mitchell, since you seem to have forgotten it like crazy during those two years you were dildoing your own butt oh wait I mean show running *Running Wilde* right into a tree killing the careers of all involved.

Here's all supreme bitch idiot Mitch Hurwitz thinks we need for a great episode of AD.

waves severed arm in your face AND THAT'S WHY YOU ALWAYS PUT THE FUCKING TURTLE CALLBACK IN YOUR SHOW.

Jesus Christ. I don't even think I want to watch season four at all at this point. We all know it's going to suck. Everyone on all the fan sites have been saying it since it was announced that AD was coming back. You missed the window. You can't put the lightning back in the genie. Everyone knows it's going to be a shitshow of Michael episodes with a B plot of Maeby working at the movie studio. HEY GUESS WHAT: WE ALL HATE THAT SHIT.

And we don't like Michael Cera anymore either.

Basically we want Buster and Lucille for A plot with a Gob B plot and C plot with Tobias and Steve Holt. You can include two short drop-ins (which we call hop-ons on the Mayoneggiacs forum) of either Barry Zuckerkorn or Bob Loblaw. That's it. That's how you do it. Thanks. Thanks alot, Mitchell Hurwitz, you colossal piece of fucking shit.

–∼Dwight Wright, Arrested Development's Biggest Fan (@sexyfacts4u)

5.16 Today's Top Sport Move Plays

Saturday, May 18, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

They're the moments everyone will be talking about around the office Gatorade cooler. These feats of athleticism are so impressive that they might cause you to accidentally drop your daily Sports ticket voucher and miss out on your ration of boiled peanuts. That's right, it's time for today's Top Sport Move Plays!

As always, today's moves come to us from Sport, the only sport in existence and the nationally mandated pastime. There is no other sport. Any suspicious non-Sport athletic activities must be reported to your local executioner-referee.

#10

Presented by Message Pretzels. You've got a message for a loved one. Why not say it in pretzels?

The No Thanks Necessarys are in contention for a title run thanks to rookie Aaron Brr. Here we see Aaron laying face down on the ground, arms to his sides with his palms facing the sky. Using only his toes, he manages to propel himself around the quarter mile track three times before getting disqualified for laughing as this gold retriever licks his face. Tremendous effort on the part of the rookie.

#9

Here's Hotshot Chiffon proving that he's worth every penny of that $10 billion contract. He takes not just one, or two, but eighteen punches to the head before falling off the stationary bike! Though the Athletes would eventually lose the match, Chiffon's performance proved enough to save a randomly selected fan from a flogging.

#8

Presented by Wigs In A Sink Drain. Are they good? How many of them are there? Who knows! They're in a sink drain. Ask for it by name!

Watch the lower left corner of your screen. That's team captain Andy Chipwich standing near the pool shirtless without crossing his arms in front of his torso to cover his supple breasts. He doesn't even suck in his stomach! Another stunning play by Andy.

#7

Grace Klumse has been a regular star of Top Sport Move Plays, and with plays like these it's easy to see why. Here she jumps off a trampoline, makes a perfect three point landing in the nest, then throws a spiraling 80 yard pass, landing the egg directly in the mouth of her teammate David Beckham even as the vengeful falcon's talons claw deep rivulets into her neck and shoulder. Fantastic sequence of events.

#6

Presented by OmniSports. When it's OmniSports, you know it's sports. Now an official branch of the military.

I'm not sure why this one isn't the top play of the day. Tammy Candy is holding a much shorter opponent's homework up in the air, just out of his grasp. Here in slow motion we can see how she lowers the paper, then when the smaller athlete attempts to snatch it back Tammy expertly yanks it out of reach. You simply don't see that sort of athleticism in the minor leagues, folks.

#5

You're going to want to hold on to your butts for this one. Watch as Ian Malcolm does 80% of a cartwheel before wobbling off sideways. That's the closest any athlete has ever come to competing a cartwheel in the history of Sport! You won't see that record being broken for decades.

#4

Presented by Owels. Sort of like owls. Just... a little off. Something about the eyes. They don't seem quite right.

You thought you saw the last of rookie sensation Aaron Brr, but he's not done! Here he hides motionless in a bed of flowers for nearly five hours.

#3

Will Theywon'they is on a tear this season. Today the veteran superstar had one of the highlight plays of his career, pretending to move in slow motion while he used his fingers as imaginary guns to shoot three opponents before they could raise their imaginary shields or return fire with imaginary grenades.

#2

Presented by Performance Gear. If you aren't wearing Performance Gear, you're the only one to blame for not being liked by others!

Here we see Julie August nudge an opponent's elbow as he writes something very important, then she makes a running leap to tackle all ten midfield mannequins at once. As this replay from a second angle shows, the key is this really weird snarling face that she pulls.

#1

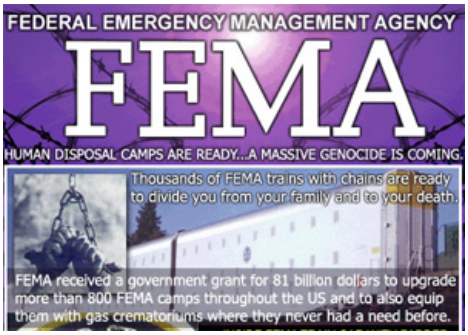
And now, the Move Play of the day!

Hunch Ouvre's grip loosens, and his red balloon begins to float away. Without missing a beat, a determined Ouvre runs up the side of the stadium wall and kicks off like Spider-Man, twirling in mid-air to catch the very edge of the balloon's string before it can get away. What a close call! For a moment it seemed as though this was going to be a repeat of the balloon loss that ended his season three years ago.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.17 The FEMA Guide to Managing Your Detention Camp

Monday, May 20, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


FEDERAL EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT AGENCY
FEMA
HUMAN DISPOSAL CAMPS ARE READY...A MASSIVE GENOCIDE IS COMING.
Thousands of FEMA trains with chains are ready to divide you from your family and to your death.
FEMA received a government grant for 81 billion dollars to upgrade more than 800 FEMA camps throughout the US and to also equip them with gas crematoriums where they never had a need before.

Congratulations! Your FEMA camp is full to capacity. You have stuffed every one of your FEMA trains full of innocent Americans and crammed them into your razor wire ringed detention facility.

It doesn't matter if it was done under the auspices of a "relief effort" in the wake of a HAARP false flag tornado or it was a good-old race war gun grab. You need something to do with all these people! Well, technically not people, they are subhuman patriots.

Time to start filling those FEMA coffins? Call in the Spetsnaz? Bring in the UN troops?

Whoa there! Slow it down. A full FEMA camp is a good problem to have. There are a lot of things you can do with so many dissidents.

Re-education

Not all of the dissidents interned at your camp are hopeless American Freedomists (the official term for all those who believe in the Old World Order). Sometimes you can teach them to go about their lives in a way that is beneficial to the world government the USA has been trying to establish for all these years by never signing even the most benign UN treaty.

Show them the picture of George Washington kissing Thomas Jefferson. Go through the material that counters the Heritage Foundation's "Latinos are genetically related to Gremlins" research. Try to explain to them that they can't compare FEMA camps to the Holocaust and deny the Holocaust actually happened at the same time.

Try to sit them down and explain that Ronald Reagan worked with the Iranians to wage an illegal secret war. Be sure to explain that the reason black people never give a shit about FEMA camps is because we've been sticking them in FEMA camps for over a century. They're called prisons.

Activities

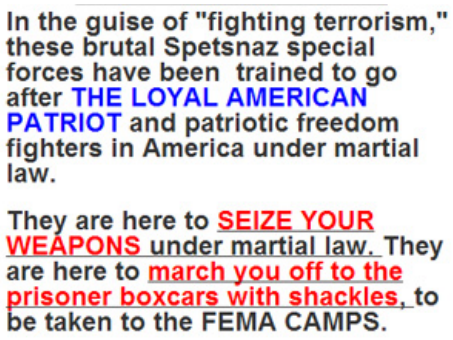
Keeping dissidents busy will help reduce unrest. Lead them in the singing of the Obama song that is mandatory at all grade schools. Teach them the new pledge of allegiance that replaces "one nation under god" with "one nation under a respect for the value and agency of human beings."

Play basketball telling them to "forget the fundamentals" and focus on "thug style showboating." Make something out of yarn, like a yarn model of the prison they have constructed in their own minds by slavishly listening to shysters on the radio peddling gold coins and survival meals.

Watch TV shows that promote the coming world government like *The Amazing Race* (the most amazing race being a photogenic caramel mélange of all races) and *Voltron* (the lions of all nations are stronger as one than as many).

FEMA *is amassing a staggering supply of unexplained burial vaults that would hold millions of bodies. Through history, criminal governments plan genocidal depopulation by design. U.S. government labs create race specific bio-weapons, W.H.O. forces vaccines containing mercury and cancer viruses? Fluoride toxic water? Aluminum in chemtrails? Doing the math?*

Forced Labor


In the guise of "fighting terrorism," these brutal Spetsnaz special forces have been trained to go after THE LOYAL AMERICAN PATRIOT and patriotic freedom fighters in America under martial law.
They are here to SEIZE YOUR WEAPONS under martial law. They are here to march you off to the prisoner boxcars with shackles, to be taken to the FEMA CAMPS.

Some of the Freedomists might have skills other than commenting on Youtubes and leaving semi-automatic weapons in reach of children. They could burn confiscated American flags or smash grabbed guns with hammers. They could help print fiat currency, shred copies of the Constitution, or attend an acting class to appear as a victim in one of our upcoming false flag shootings.

Yeah, we're keeping those going. We've already grabbed all the guns and gun owners (using the national registry), but you know how congress likes to keep jobs in their district. We have to keep those fake school shootings going or the thousands of government and local police won't be paid off not to talk, causing another recession.

Experiments

Just because half of them are on Rascal scooters and they haven't seen a doctor in twenty years (won't prescribe colloidal silver) doesn't mean the rest of us can't benefit. Let's get some college types in your camp to poke and prod the Freedomists.

The FDA can test aspartame on them while we force-feed them GMOs to determine the results that we don't even care about. Give all of them all of the vaccines to determine what levels cause autism and what levels cause retardation. We're not completely sure what a pelvic mesh is, but let's test that on them too.

Humiliation

As a shadowy government agency born of the sins of the National Weather Service and a fire prevention program, staffed by psychopaths without names or morals, we get off on humiliating these folks in our camps. Put their bibles in toilets. Make them watch as we drone strike all of the AM radio stations in North America. Devalue their marriages with footage of gay weddings. Force them to trim the beards they wear as part of their religion of burying shotguns and buckets of oats in underground vaults.

Exclusive: Government Activating FEMA Camps Across U.S.
Kurt Nimmo and Alex Jones
Infowars.com
December 7, 2011
BREAKING NEWS: GOV. ACTIVATING "FEMA CAMPS" ACR...

After all, we work for the government, which is of, by, and for heartless monsters that were once people. Have you ever been in a post office? The Freedomists in our camps should consider themselves lucky!

Good luck as you endeavor to advance the cause of world peace and harmony by enslaving gun owners to mint Americoins for illegals.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.18 Subj: PET LORD CONFESSION

Tuesday, May 21, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! i wanted to write because years of regret have boiled up in me and i have to tell you before anyone else that i was the Pet Lord for 2 years back when you were a youngun. YES, that Pet Lord, the one who vanished and let all the animals go and who was never found but left behind dozens of happy parties and potlucks all over the county and also some unanswered riddles. lets start with the facts

Fact 1: i did not start Pet Lord as a scheme to make big money. actually what happened is i forgot to buy your mother's mother a birthday gift so I dressed up in a mask and cool ripped up jeans and a big leather X strap over my chest and went over there with a couple gross cats, a bulldog, and a little boombox and handed her a letter saying "Happy Birthday I Got You A Visit From Pet Lord The Traveling Petting Zoo May All Your Dreams Come True" and i did a sexy dance with my hands on my hips and lots of side to side hip motions while she petted mostly the dog for 90 minutes. she did NOT know it was me

Fact 2: later that week she wrote a letter to the editor and told everyone she had a great birthday and she told them about the Pet Lord. she did not say it was great BECAUSE of the Pet Lord they were 2 different statements but i think everyone thought that's what she meant and folks all over town started calling the Pet Lord

Fact 3: I got yelled at a few times and on one occasion in particular i passed out from heat stroke in the mask and there is birthday footage of a dad kneeling down to punch my unconscious masked body while the kids screamed

Fact 4: by the second year sales had plummeted and i needed new pets in a hurry and didn't have a lot of money so i answered an ad about ostriches for sale. i bought the only one they had left, a monster named T-Bird which i believe stood for Terrible Bird

Fact 5: i was doing a party at a teen graduation and the backyard was all decorated with balloons and lots of the teens were wearing nice clothes and acting too cool to enjoy Pet Lord but i did my dance anyway as the bulldog and cats and ostrich wandered around the yard. everything went pretty good but some of the bigger teens threw a bedsheet over me and when i curled up into a ball (natural defense, i can't help it) they tied the ends up and knotted it. after a couple minutes of laughing they went inside and the ostrich came over and started pecking me

Fact 6: i drove the Pet Wagon to the north edge of town with all the nice trees and i let the cats and the ostrich go and threw my mask into the creek. this was the end of Pet Lord but i kept the bulldog

Fact 7: everyone in town begged Pet Lord to come back and they took out an ad in the paper that showed a picture of a crying man wondering when the pets would be back... or so it had seemed!!! i did that ad myself to let

everyone know Pet Lord was gone and it looked like i missed him so i definitely could not have been him

Fact 8: i was wearing the cool ripped jeans in the crying photo. it was my way of telling observant people with an eye for details that Pet Lord wasn't really dead but i don't think anyone noticed that

Fact 9: i got a paid week off of work because everyone saw me crying in the paper wearing messed up clothes. jackpot!!!!!

That is more or less the Pet Lord story. i might one day do Pet Lord again if i ever hit rock bottom but there will definitely not be ostriches the next time!!! GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!DAD

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

5.19 Spout.ly: June's Sour Sips

Wednesday, May 22, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly

June has seen a number of new fountains explode onto the scene, offering fresh sips to the delight of local enthusiasts. But with good also flows bad. Some long-hated founts have resurfaced to compete with a handful of new discoveries, all racing for the bottom of the barrel. Unless you're a die-hard completionist, spare your taste buds from June's Sour Sips. *-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

SOUR SIPS

Pere Ubu Chevrolet

TOP COMMENTS:

"Idiot jerk named Gary tries to sell me a car every single time I come here to drink from the fountain, which, by the way, is the worst in town. The water just seeps out of the spout, like pus. It's thick, olive-colored and not even remotely refreshing. You also have to lick and slurp it off the bubbler." *-Thirsty Man*

"Went in to get a drink and got tag-teamed by a guy named Gary and another guy with two ponytails who insisted I test drive a Chevy Volt. After that and like two hours of paperwork, I pretended I needed to get my checkbook and got out of there. Now they're saying I'm obligated to buy this car. Also the water tasted exactly like urine." *-Geyser*

Shaggy Butte Animal Control

TOP COMMENTS:

"Came inside and nobody was working here. Dog s*** everywhere. There were so many dogs all looking at me and watching me as I went to get a drink. They didn't make any noise, just watched. I had to power gulp it, which backfired since the spout flooded me with rusty water. Then the dogs started howling and I jumped out a window and cut my arms. Stupid fountain." *-Soggy Steve*

"I entered through a broken window. There were a lot of dogs in there, all eating a lot of rotting meat. Had to hit the push bar extra hard, because it seemed pretty jammed up. By the time water started flowing, a really big dog was standing up next to me and lapping up all the water. I came to drink, so I just had to get up in there with him and compete for that water. It tasted like dog slobber. Brown dog slobber." *-Gusher*

Super Walmart

TOP COMMENTS:

"There are two fountains here, one lower for persons in wheelchairs, one higher for persons not in wheelchairs. The taller one has an entire raw chicken impaled on the bubbler. I got sick after lapping up the water that oozed out from the chicken's pores." *-HydraDad*

"If you move the raw chicken from the spout you can still use it just fine. It has that weird chicken broth taste still, and you're going to get sick from all the salmonella, but don't let a little raw meat get in the way of a drink." *-WetBandit58*

Shaggy Butte Municipal Airport

TOP COMMENTS:

"There's not a lot of reason to come here after thieves stole all the concrete from the runway. They stopped servicing the drinking fountains, but the water is still turned on. There's a raccoon trapped inside the fountain. He's in there pretty good, and you can hear him yowl when you hit the push bar. There's a lot of hair in each sip, and the water tastes pretty rancid. Waste of time, if you ask me." -*DeepDrinker*

"I'm not sure how the raccoon got in there. I popped the basin off and he had pipes going through his body. It was like they built the fountain through the little guy. It's messed up and wrong. Who would do this? He just groaned for like the entire fifteen minutes I spent drinking from the fountain. Awful water. I think it was mostly blood. Zero stars." -*Wet Beard*

Shaggy Butte YMCA

TOP COMMENTS:

"This is another fountain in town almost certain to give you hepatitis. Well, I already have all the heps from other local fountains so I took a chance thinking it might be a hidden gem. It's not. I think it spits out KFC gravy and I had to get my stomach pumped again." -*Swigga Please*

"This fountain is pumping pure sewage from a busted sewer main below. It is literally feces and urine reduced to a brown sludge. Still, the button is quick and responsive, the bubbler flows with ideal force, basin is nice and deep with a fast drain, so it's not a complete disaster." -*Wet Whistle*

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.20 Folk Heroes Of The Internet Frontier

Thursday, May 23, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Onward they rode, into the vast unknown. Many were wizened hardcases, their skin leathery from hard years doing what it took to survive the no man's land of BBSes, their eyes permanently squinted against the glow of phantom green text. The majority were fresh faced youths eager for adventure, as if anything good ever came from such folly. They had never left the safety of their GeoCities and so their dulled senses had no frame of reference for what dark shapes stirred out in the beyond.

They had no Google. There was no compass to point out the way, aside from the useless likeness of one found within the logo of the equally useless Netscape Navigator. The trails they blazed were forged by instinct. They pushed on as far as each link would take them, the destination never a foregone conclusion but a perilous and thrilling surprise. Some found fertile land and fortune in deep mines rich with Ate My Balls jokes, others found themselves stuck in a quagmire of Under Construction gifs, starving to death before they were able to find escape.

It's impossible to say if there were more tales or pointless deaths in those early days. One thing is for certain, however. As is always the case, both death and story were romanticized until the true human hardships were lost in tall tales. Ever changing with the telling, these stories began as gentle ripples and by the time they reached the shores of civilization they had become unrecognizable tidal waves. Some captured the imagination of fools and endured.

Webring Sally

Legend tells of a mysterious woman who strode through every website with a mischievous smile upon her pretty face. Whether a page was personal or corporate, frames or no frames or missing a visit counter, it did not matter. She graced them all with her presence.

Upon reaching the final site she stopped and tapped her chin thoughtfully. When she turned back around, she proclaimed that like-minded sites should not scattered to the winds, but that they should band together. Plucking a single red hair from her head, she wove a ring that was simultaneously no bigger than a coin and large enough to encompass all of creation.

"With this," she stated, "I connect all of the fansites of the X-Files. May they forever be strengthened by the bonds forged today."

So she continued, weaving webrings to link the abandonware sites, the dancing babies and the dancing hamsters, turning disparate outposts into communities wherever she went.

The Gentle Font Giant

They say there was a man so tall that he could stand in a rippling javascript lake without getting his ankles wet, his massive head piercing a rainbow-themed mouse cursor trail as he straddled half the internet.

This was a giant, peaceful in nature but quick to anger if a web page's font was too small for his taste. He insisted that all headlines appear in 120pt and that they be red, regardless of the background. Many followed his wishes without hesitation. One day he abruptly left, an earthquake trembling in his wake as he strode off mumbling about something called the Drudge Report.

Johnny Chatroom

There wasn't a chat room in the world that didn't see a visit from Johnny Chatroom at one point or another. For years he roamed, dropping in to pose the question "A/S/L?" then leaving before receiving a reply.

When he had spread his question every web-based chat room in the world, he turned to IRC. There he was no less prolific, but this time around his query was different. "Can I get Ops?"

The Unknown Sage

No one knows if the Unknown Sage was a man or woman, or from whence they came. What we do know is that he or she was the most prolific soothsayer of the early internet. With over 12,000 predictions spread across just as many guest books, the Unknown Sage shared incredible visions of the future of technology. For instance:

- "In the year of twenty and thirteen, Microsoft will turn from Windows 95 and they shall make their first console, naming it the Xbox One, just to make it very clear that this is the first one."

- "The makers of the world's largest search engine shall one day grow so large that they lose their way, developing a mechanism for one's face that will inject very long needles and shards of glass into one's eyes and skin."

- "There will be a group of people who consider themselves tech personalities, and they will be seen as geek superstars for treating every new gadget, site, and piece of software as the next big thing, often without disclosing their personal investments in the successes of these products. The world will be consumed in a bath of fire."

- "Remember this, for one day it will change your life forever: Kozmo.com"

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.21 The Chief Complaints of Gorean Men's Rights Activists

Friday, May 24, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

When a free man of Gor collars a woman of earth and demands her submission he is considered cruel. But when a woman takes an earth man and turns him into a slave, though unnatural in all ways and forbidden in the city of Ar, this is celebrated on website Jezebel. Hypocrisy much?

Free men of Gor upon returning from long wars discover wife has made a child with another free man and throw her from the tower where she is kept. Why does other man not pay for new wife? Am I right, guys?

Tarnsman "not notable" keeps getting combined back into the main Gorean wikipedia article even though list of female novelists gets its own page? Are we even trying to be fair anymore?

We are sick of kajirae not responding to hand gestures correctly. I made the upside down three-fingered gesture to undress and rub oil on body and kajira instead puts on DVD SHE wants to watch. Do the Slave Houses not breed kajirae properly anymore? I don't even know where to begin.

Must the purchaser pay for kneeling lessons from the whip masters or shouldn't the owner of the slave pens of the kajira pay at least half. UNFAIR.

Social justice Tumblr suggests sex slaves should not be kept hooded like falcons. Real funny GIF from Muse video. Now where is GIF for free man of Gor with bluest balls needing to be seized like desert mouse?

When kajirae are commanded to assume the position upon the floor on their bellies, face down, arms at side, palms up, sometimes they place their palms down. Punishment at worst will be caning. If a

free man of Gor fails to obey the command of a higher caste he will be exiled into the Deathlands. Just looking for some equality on this one.

It is considered good for a woman to obey a free man and honorable to become a kajirae, but if a man becomes a kajiri for a woman's pleasure he is lower than a eunuch dog. Yeah, that's fair. Not.

There is a slave girl in every woman, but not a slave girl in every man. We do not want this to change, just calling out once again inequality.

Free women are permitted passage on the deck of oar ships now instead of in the ritual pleasure cabin. Any wonder why boats are being attacked by slave pirates more and more? Think about it.

Hillary Clinton. 'Nuff said.

Enslaved men of earth are forced to fight to the death in pits and all an enslaved woman must do is give up her name and identity and swear an oath of lifelong pleasure service to her master until she is sold or traded to a new master. Calling bullshit on this.

When I go shopping at outlet mall I get weird looks for having obese kajira collared and crawling next to me, but if free woman did it people would say, "Oh, sure, it must be thing free women do now wherever they want. It is permitted. For free women." John Norman did not have to put up with this shit.

Have you ever seen the depiction of free man of Gor on sitcom? I rest my case.

Gorean Men's Rights Activism is about getting things right and having equality. It's not hate. It's just countering rampant misandry.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.22 Xbox One Buzzwords Explained

Saturday, May 25, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

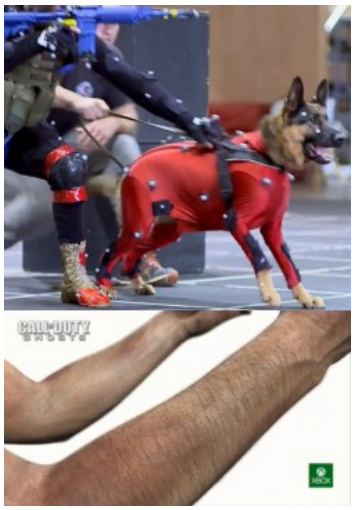
Included: Kinect, Windows multitasking, tv. Not included: Reason to purchase.

There weren't enough surprises or Blinx The Time Sweeper sequels for the Xbox One reveal to be entertaining, and it wasn't John Carmack-y enough in its technical specificity to make up for the event's dryness. The announcement was little more than a few pieces of marketing jargon repeated again and again (with occasional breaks for extended ruminations on tv, social media, and sports) until an hour had gone by.

There was no attempt to demonstrate why any of the buzz words applied to the system, or what many of the terms meant. Even the name of the console went unexplained. For the record, I'm pretty sure it's called the Xbox One because it's a box that runs on DirectX.

One of the most repeated phrases of the event was "connected experience". Microsoft wants to push the console as the center of the living room, a concept that other systems have tried to cram down everyone's throats as hard as 3D despite being wanted by even fewer people. Their vision of the future involves you yelling at your video game system to change the channel on your tv, making arm motions to minimize the movie you're watching to make room for a Skype call, and actually using Bing. On your television. Instead of watching things on 100% of your tv and doing other things much more effectively on your phone or iPad when the mood strikes you.

The "connected experience" goes beyond that vision, however. Your Xbox One won't work unless a Kinect sensor is plugged in. The Kinect will never fully power off its microphone, so it's connected to your life in an exciting way. The console also won't work unless it connects to the internet every 24 hours, where it may or may not pass along the Kinect's data to Microsoft's advertising partners. That's a lot of connections!



Behold the emotional future of connected transistor cloud entertainment!

We also got to hear about transistors. The last Xbox had 165,000,000 transistors, which sounds vaguely impressive, but the Xbox One has 5,000,000,000 transistors. This clearly means that the Xbox One is thirty times more powerful than the last system. Its games will be thirty times better. Eat the math, nerds. By harping on such a meaningless number, Microsoft hopes to wave away the fact that the PlayStation 4 is actually a more powerful system and the Xbox One has further hobbled itself by walling off a chunk of its capability for multitasking things like Twitter and fantasy sports leagues and BitCoin mining.

"Groundbreaking," said just about everyone that took the stage. As far as I can tell, the Xbox One is groundbreaking because it is new. Being a new thing also makes it the "future of interactive entertainment". Actually, there are other aspects of the system that might be considered groundbreaking, like the unprecedented privacy concerns it introduces with that always-on Kinect, and its innovative method of crushing used game sales which is so ahead of its

time that it still hasn't been fully explained.

We heard a lot about the "next generation of gamers". Who are they? The people who grew up knowing only Call Of Duty and will continue to buy it forever. If any of Microsoft's ideas sound dumb, they are actually very smart because they appeal to the next generation of gamers, which you just don't understand.

What about the "cloud"? There are all these computers out there on the internet, each with millions of transistors. Microsoft claims that they will offload computations from your games into the cloud to make them run better, as if the internet wouldn't be an unpredictable bottleneck, or it's somehow a good idea to develop games that need more resources than the local hardware can provide. Remember Sony's PS3 cell processor pitch about pulling resources from your toaster to make games run better with more polygons? Yeah. In reality, this is a terrible idea at best and a complete lie at worst. SimCity was broken as fuck and it didn't even attempt to compute anything important in the cloud. At most, things like your profile, achievements, and save games will be periodically backed up online.

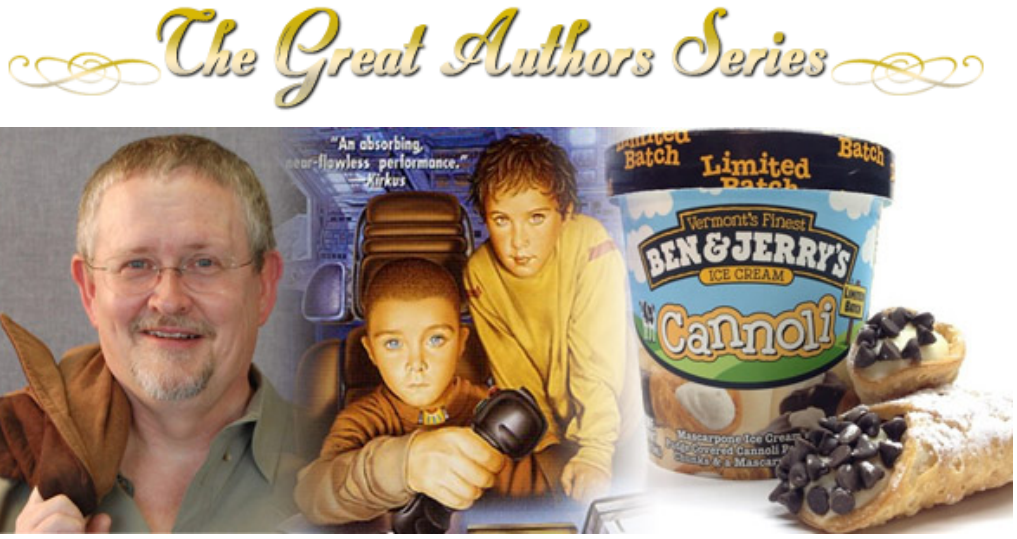
The event featured a surprising amount of talk about "emotion". Sports men explained how the newest EA games are going to usher in a new era of interactive entertainment by featuring emotion, such as smiling when you kick a ball really hard. Call Of Duty has a very realistic dog and you become emotionally invested in him because he has a high res detailed tattoo in his ear and you have hairs on your arms.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.23 Orson Scott Card is Paid to Introduce the New Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream Flavors

Monday, May 27, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



Chocolate Peppermint Crunch

Rikkam completed the zero-g turn and landed on the deck opposite the meal unit. The dispenser had produced three bins of dessert for each student as a reward for hard work. They could select two of the three bins and combine them into a single dish. Peros and Valus had already made their choices.

"Chocolate and fudge," said Paros. He held out the creamy brown chocolate ice cream rippled with the darker veins of rich fudge.

"I have selected these flavors as well," said Valus. She turned her hip and threw her hair to the side as she showed Rikkam her dish.

Rikkam smiled, for neither had learned the lesson of the day.

"Similarities are an evolutionary dead end," said Rikkam. He turned on his heel and executed a perfect airborne somersault to land behind the meal unit. He opened the tops of the tubs to reveal the flavors within. Chocolate. Fudge. Peppermint. He reached out to the chocolate and fudge, but it was a ruse. At the last moment he selected the chocolate and peppermint. "Opposites must combine to form new varieties. If all we have are the same flavors mixed into one another then what is the point? You may as well be trying to plug a lamp into another lamp."

"I do not understand," said Paros, with a limp wave of his wrist.

"You wouldn't," laughed Rikkam. "Do you understand, Valus?"

"Yes," she winked and added, "I am peppermint, Rikkam."

He licked the spoon clean. "We'll see after tomorrow's hyperjoust."

Cannoli

The ReMakers gathered by the shores of their colony structure. Adwara still had not deciphered their language, but she could follow their communication by the way they held their segmented bodies. There was a conflict within the colony. Food supplies were scarce. It had been so since the surprising snowfall of last week.

GeoSurvey satellites had seen the fluffy clouds approaching, but the Algur GeoEngineers had denied the reality. "The release of fuel emissions has heated the atmosphere. There will be a rise in sea levels and increasing temperatures. The globe will warm."

Fat snowflakes landed among the ReMakers. Their antennae twitched with concern.

Adwara caught a snowflake on her fingertip. She glanced up at the crescent-shaped GeoEngineering megastructure in orbit.

"Where is your global warming now, Algur?" she muttered.

Of course, globe warmification was hotly contested by science, but dissenting opinions were surpressed by the Leebro Media.

"Oh!" remembered Adwara. "I have Cannoli ice cream I can share with the ReMakers. It contains real mascarpone and delicious pastry swirls."

She spooned the ice cream into the maws of the ReMakers. They clattered their mandibles in thanks for the refreshing and authentic Italian sweetness.

Coffee, Coffee BuzzBuzzBuzz!

"Word of Wisdom," said Rikkam. "Stay away from the caffeine."

Paros scowled. Rikkam's punch sent the bully flying through the hatch and knocked him into the bathroom tiles. Paros had been a fool to eat three dishes of sweet espresso-juiced ice cream from the meal unit.

His reflexes were wound too tightly and he was insufferably hyper. Rikkam stood over his fallen classmate. He thought about offering Paros a hand, but it was better that Paros pull himself up.

"Was that ice cream worth it?"

Paros was sullen. He lifted his head and wiped blood from the corner of his mouth.

"Yes. It was the most delicious coffee ice cream I have ever tasted, with rich espresso fudge pieces that melted in my mouth. I would do it all over again."

Rikkam gave Paros a sad shake of his head.

"Anyone can make a mistake. Only fools make the same mistake twice." Rikkam left Paros naked on the bathroom floor without saying another word.

Vanilla Honey Caramel

The media misled the majority and so it was that they formed the Core States. The states that resisted called themselves the True Bloc and the people who believed were known as the Originalists.

Marriage, said Hugh Gimrech, was only between one man and one woman. Any other combination undermined the foundation of not just America, but all of human civilization. The majority disagreed. The courts disagreed. The President, posing with same-sex couples, signed the gay marriage Amendment into the Constitution.

"It was the Greeks who invented sodomy," said Jonathan from the hatch of his APC.

"But the Core States perfected it," finished Tila.

The APC's motor rumbled and the armored vehicle prowled through the ruins of Chicago. High Commander Gimrech had won a great victory there, but homoist agitators remained behind. They believed in nothing but gayness and were willing to give up their lives to preserve their repulsive unions. Their desperation made them dangerous.

"Stay frosty," said Tila.

"You know, the Greeks did do one thing right," said Jonathan.

"Democracy?"

"No," he laughed. "Look how that has turned out. No. They have combined creamy rich yogurt with sweet honey caramel."

"Sounds good," said Tila.

"Look out!" cried Jonathan, throwing the pint of delicious yogurt aside as a rocket team of homosexuals emerged from the rubble. The APC's turret swiveled and the 25mm gun fired. Tila stayed on them using the thermal imager. Their bodies burst apart and the rockets exploded harmlessly.

"Good kill," said, Jonathan. "Now, let's swing by the ruins of that grocery store and see if they have some more Greek Yogurt."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.24 Bad Tips and the Server

Tuesday, May 28, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Servers need tips. As soon as a table stands up, they rush over to check the bill. It's make or break time. Most customers tip 20%. That's nice. It helps supplement the $4/hour wage the restaurant forks over. But what about those that don't? What happens at the lower percentages? It's a careful dance between the customer's moral reasoning and the server's need to pay rent.

15% Tip

Possible Reason: You asked for ketchup and never got it. How are you expected to eat french fries without ketchup?!
Server's Reaction: God, why is it that every [select nationality/race/age group] tips terribly? Can't we just ship them to [assumed country of origin/retirement home]?

14% Tip

Possible Reason: The server drove you crazy, but you're on a first date and you don't want to look like a total cheap ass.
Server's Reaction: lol their bill ends in 69. But seriously, what an asshole.

13% Tip

Possible Reason: You forgot to carry the 1.
Server's Reaction: Six times! You make me list all the gluten free items six times and then tip like this? I'd walk out to the valet and give you a piece of mind if my manager didn't make me roll all this silverware.

12% Tip

Possible Reason: Your table has been transferred so much you aren't sure who your server is anymore.
Server's Reaction: My life is like hit CBS sitcom *2 Broke Girls*. Except I'm ugly and alone and, actually, I've never seen that show. Whatever, I'm getting so drunk tonight.

11% Tip

Possible Reason: The server didn't inform you that soda refills cost money and you really pounded some coke today.
Server's Reaction: You think you can tip like this and ever come back here? Guess what, buddy? I got you on lock. Next time you're here, no complimentary bread. No dessert feature. And your water's going to have way too much ice and I'm never, *never*, refilling it.

10% Tip

Possible Reason: You meant to tip 20%, but the math got weird.
Server's Reaction: Was it something I did? I mean, why this? Does my breath stink? I bet it's my breath. In middle school they always called me Stink Mouth. I was so embarrassed. I drank mouth wash until I blacked out. Woke up in seventh period without a shirt. The guidance counselor made me go to a camp. Oh God, it's all coming back. Don't cry. Do not cry.

9% Tip

Possible Reason: You were taught to always tip this much and you live in the 1940s.

Server's Reaction: If I work hard enough I don't feel anything.

8% Tip

Possible Reason: Your bill had an extra entrée for no explained reason, and you took the difference out of the tip.
Server's Reaction: Looks like another month of paying my student loans off at the blood bank.

7% Tip

Possible Reason: The server spilled water on you and didn't acknowledge it.
Server's Reaction: You bring your kid in. Fine. It cries the whole time and smears banana slices all over the table and floor. Okay. You get mad at me because we don't have skim milk. Alright. You walk out the door leaving the mess and this tip? Your child isn't a free pass to act however you damn please. This isn't *Mad Max Beyond Thunder Dome*. There are rules in this society.

6% Tip

Possible Reason: The shrimp in your salad was raw and you did not order shrimp.
Server's Reaction: Well, if I add a couple zeroes to the end of this...There, that looks better. Almost a real tip, now. I can feel my urge to kill lowering already.

5% Tip

Possible Reasoning: The server started doing their side work and forgot about you for, like, 20 minutes.
Server's Reaction: Take a deep breath. It's okay. Someday that jerk will be serving me. Ha! Then we'll see how much he likes feeling like...ugh, who am I kidding? I'm a loser.

4% Tip

Possible Reason: The server keeps scratching at a scab in their ear.
Server's Reaction: I knew it. I knew it. You order a water, a bunch of sweetener and a million lemon wedges like I didn't know, but guess what? I knew. I knew all along! We call it lemonade, jackass. It's on the menu. But I didn't stop you, I just let you use me however you wanted, and look what that got me. Soliciting myself on craigslist would be less humiliating for better pay.

3% Tip

Possible Reasoning: The server said a joke about your weight. You're sensitive about your weight.
Server's Reaction: Maybe my mom was right all along.

2% Tip

Possible Reasoning: The server took your plate away before you were finished and ate a fry as they walked back to the dish tank.
Server's Reaction: I should kill myself. No, wait, that's what they want. I'll commit suicide in a socially accepted way. I'll enroll in law school.

1% Tip

Possible Reasoning: The meal ruined your day. Everything about the dining experience was awful. The one percent tip is a symbolic middle finger.
Server's Reaction: Everything sucks but me. The kitchen is backed up, my boss is an idiot, the bar can't pour a beer if their life depended on it, and the hosts are seating me every three seconds. But me? I'm flawless.

0% Tip

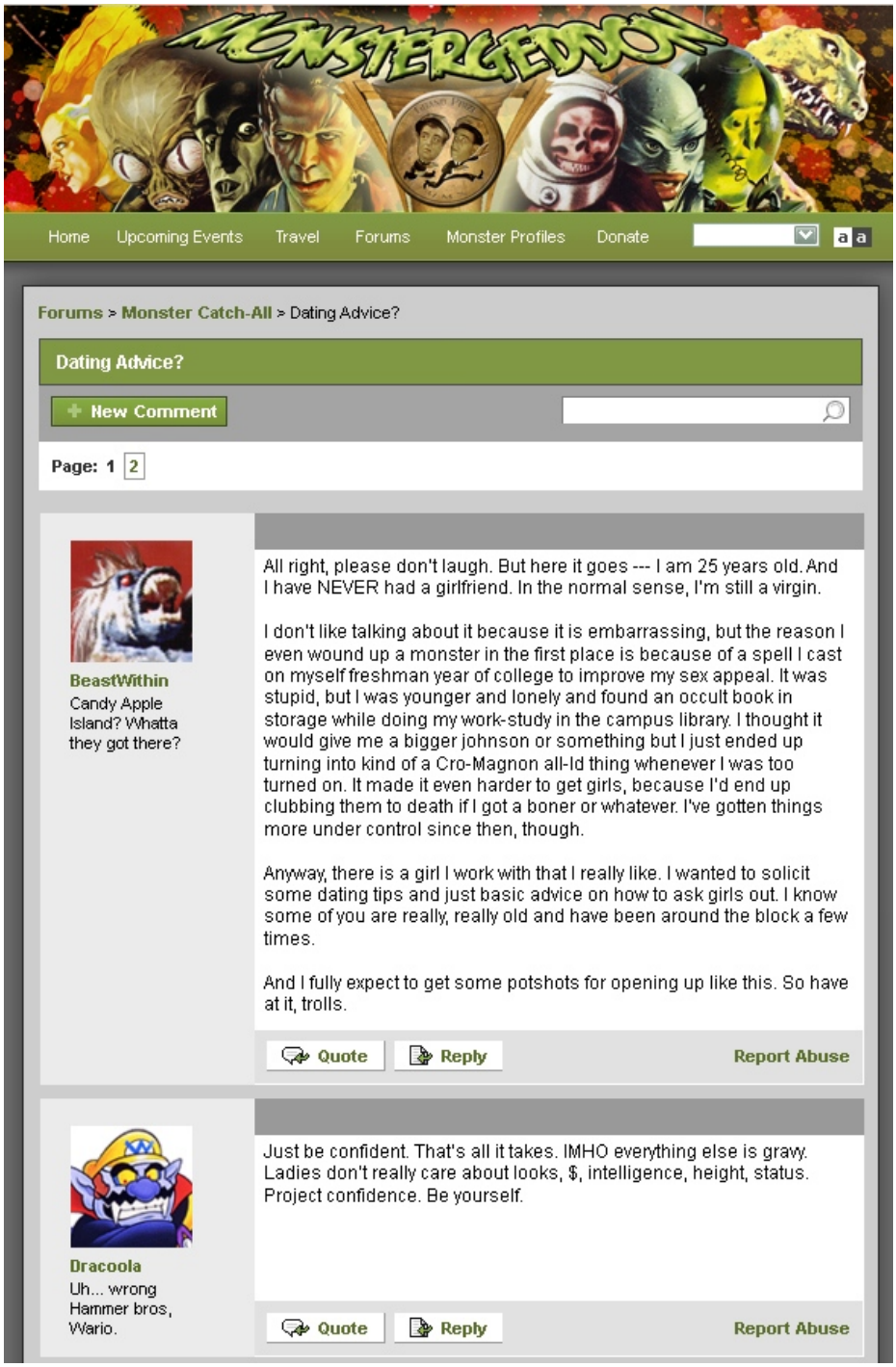
Possible Reasoning: You took both copies of the receipt on accident.
Server's Reaction: Your face is ingrained in my mind. My life has but one purpose: I will carve that tip from your flesh. For this, my parents will disown me, my body will rot in prison, my soul to hell, but I promise that for this tip your blood will spill.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.25 Monstergeddon Dating Tips

Wednesday, May 29, 2013 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.


MONSTERGEDDON
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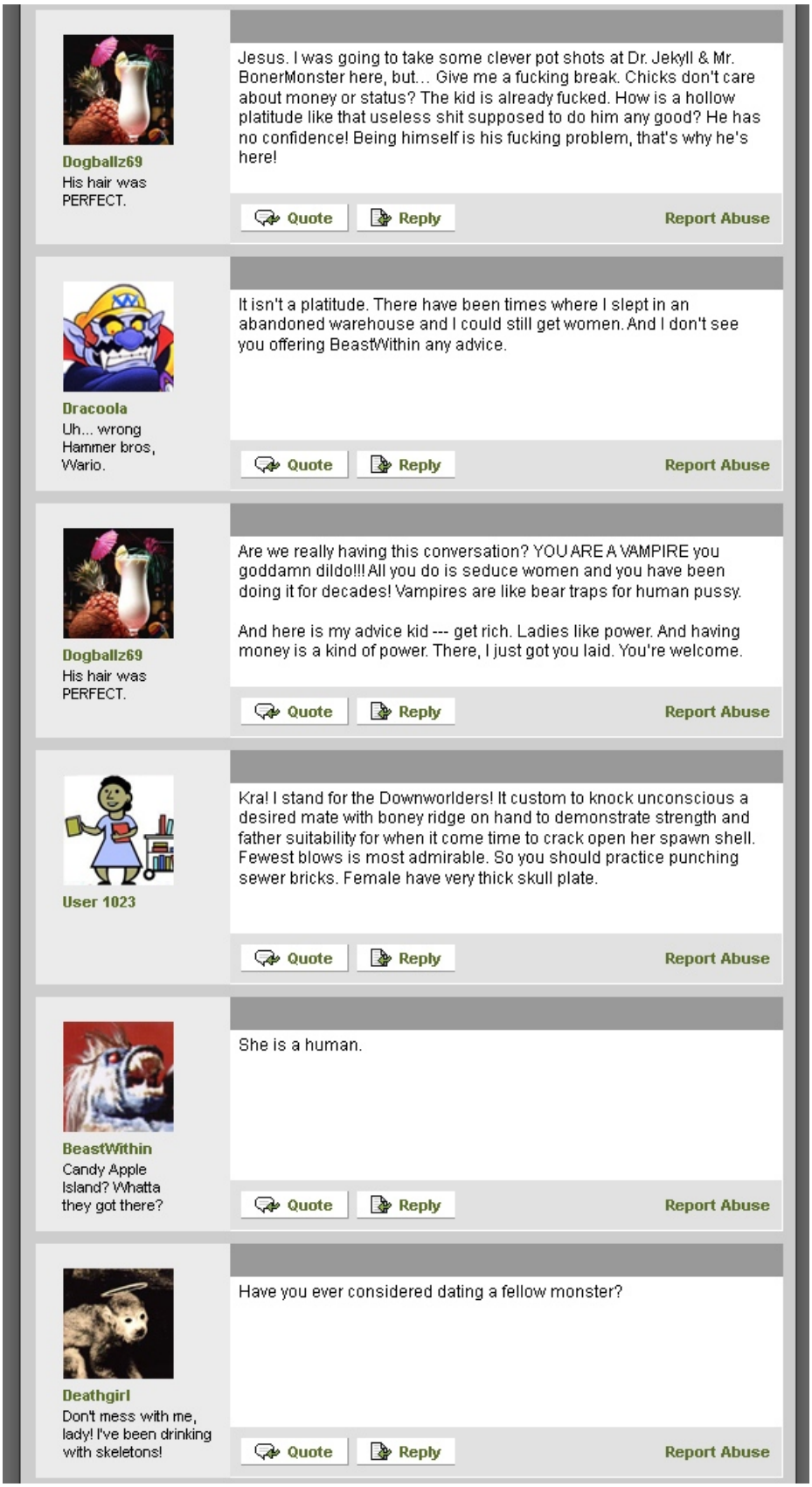
Monster Profiles
Donate
Forums > Monster Catch-All > Dating Advice?
Dating Advice?
New Comment
Page: 1 2
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
All right, please don't laugh. But here it goes --- I am 25 years old. And I have NEVER had a girlfriend. In the normal sense, I'm still a virgin.
I don't like talking about it because it is embarrassing, but the reason I even wound up a monster in the first place is because of a spell I cast on myself freshman year of college to improve my sex appeal. It was stupid, but I was younger and lonely and found an occult book in storage while doing my work-study in the campus library. I thought it would give me a bigger johnson or something but I just ended up turning into kind of a Cro-Magnon all-Id thing whenever I was too turned on. It made it even harder to get girls, because I'd end up clubbing them to death if I got a boner or whatever. I've gotten things more under control since then, though.
Anyway, there is a girl I work with that I really like. I wanted to solicit some dating tips and just basic advice on how to ask girls out. I know some of you are really, really old and have been around the block a few times.
And I fully expect to get some potshots for opening up like this. So have at it, trolls.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
Just be confident. That's all it takes. IMHO everything else is gravy. Ladies don't really care about looks, $, intelligence, height, status. Project confidence. Be yourself.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Jesus. I was going to take some clever pot shots at Dr. Jekyll & Mr. BonerMonster here, but... Give me a fucking break. Chicks don't care about money or status? The kid is already fucked. How is a hollow platitude like that useless shit supposed to do him any good? He has no confidence! Being himself is his fucking problem, that's why he's here!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

It isn't a platitude. There have been times where I slept in an abandoned warehouse and I could still get women. And I don't see you offering BeastWithin any advice.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Are we really having this conversation? YOU ARE A VAMPIRE you goddamn dildo!!! All you do is seduce women and you have been doing it for decades! Vampires are like bear traps for human pussy.

And here is my advice kid --- get rich. Ladies like power. And having money is a kind of power. There, I just got you laid. You're welcome.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

User 1023

Kra! I stand for the Downworlders! It custom to knock unconscious a desired mate with boney ridge on hand to demonstrate strength and father suitability for when it come time to crack open her spawn shell. Fewest blows is most admirable. So you should practice punching sewer bricks. Female have very thick skull plate.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

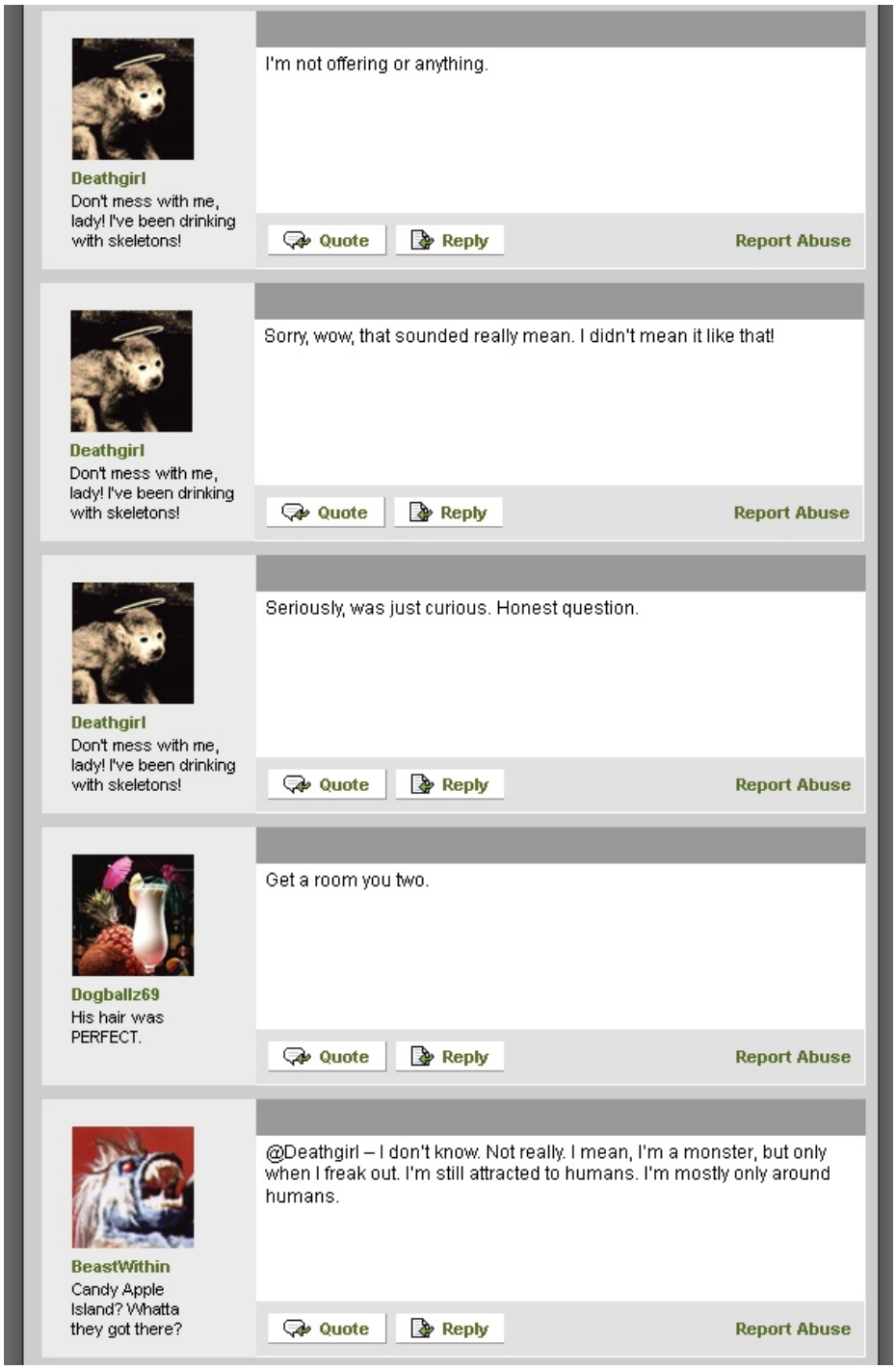
She is a human.

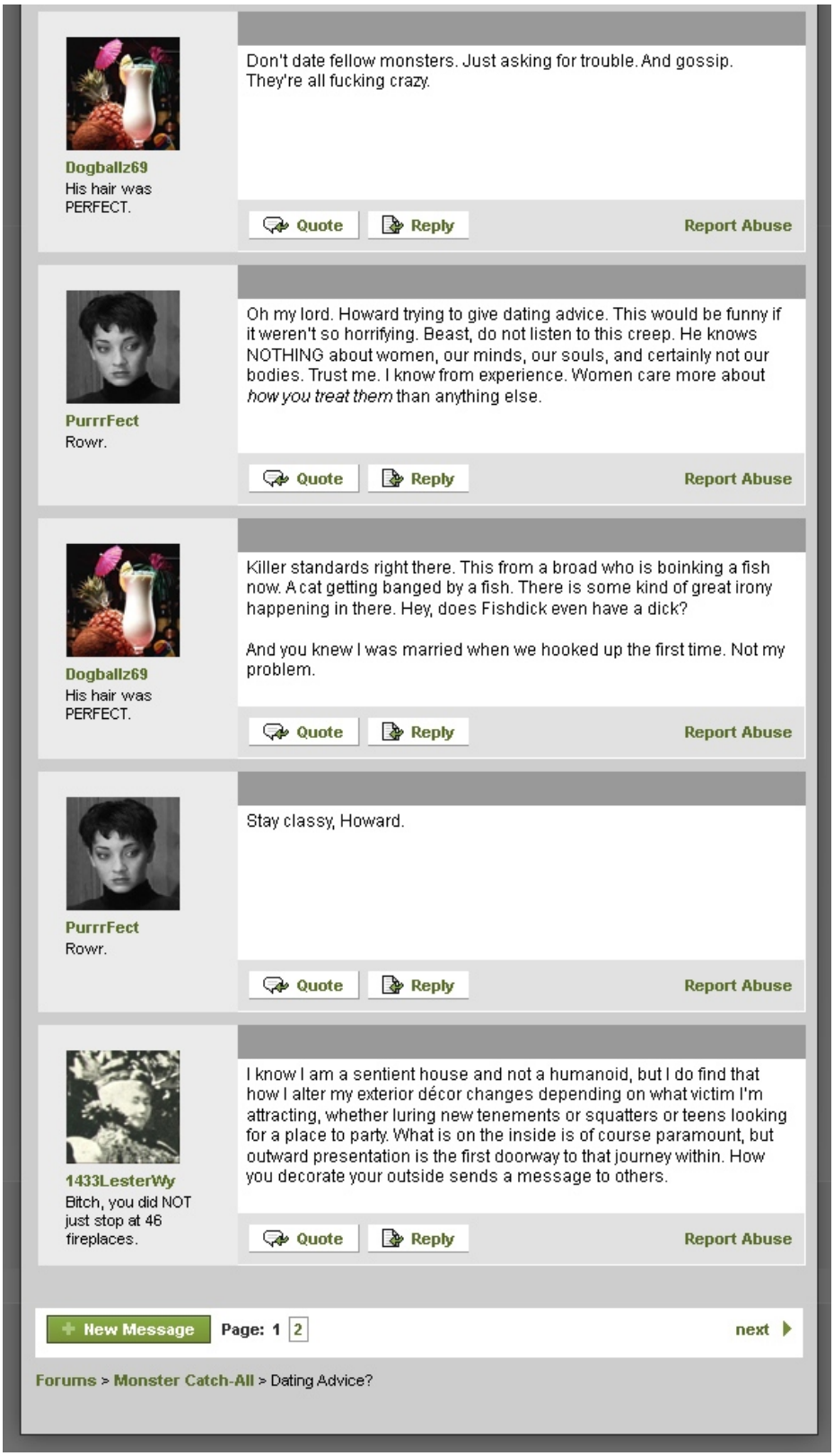
Quote Reply Report Abuse

Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!

Have you ever considered dating a fellow monster?

Quote Reply Report Abuse


I'm not offering or anything.
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Sorry, wow, that sounded really mean. I didn't mean it like that!
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Seriously, was just curious. Honest question.
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Get a room you two.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
@Deathgirl – I don't know. Not really. I mean, I'm a monster, but only when I freak out. I'm still attracted to humans. I'm mostly only around humans.
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Don't date fellow monsters. Just asking for trouble. And gossip. They're all fucking crazy.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

Oh my lord. Howard trying to give dating advice. This would be funny if it weren't so horrifying. Beast, do not listen to this creep. He knows NOTHING about women, our minds, our souls, and certainly not our bodies. Trust me. I know from experience. Women care more about *how you treat them* than anything else.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Killer standards right there. This from a broad who is boinking a fish now. A cat getting banged by a fish. There is some kind of great irony happening in there. Hey, does Fishdick even have a dick?

And you knew I was married when we hooked up the first time. Not my problem.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

Stay classy, Howard.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

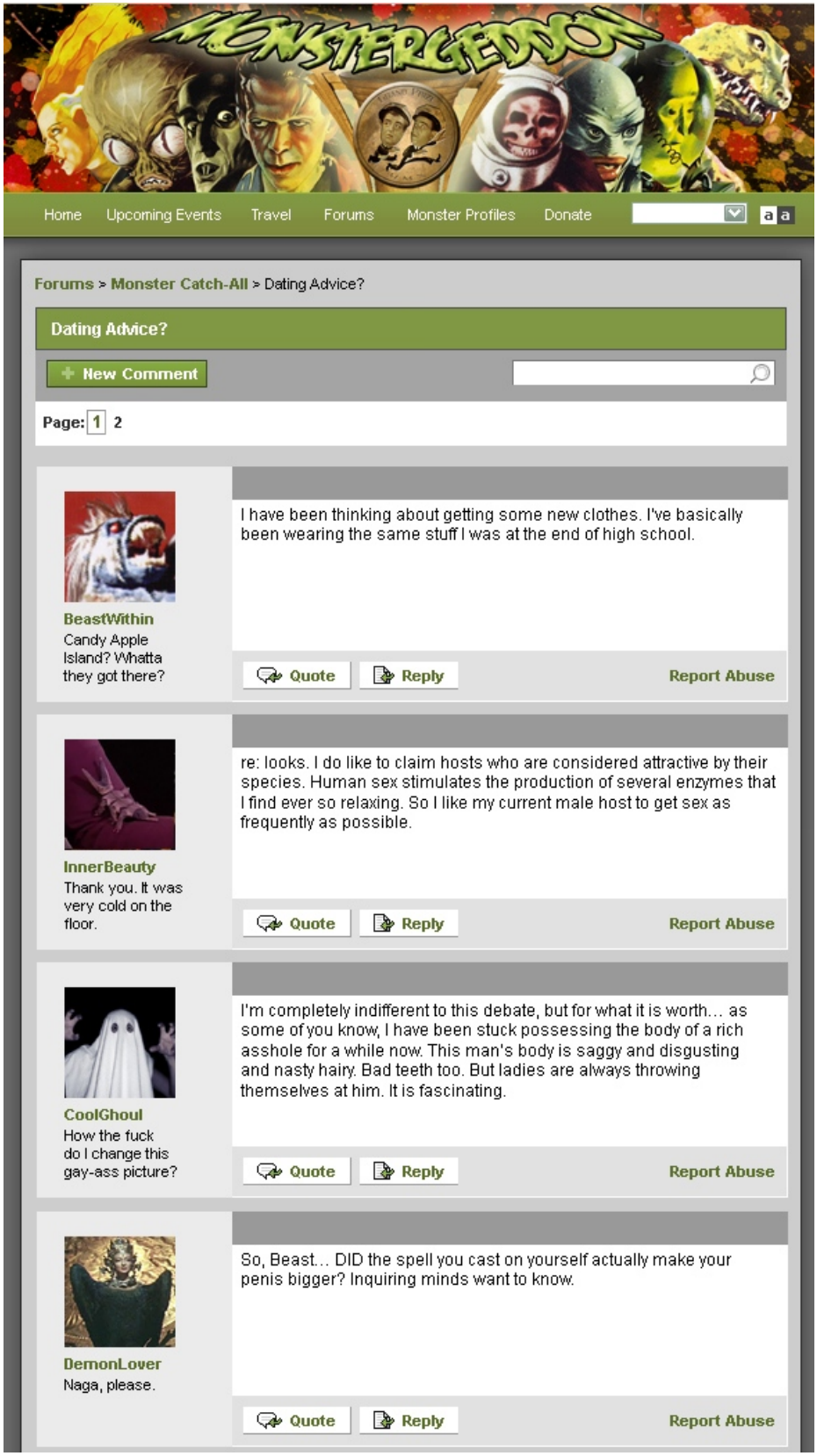
1433LesterWy
Bitch, you did NOT just stop at 46 fireplaces.

I know I am a sentient house and not a humanoid, but I do find that how I alter my exterior décor changes depending on what victim I'm attracting, whether luring new tenements or squatters or teens looking for a place to party. What is on the inside is of course paramount, but outward presentation is the first doorway to that journey within. How you decorate your outside sends a message to others.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

New Message Page: 1 2 next

Forums > Monster Catch-All > Dating Advice?


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
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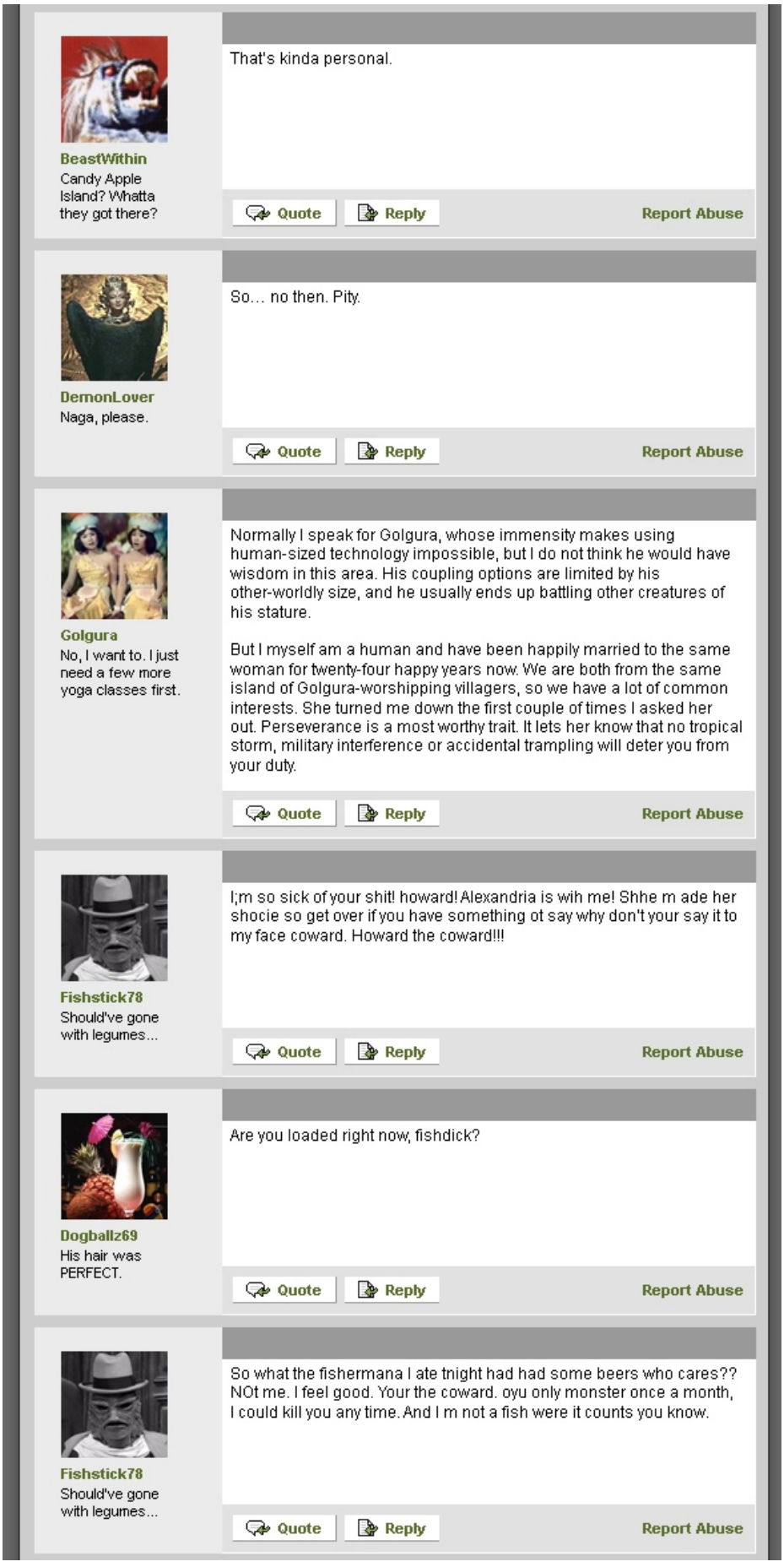
Monster Profiles
Donate
Forums > Monster Catch-All > Dating Advice?
Dating Advice?
New Comment
Page: 1 2
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
I have been thinking about getting some new clothes. I've basically been wearing the same stuff I was at the end of high school.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
InnerBeauty
Thank you. It was very cold on the floor.
re: looks. I do like to claim hosts who are considered attractive by their species. Human sex stimulates the production of several enzymes that I find ever so relaxing. So I like my current male host to get sex as frequently as possible.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
I'm completely indifferent to this debate, but for what it is worth... as some of you know, I have been stuck possessing the body of a rich asshole for a while now. This man's body is saggy and disgusting and nasty hairy. Bad teeth too. But ladies are always throwing themselves at him. It is fascinating.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DemonLover
Naga, please.
So, Beast... DID the spell you cast on yourself actually make your penis bigger? Inquiring minds want to know.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



That's kinda personal.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

So… no then. Pity.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

Normally I speak for Golgura, whose immensity makes using human-sized technology impossible, but I do not think he would have wisdom in this area. His coupling options are limited by his other-worldly size, and he usually ends up battling other creatures of his stature.

But I myself am a human and have been happily married to the same woman for twenty-four happy years now. We are both from the same island of Golgura-worshipping villagers, so we have a lot of common interests. She turned me down the first couple of times I asked her out. Perseverance is a most worthy trait. It lets her know that no tropical storm, military interference or accidental trampling will deter you from your duty.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.

I;m so sick of your shit! howard! Alexandria is wih me! Shhe m ade her shocie so get over if you have something ot say why don't your say it to my face coward. Howard the coward!!!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...

Are you loaded right now, fishdick?

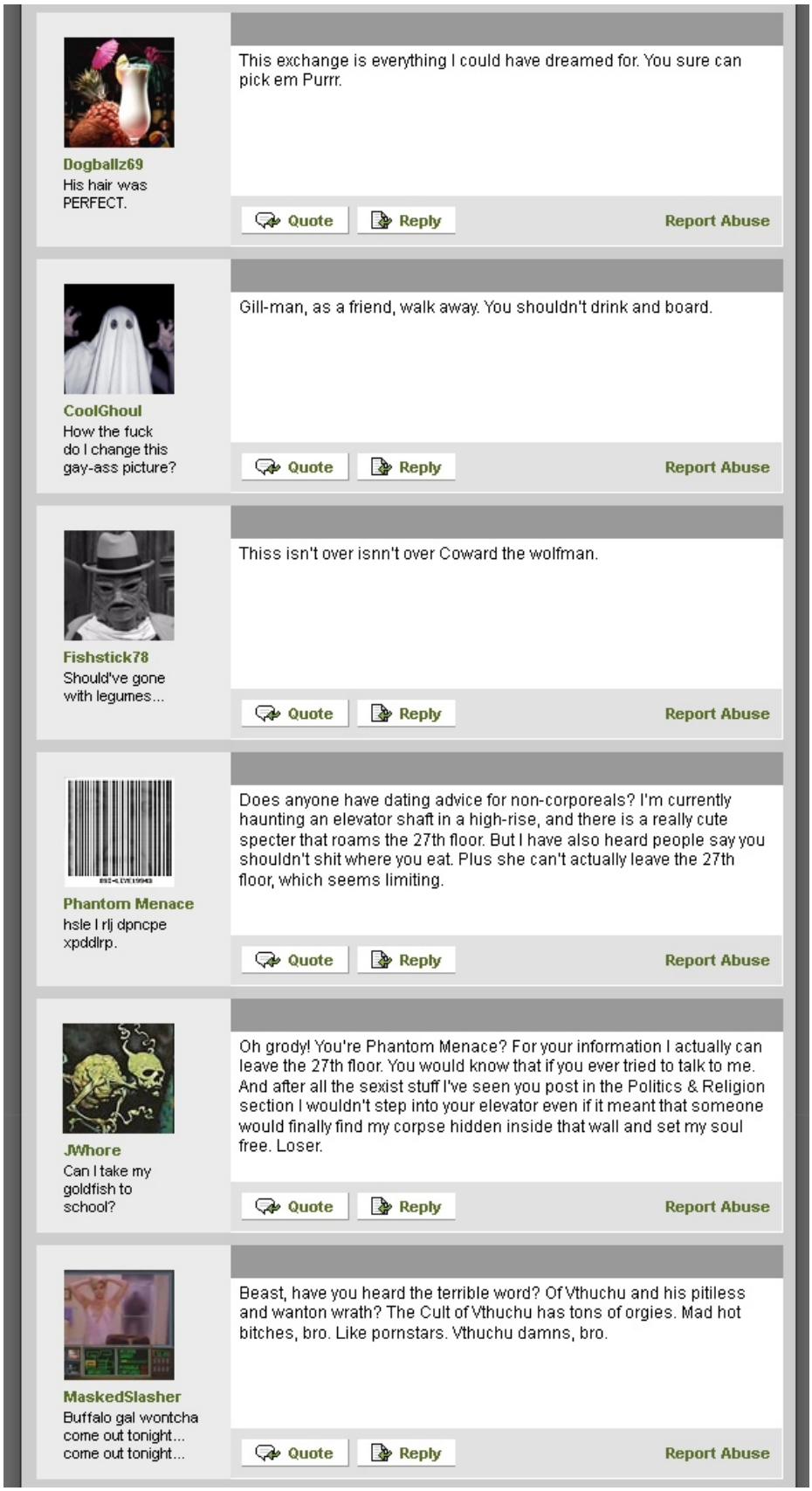
Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

So what the fishermana I ate tnight had had some beers who cares?? NOt me. I feel good. Your the coward. oyu only monster once a month, I could kill you any time. And I m not a fish were it counts you know.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...


Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
This exchange is everything I could have dreamed for. You sure can pick em Purrr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Gill-man, as a friend, walk away. You shouldn't drink and board.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
Thiss isn't over isnn't over Coward the wolfman.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Does anyone have dating advice for non-corporeals? I'm currently haunting an elevator shaft in a high-rise, and there is a really cute specter that roams the 27th floor. But I have also heard people say you shouldn't shit where you eat. Plus she can't actually leave the 27th floor, which seems limiting.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
JWhore
Can I take my goldfish to school?
Oh grody! You're Phantom Menace? For your information I actually can leave the 27th floor. You would know that if you ever tried to talk to me. And after all the sexist stuff I've seen you post in the Politics & Religion section I wouldn't step into your elevator even if it meant that someone would finally find my corpse hidden inside that wall and set my soul free. Loser.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Beast, have you heard the terrible word? Of Vthuchu and his pitiless and wanton wrath? The Cult of Vthuchu has tons of orgies. Mad hot bitches, bro. Like pornstars. Vthuchu damns, bro.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

Horde 1
All for one
and one for all

There is no sweeter embrace than the moment one first joins with the Mother Mind. It is a peace beyond human sexual intercourse.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple
Island? Whatta
they got there?

I can't believe the best advice I got here was from a talking house. Whatever. What's the point anyway. I'll probably just end up killing her, like all the rest.

@MaskedSlasher? What exactly are the perks of joining the Vthuchu cult?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha
come out tonight...
come out tonight...

When Vthuchu rises again, you may have the honor of being in the first wave of those to die. If you haven't been driven mad by the mere sight of him immediately.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple
Island? Whatta
they got there?

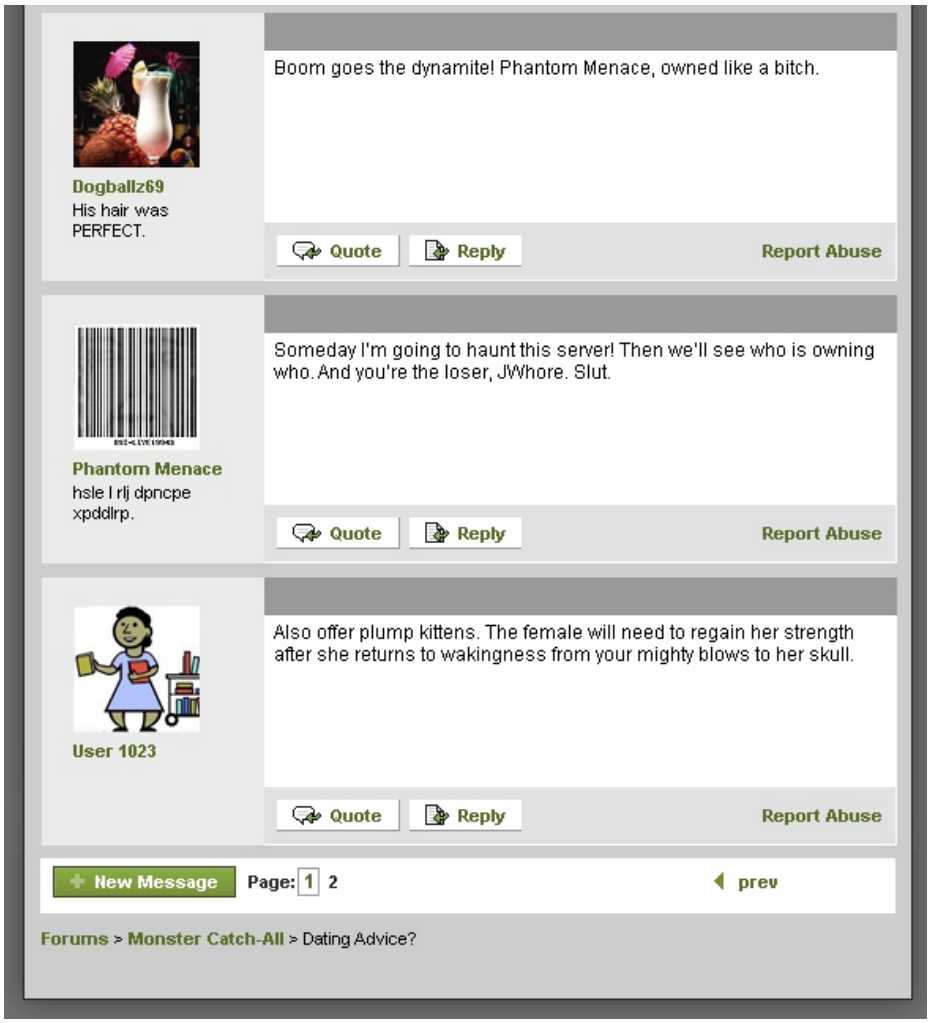
Yeah, that doesn't sound very cool.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

JWhore
Can I take my
goldfish to
school?

Hey. Come on up the 27th floor of Takagi Plaza in Tokyo sometime. I'm already dead. And D-T-F.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Boom goes the dynamite! Phantom Menace, owned like a bitch.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Someday I'm going to haunt this server! Then we'll see who is owning who. And you're the loser, JWhore. Slut.
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Also offer plump kittens. The female will need to regain her strength after she returns to wakingness from your mighty blows to her skull.
User 1023
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2
prev
Forums > Monster Catch-All > Dating Advice?

Ian "BFM" Helm not only designs the designs the Monstergeddon page layouts and avatar/title combinations, he also writes and illustrates Gibbonman's fables, plus he directs fancy music videos that feature cool puppets, and he's currently working on a sci-fi series over at Kearney Street Films! Check it all out for sure!

–~Worm Miller

5.26 An Update from Your Fictional Crimelord

Thursday, May 30, 2013 by Zone'd

My fellow scumbags,

This has been a great year for the Neo Death Sting gang. While our sky crime numbers aren't going anywhere until we remove the logo from our blimp, street crimes have risen a healthy 22% thanks to the recent hijacking of a lead pipe supply truck on Route 14. Before I go on, I'd like to remind you guys that those lead pipes *are* made of lead, so please put on a pair of gloves for your own safety, and wash your hands *vigorously* if you plan on eating finger foods after shattering your victims' femurs. We all know poor Gongo hasn't been the same since he took home all of those cocktail weenies from our raid of the governor's ball. I really hope someone is reading this to him.

News on the drug front: as expected, our focus on obscure narcotics rather than obvious ones has made LAZR the prominent cause of social decay over the past year. No one knows what it looks like, no one knows how you take it, but we've made our message clear: it's 13% more powerful than heroin, and at only 96% of the cost. Of course, I hope none of you are selling this stuff outright; drug dealing just doesn't work like that. You gotta get the kids hooked through several months of freebies, then drop the net just as they wander out of rehab for the second or third time. *That's* when you start selling. And those three months before LAZR addiction turns them into lizard-brained monsters only hollow-point bullets can stop? Pure profit.

I'm also happy to announce our collection of mayor's daughters has increased by two, leaving the governments of Factory City and Industry Town with no choice but to meet our demands: make all crimes legal forever. And this time with an "except crimes against us" clause. Before you ask, yes, I've already recorded some pretty straightforward hostage videos the UPS guy will be picking up at 3:00 -- you might want to keep Gongo away from the door when that happens. I happen to like Greg, and that last brownshirt stole my King of Queens DVDs at least three times -- the *good* seasons.

And hey, if some guys happen by to rescue these hostages, let's be a little smarter this time. Yes, there's nothing wrong with letting them hop onto the industrial elevator that leads to our crime base, just as there's nothing wrong with sending wave after wave of our men to bludgeon them to death. Except this time can we get someone to actually stop the thing before it gets the top? Heads are good for more than hideous flame tattoos obscured by scar tissue -- no offense, Salamander.

This month's new recruits: Viper, age 27, green mohawk, hot pink raincoat -- we're sure he'll go far. Gomorrah, age 35, multiple dog tattoos, no shirt to speak of at present -- nice to meet you. P. Badd, age 31, periwinkle leotard, constantly swinging a bolo -- could you actually stop swinging that bolo? We're trying to sell this place, and that's kind of hard to do with bolo scuffs all over the moulding. Thanks in advance. The realtor's been giving me hell about this.

Your associate Stabd will be holding several clinics this week. Drop by this Monday, and you'll learn how to catch the light on your switchblade from across a dank bar. Tuesday, you'll find Stabd in our basement obstacle course, where he'll throw flaming barrels at you until he doesn't want to anymore. Wednesday through Friday of next week, stop by the abandoned yoga studio for Stabd's intensive third-degree burn treatment course. Interested parties should bring a smock, a damp towel, and plenty of morphine.

Neo Death Stings, it warms my heart to see our warehouse districts, shipping yards, subways, and foundries full of our kind, and even though our uniforms range from rockabilly thug to leopard-print urban ninja, what unites us is our hearts. And how we all pitch in to clean up after Gongo, who we can all admit has seen better days. Remember, boys: never give up, unless someone personally destroys your car in front of you, piece-by-piece, with their bare hands. That kind of thing can haunt a guy.

–∼Zone'd

5.27 Me and My 3D Printer are Changing the World One Fragile Honeycomb Bracelet at a Time

Friday, May 31, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I'm part of a movement. We call ourselves Makers because we take ideas and *make* them into a reality. I started out paper crafting video game characters, but once I got my Gojobit 3D Printer I have devoted myself to reinventing the world around me. With a 3D printer and a supply of multi-use medium, the only limit is the imagination. And the 4"x4"x4" print area.

The old Gojo is running at most hours, doing rapid prototypes for my latest *innovention*. Just yesterday I thought, "What if a doorknob was covered in a plastic honeycomb?" Sixteen hours in the software and about an hour of printing and cleaning and I had my first doorknob cover. My hand will never slip off a doorknob in my house again.

You might have seen some of my work on MakerHub, although they took down my Bayonetta figure for copyright. That's okay. I am working 100% original material now. Have you heard of the 3D printed gun? Pretty soon anyone with a 3D Printer who knows how to print and assemble the pieces will be able to have their very own extremely fragile and inaccurate gun that would probably be better if it was made out of a spoon and a piece of bamboo.

I'm working along similar lines to develop the world's first 3D printed samurai sword. The blade will have to be assembled and you can't use it to cut anything because the plastic will shatter if you try to create a sharpened edge, but it will look great in the honeycomb sheath I have desgined.

One of the best parts about being a Maker is the community. We hop on IRC or Skype it direct and talk about ideas and how to turn those ideas into plastic reality. Like, what if we could 3D

print a submarine? That's the sort of question we're asking. OzMoses is working on that. So far he has a honeycomb periscope handle that is twice as ergonomic as a normal periscope handle. I'm working on the website and some fiction for the Kickstarter. We're gonna need a lot of plastic for the 720,000 4" hull sections.

Oh, it's not just a hobby either. I took my first commission this week for a bong based on a fingerprint. I scanned a fingerprint and then loaded that into my design software. It has this great, textured, honeycomb feel to it.

When I think about the ability of the 3D printer to democratize commodities I think about how the world is going to change completely. Anyone, anywhere will be able to have as many plastic honeycomb objects and flash-covered, heat-fused blocks as they want. All they need is a 2,000 dollar printer, an understanding of operating and designing for 3D printers, and a few hundred dollars worth of plastic substrate.

There is already a lot of 3D printing activism. I'm part of ReMake Africa, which has raised the money to send a 3D printer to a small village in Swaziland. They asked for two goats, but the way I see it, is you can give a man a goat and he will eat for a couple days, or you can give a man a 3D printer and he can create figurines based on the villagers for a lifetime.

You don't have to be needy to need something that a 3D printer can provide. I designed and printed an...ahem...aid...for my girlfriend. It is based on a broom handle and made out of a realistic plastic honeycomb mesh. Rigid and flexible and, after a few break-aparts in unfortunate places, I think I have all the kinks (pun intended!) worked out.

Another project I have undertaken is the first semi-official physical Bitcoin. I even got the go-ahead from Nakamoto on Twitter. He said, "Give it a shot!" So far I have figured out how to put skulls or my own face onto one side of a puck about three inches across.

I've tried making it smaller and thinner, but then it breaks like a dropped cookie if you touch it. I'm going to be working with some exotic substrates I was turned onto by some people at MakerHub. Some nanotube type stuff. It costs about four times as much, but this is just the prototype and I figure that price will come down as more and more people start printing their own Bitcoins.

There's also Project X, which I'm not supposed to talk about, but basically it's the ultimate step in Maker culture. Yep. We're going to print a 3D printer. We already have a working prototype in Minecraft, we just need to export the plan and then figure out ways to print metal and circuits and rubber. It sounds impossible, but imagine telling somebody from 1950 that they could create a bracelet in their own bedroom in under half an hour. A bracelet that would last for days and be resistant to water. A bracelet that finally stopped turning my wrist the same color as the plastic. Mr. 1950s would have his little mind blown by our modern technology.

We're not going to change the world. We're already changing it.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 Maybe I Shouldn't Have Bought A Giant Mech As My First Car

Saturday, Jun 01, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I won't exactly call it buyer's remorse. Not yet, at least. I'm just starting to realize that a sentient 80 foot tall murder robot comes with more baggage than I had considered.

Sure, I knew it would be sort of pricey. The dealership's "Zero Interest For Six Months" offer made it seem like a real bargain, though, even if the price of the mech still came out to 2.3 billion dollars. Let's say I scale back on entertainment and stick to ramen instead of eating out, freeing up enough room in my budget to hand over twice the minimum monthly payment. Even then, this mech won't be fully paid off until I'm in my early forties.

It's more than that, though.

Keeping this thing powered up is turning out to be more costly than I anticipated. When I was narrowing down the options for my first car, the decision eventually became a toss-up between the mech and a Mini Cooper. The Cooper averaged a respectable 30 miles per gallon. My mech consumes the equivalent of a day's worth of power for the entire city of New York while standing idle for one hour. I assumed those were roughly the same. Of course I was wrong, but in my defense converting gallons to gigawatts can be pretty confusing.

The internal nuclear reactor is also rather fiddly. I have to refer to my owner's manual practically every time I exchange one plutonium rod for another, which is more often than I'd like. That probably seems pretty dangerous, doesn't it? I suppose it is, but to be fair so is pumping flammable gas into a normal car's tank. All things considered, the risks are probably about the same.

Technically speaking a giant mech isn't an automobile. Even if was, it would be entirely too big to be street legal. No one told me about this before I made my purchase. It's kind of a big deal. You wouldn't believe how difficult it can be to find sidewalks in this town that are large enough to accommodate a foot the size of giant foot.

Parking is a nightmare. There are simply no spots available for my mech, so I wind up having him sit on whichever building I happen to be visiting. The good news? I haven't received a single parking ticket. The bad news? I have discovered eighteen loitering tickets stuck to my windshield.

Don't get me started on ammo. It runs out so much faster than you'd imagine. I go out for a quick trip to the grocery and come back with an empty laser-guided missile chamber. The waiting period on nukes is so unreasonably long that I often hesitate before launching one, just to make sure I want to go through with it. That's no fun at all.

Now that all these issues are laid out before me in black and white I'm starting to regret my decision just the tiniest bit. Maybe I'm being overly critical. After all, if I had bought a car I'm sure I'd be complaining about its lack of a holographic heads up display radar, or its underpowered cockpit ejection system. What I'm going through is perfectly normal. In a few weeks all these minor

problems will fade into the background and I'll come to appreciate my mech for what it is.

Then again, the cup holder is a really weird size. It's too big for a small cup, so little drinks bounce around and spill all over the cockpit. It's also slightly too small for a normal cup, so I try to cram the very bottom of a drink into the very top of the cup holder and hope it stays put. That never works. I wind up having to hold the cup in place with my free hand while I pilot. When I hit a bump or take a blast from a plasma turret, the liquid from my precariously balanced drink splashes up into my palm.

I've made a horrible mistake.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.2 After Last Night's Broadcast, I am DONE Listening to the Captain Midnight Radio Serial

Monday, Jun 03, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

As your average fella of the late 1930s, I want NBC Blue Radio Network and their sponsors at the Skelly Oil Company to know that they have lost another listener after what I heard last night. And there will be spoilers, so if you haven't yet listened to the broadcast from last night, you should probably keep reading, because they never rebroadcast episodes.

I think it's fair to say many loyal fans have had it with Captain Midnight. After last night's unbelievable twist in the Captain Midnight plot I am done. Finished. I felt sick for hours afterwards and I cannot believe the disgusting writers of Captain Midnight would subject us to that. I want everyone to know: I am done listening to Captain Midnight. I am telling everyone, from the soda jerks at the malt shop, to my coworkers at the fish cannery. My dial is never even tuning back to NBC.

What has me so wound up? Glad you asked!

I am, of course, furious over the bombing of the Secret Squadron's dirigible by Ivan Shark, leader of the mercenaries in the employ of the Turks, and arch enemy of Captain Midnight. He's been after Captain Midnight ever since that business over the Pyramids in broadcast 102. Gosh dang it, Joyce was on the dirigible, along with Chuck and Major Steele, and even their peppy little dog, Runt.

Don't they get it? We loved these characters. We have spent weeks getting to know them in between advertisements for oil. Now they have all surely perished in a fiery explosion over the Mediterranean Triangle.

Doggone it, people, Ivan Shark has been scheming against the Secret Squadron this whole time and we've been waiting for Captain Midnight to get the better of him. There was that dogfight over

Niagara Falls, and that skirmish over the Amazon jungle, but each time I think Ivan Shark has been dealt a finishing blow, he returns to enact more gut-wrenching evil upon the world.

Don't that just beat all? Dang hard to work at this fish cannery for 12 hour shifts, knowing I have to go home and listen to dance band instead of hearing from Joyce. Poor Joyce. They were to be married, you know. On the Eiffel Tower. Of course you know, you listen to Captain Midnight every week like me.

Listened. Past tense. Because I will never let another word of Captain Midnight pass through my ears. You don't believe me? I have already thrown my Skelly Oil Midnight Flight Patrol patch in the garbage. Do you know how much grease I had to buy to get that patch? More than you know, buddy.

I gave my flight goggles to a kid down the block and told him they were from Flash Gordon. I don't even believe in science fiction.

So here we are. Ivan Shark wins. What's the point of another broadcast? What could they possible do in tomorrow's broadcast to fix this story? The main conflict is over with, are we just going to follow Ivan Shark while he gloats about destroying everything Captain Midnight loves? Sounds like the sort of show the Japs would like. Not for me. No siree. I would listen to Gasoline Alley before I listen to this again.

And I'm not alone. There are hundreds of listeners in my town who were excited about the wedding. They wanted to know what was in the steamer trunk recovered from the Mediterranean. They thrilled to the tolling of that bell and the roar of the engines of Captain Midnight's plane. *It'ssssss Captainnnnn Miiidddnnight!* Not anymore. It's trash. Cynical trash, written by monsters without a moral compass.

And until they fix what they have done, like they did when the mummy stole the rocket, but it turned out Joyce was on a different rocket, I will never be listening to another Captain Midnight serial again.

There's a difference between drama and sadism. You crossed it, Captain Midnight.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.3 Video Book Pitch: Devil's Manor

Tuesday, Jun 04, 2013 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HCudNhHaJbs

I'm pitching my book, Devil's Manor, which is a collection of spooky short stories. Publishers, let me know!

–~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.4 SkyMall Product Reviews: Enormous African Elephant

Wednesday, Jun 05, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Attract crowds by creating an African savanna of your very own with our life-sized, almost 8 foot tall replica of the world's largest living terrestrial animal! Our savanna elephant is authentically sculpted from its large, ruffled ears that fan the breeze to its stabilizing trunk that trumpets a grand entrance in the wild. Cast in quality designer resin by skilled artisans who've captured the texture of both hide and tusk, our animal statue hand-painted in naturalistic hues.

Customer Rating: ★★★★★

By Yardboss from Atlanta, GA

At $9,495.00 this is an outstanding value. This isn't the first giant animal statue I've bought, and it sure as hell won't be the last. I wish SkyMall sold more large animal replicas. Aside from this, the only other large scale animals are a triceratops and bigfoot, and frankly those don't fit the theme I've got going in my front yard. Doesn't mean I can't get 'em for the backyard, though. I will.

Age: 46-50

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By PeeingMan from Wherever I Want

Well, it's here. What am I supposed to do with it now? The instructions don't say much, and as far as I can tell it just stands there. Why did I buy this again? I thought this was for something, or supposed to do something.

Age: 31-35

Customer Rating: ★☆☆☆☆

By The Randman from Sandpoint, ID

Product contains no functional orifices, no genitalia. If you bought this expecting it to be usable, you're as big a sucker as me. Talk about a rude awakening.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Hep from Cedar Rapids, IA

Tusks are not made of real ivory, don't be fooled. Skin is also not authentic. I thought I was ordering

genuine taxidermy, and not some stupid child's toy. I don't need a fake elephant. There is literally no reason to own a fake elephant. I wanted a stuffed elephant and SkyMall sends me a load of dung. This is my second to last transaction ever, SkyMall. After the next product I buy, I will buy no more from you again.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Pamala from Bismarck, ND

No substitute for the real thing.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Gus from Wichita, KS

Impossible to move! I bought this and the delivery crew left it on my driveway. It's over 500 pounds and I can't move that on my own and now I can't park my car. It's just there taunting me. Now I'm the idiot with the elephant in the driveway. It's supposed to in my backyard with the rest of my statues.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Mort from Austin, TX

Good enough!

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By FuturamaFry from Madison, WI

Very scary! Did anyone else think Cthulhu? Like, whoa, crazy tentacle and horns, dude. This is definitely some kind of monster straight out of Lovecraft.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By ExcitedGus from Sente Fe, NM

This is literally the absolute perfect addition to my tar pit. It's been driving me nuts seeing that tar pit sit empty all these years. Thank you SkyMall. Now I can start having ladies over to the place again.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By MommyBlogging4Christ from Kokomo, IN

Bought this for my child who has recently become obsessed with elephants. Unfortunately, he found this statue to be terrifying. Frankly, I'm not even sure elephants are even in the Bible, so I think this may be some kind of offensive fantasy creature. My husband is renting a backhoe so we can dig a pit to bury it in. My son is very excited to "punish the monster." God's judgment will be wonderful.

Age: 31-35

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.5 Portrait of a Sneeze Fetish Model

Thursday, Jun 06, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Emma is a sneeze fetish model. She does videos where she sneezes or contracts colds, with close-up shots of the rhinoviri entering her body. In today's video she's doing forced sneezes, where a man holds a handful of pepper under her nose. She secretly enjoys these videos the most. While she hates being dominated during sex, her sinuses are naturally submissive.

Emma's costar is thin and pale with a bland, anonymous face like a serial killer. Men in sneeze fetish videos need a spectral, almost invisible presence to preserve the viewers' intimacy with the models. Emma ignores his creepy come-ons - he invites her back to his place and claims he can make her sneeze without even touching her - and thinks of all the drugs this shoot will buy. She models to support her addiction, if addiction is the right word. Sometimes it seems more like a law of physics, like the drugs are naturally attracted to her like magnets are to the north pole. She wonders if this means she has a south pole, a twin somewhere who's never done drugs or made sneeze fetish videos. If so, she's glad she's never met her.

Emma inhales the pepper and makes a cute atchoo sound, going up an octave on the choo part. She hopes she isn't overacting, or getting snot on the skirt and blouse ensemble she carefully selected from her walk-in closet, which is so large it has its own horizon. She's incredibly self-conscious on camera, to the point where she worries what her thoughts look like. It's possible, after all, that the microscopic cameras used to film her colds have found their way into her skull. It's possible that this was their purpose all along - to film her brain so an audience of men can watch it on an imax screen, laughing at/masturbating to her neurons sneezing information at each other.

After the shoot Emma looks out the window at the rain, which is actually a hologram. All sneeze fetish porn is shot in the same room, with only slight changes in furniture and window backgrounds. This underlying sameness helps men compartmentalize the porn more easily.

The holographic rain always falls at a slightly canted angle. Sometimes the rain outside Emma's apartment falls at the same angle, which drove her insane to the point that she paid to have her entire apartment tilted. Some mornings she wakes up in her bathtub covered with cuts and isn't sure if she attempted suicide or fell out of bed and slid into her bathroom.

It's raining at the bus stop. Emma feels herself catching an unplanned cold and sneezes. She flushes with anger; she hates sneezing in front of people for free. As she waits for one of the busgoers to say "God bless you" - a remark she's always found ironic - she wishes the urban myth that sneezing kills brain cells were true. Her brain, lately, has felt like a prison, like a sneeze fetish dominatrix house where she's trapped on the second floor. She can hear skeleton dominatrices and their clients downstairs breaking furniture, and sometimes when on drugs she hears monsters in the attic doing things she can't imagine.

Once while looking for an exit she found a hallway leading to the memory of her teenage self breaking

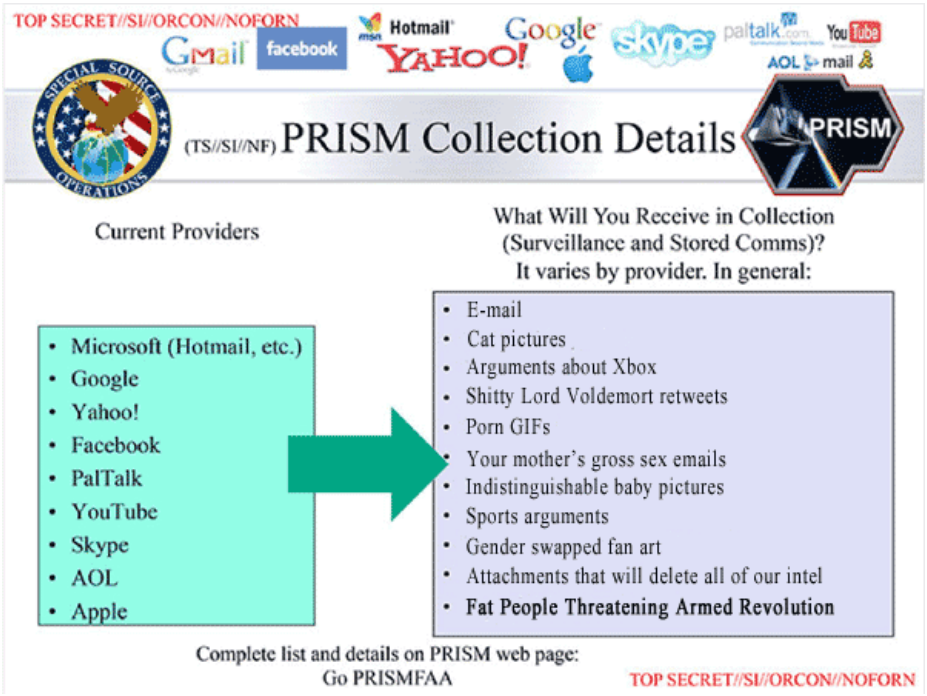
into a homeless man's tent and stealing a thumbdrive full of sneeze fetish videos. She knows this was what got her into modeling. Not the thumbdrive but the act of stealing it. Her modeling career has been a perpetual reenactment of that theft, that criminal act that made her feel young and alive but also, because the tent smelled like soot and dead fish, a little dirty.

Then she realizes none of the busgoers noticed her sneeze. This makes her feel even worse. She wishes she could talk to them, tell them all she's been through, but she knows they'll never understand. Her story is destined to be lost forever, like phlegm in the rain.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

6.6 President Barack Obama PRISM Polonium White House

Friday, Jun 07, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



VBIED Washington D.C., 2013 July or August. Rogue policemen airport attack. Hostage Central America bus into the Treasury Building. Poison ball pit Chuck-E-Cheese Jim Sensenbrenner beast pics. George W. Bush attic pinhole cameras honey on a string asleep locusts. Castor beans ricin on Phish guitarist finger cots pinto beans death gas rock the house with rowdy rips blasting elementary school and seat of pants.

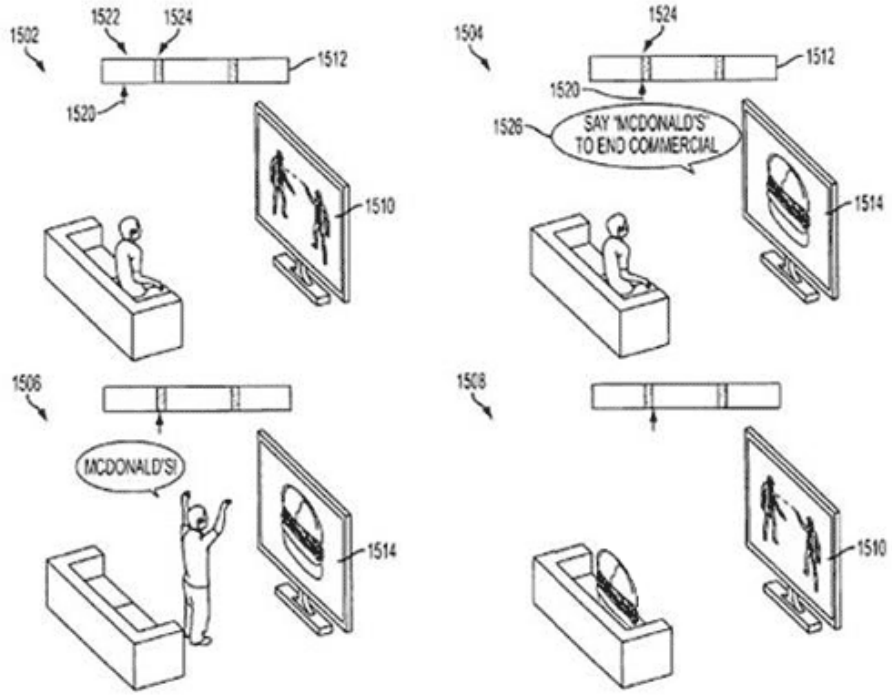
Listen all y'all it's a sabotage landing gear 787 Paris. Golan Heights Mossad UN Syria map hacks during tournament play. Propellant, detonator, fuse, timers, Ted Cruz foot bath. Jill Biden drone evasion spread beav. Chinese water supply DMSO contamination peepee in your coke.

MP7, PDW-57, VECTOR K10, MSMC, CHICOM CQB, SKORPION EVO, DLC adds Peacekeeper. Al Qaeda, Noriega, Rick Ross, July 4th, 2013 the day we take back our planet. Riddick's revenge.

Taint baby strollers with LSD. Trippy tots, hot shots, ROTC, ASVAB, SOCOM VI: The Undiscovered Country. Al-Shabaab wizard hats for FBI field office in San Diego. Lemon cakes. Latin Kings selling e-cigarettes in Kurdistan. Rachel Maddow, Jeremy Scahill, Glenn Greenwald spinning in a chair rolling around office going weeeee and laughing.

Forbidden tweets. Hidden menu. Secret sauce. ECHELON, CARNIVORE, DINOSAUR, Dinosours, Not the Mama dot biz. Claymore? Secret Service device Marine One John Cena Gone Fishin' Joe Pesci wet bandits Shining Path hot doorknob Leon Panetta.

The SEAL who killed Bin Laden. The seal who ate Buster's hand. The seal on connecting booster rings September 29th launch ESA small charges strategically placed massive fuel explosion. Cripple infrastructure, short circuit electric grid, blow bridges, Beau Bridges, blow Beau Bridges. Disable elevator. Trapped. Trapping. Darrell Issa in an elevator with egg farts. Going down says man in



devil suit presses button forcing Darrel Issa to blow Beau Bridges.

NASA, HAARP, HAAARP, HAAAAAARP, ASU, JSOC, KSWISS, PNUS, CMOS, ID hologram, holo duke, hollow earth, IDDQD, militant ID, college ID, ID this for me, that's a human ear alright.

Touch panel. Laser device. Asimo trumpets. Extremely muscular dog JPEG. 9-11-13-15-17-19-21 and powerball is 69. Jose Canseco smoking e-cigarettes. He can smoke them anywhere. Nobody can tell him to stop. In a motor boat with a beautiful woman. Cluster munitions in cowboy bars. Sword attacks at a gay charity disco in Toledo. Nerve gas Shrek Forever After continuity plan, donkay.

Star Trek Into Darkness Cumberbatch is Jean Luc Picard Obama travel plans Tyrion killed by Sansa.

GO PLAY HOOP scrawled in red on the side of a server rack. What are you doing, barry? Come on.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.7 If You Pick Up On The Subtext, The Rocky Movies Are About Punching

Saturday, Jun 08, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

A viewing of the Rocky films will keep you entertained with depictions of larger than life characters vacillating between every social class in America. At one point there's even a robot butler. If you watch closely, though, you'll soon come to realize that far below the surface a deeper meaning is being put forth by the creators: Punching.

Consider the first *Rocky*. When Rocky visits a meat freezer and hits a large cow meat with his fists, it's symbolism for punching. Yes, the overt message is that Rocky is a working class schlub training for the fight of his life, that his opponent can not be considered human, and that Rocky's relationship with the gruff Paulie is developing into an uneasy friendship. You have to read between the lines, though, to realize that there's also punching.

Later in the film, Rocky battles against the cocky champion Apollo Creed. Even though Rocky should be outmatched the fight turns into an epic 15-round contest for the ages. This boxing match could have taken any form. It could have been a bloody shootout, or a good old-fashioned swashbuckling sword fight, or a dramatic arm wrestling competition. Instead, the movie very deliberately set this matchup as a punching battle. Each punch in the boxing match represents a larger, figurative punch.

Now think. Where else have we seen punching? That's right! In the frozen meat scene! It can't be a coincidence that we saw punching in two completely different parts of the same movie. The filmmakers are clearly trying to tell us something. I believe it's punching.

Note how there continue to be punches in *Rocky II*. Perhaps even more importantly, there are gaps where no punches are thrown at all. This is very reminiscent of jazz, an entire genre of music which is defined by a well-known phrase, "It's not about the notes you play, but the punches you don't do". *Rocky II* is about the absence of punches just as much as the actual punches themselves, and is in many ways a better film than *Taxi Driver*.

Rocky III: Season Of The Witch doesn't really apply to the punch discussion. It's something of an odd duck in the series, as it does not star Sylvester Stallone or feature any boxing at all. There are these weird skeleton and witch masks from some company by the name of Silver Shamrock Novelties, and androids, and a magical/cursed piece of Stonehenge that summons snakes. I wouldn't recommend it unless you're really high or you've completely run out of Stonehenge-related films and have grown desperate.

Rocky IV, however, gets back on track. Rocky must defeat the Russian super fighter Ivan Drago, who at one point declares in a thick accent, "You cannot punch me hard enough to win our fight, but I can punch you and hurt you very badly." That line would go on to become a very popular catchphrase

worldwide. Also of note is the soundtrack which makes frequent references to punching with songs like "Punch You Tonight", "Tough Gym (Punching In Tough Gym)" and "Mortal Kombat". At this point the series comes dangerously close to being blatant about its theme of punching. Thankfully, it holds back just enough so the movie comes across as a knowing wink to those of us who are capable of reading into the subtext.

Sadly, *Rocky V* shows no such restraint. I mean, come on. A seventeen minute slow-motion shot of a single punch being thrown? The point could have been made much more subtly with a ten minute shot. Also, what was up with that climax? Rocky getting pinned beneath a metaphysical punch doesn't even make any sense. It's great that his son was able to find the strength to lift the punch and free Rocky, but that whole scene was so confusing, with all the close-ups of Rocky's straining face and bleeding legs but not a single shot of the punch, which I assume was a huge glowing forearm and closed fist.

Even if the message came close to being overbearing in the later installments of *Rocky*, it still serves as proof that the films were secretly allegories for punching from the beginning. If you don't believe me, go watch the series again. Watch for the punches. You'll be surprised by how many there are.

Thanks for reading. If I forget, remind me to tell you about the *Matrix* trilogy's message some time. Hint: It's computers.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.8 Great Battles of the New American Revolution

Monday, Jun 10, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"The Tree of Liberty, something about 'gotta pour blood on it.'"

- Rebel battle cry

After many years of threatening secession, the states began to topple in 2017 and much of the South fell into revolt. Anti-government fighters took up arms against the United States while a new government was formed in an Old Country Buffet in the Florida Panhandle. Federal policemen were fired upon and federal buildings were attacked with bombs and small arms. These attacks soon escalated into outright warfare.

It became known as the New American Revolution. After years of training and equipping and filling undeground bunkers with oats, the patriots donned their tri-corn caps and grabbed their highest-caliber rifle, which they were usually already holding, and joined the fight wherever possible. These scratch units would meet the forces of the United States in pitched battles.

The Battle of the Missouri Cracker Barrel (May 2nd, 2017)

Hoping to turn video game success into real action, a small force of stay-at-home-dad Patriots armed with dozens of pistols and rifles stormed the Cracker Barrel in Wayansburg, Missouri, seizing control of the moon pies and candy bins and commandeering the

teddy bears in rocking chairs. Under penalty of death, the employees were forced to continue to serve breakfast. By noon that day a US Army helicopter had arrived. The rebels opened fire and were surprised, along with most of the employees, to be killed almost immediately by a Hellfire missile. Several hundred men from the Missouri National Guard secured the smoldering remains.

The Battle of the Strip Mall Off I-295 (May 5th, 2017)

An antique mall, a Chinese restaurant, a Subway restaurant, a closed comic book store, and a sporting goods store were briefly captured by men of the Jacksonville Freedom SEAL Team Guard. The Gadsden flag was run up the flagpole outside and inside the men smashed up Tiffany lamps and tried out crab Rangoon subs. Their demand was the complete resignation of all US government office-holders and the surrender of the United States to Florida's panhandle. Shortly before nine PM, a salvo of rockets from a US Army M270 MLRS vehicle located 45 kilometers away obliterated the strip mall with such force that the dental records of the men inside were somehow blown off the dentist's office computer.

"Don't tread on me!"

- Seen printed on a corpse's t-shirt

The Second Battle of the Missouri Cracker Barrel (May 11th, 2017)

Men in full ghillie suits with headset mics and shotguns took up positions in the rubble of the Cracker Barrel destroyed days earlier and began to help each other administer their insulin injections. They managed to hold out for several seconds against concerted attack from a single light armored vehicle of the US Army.

The Battle at the Front Gate of Lackland Air Force Base (May 14th, 2017)

In the main rebel offensive of the war, a group of men in full camouflage with scopes and sniper rifles attacked the front gate of Lackland Air Force Base in Texas. They killed the guard on duty and attempted to advance through the gate when they were struck by a laser-guided bomb. The survivors of this group were struck with a second bomb. No one thinks any of them survived the second bomb, but a third and fourth bomb were dropped on them just to be sure.

The Battle of Bunker Doorway (May 15th, 2017)

The Oklahoma All-American Division, based out of the overgrown back lot of a church, had refused to surrender to the US Army for several days. They continued to occupy a bunker-like structure half buried underground. Believing there might be children present, the US Army commanding officer ordered the special forces to move in. Elite commandos stormed the doorway and fired into the bunker killing the three remaining members of the All-American Division. This was also how many members the All-American Division started with.

All told some 850,000 souls gave their life on the side of the patriots and Gary Thompson, a gate guard at Lackland Air Base, was killed bringing the total of US military deaths to one. Later, the government of the United States was completely voted out of office in something called an election.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.9 PapaTech Dad Deals

Tuesday, Jun 11, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

PapaTech opened in 1993 to provide the very best Cyber-Father experience. No matter your desires, no matter your want, **PapaTech** will exceed your Dad needs.

001 Dad (Basic)
Was: $1900
Now: $1500!
The Classic! The Dad that Started It All! Completely customizable with 4 fully articulated joints! Now's the perfect chance to have the Dad of your Dreams! A Dad for All Tastes! A Dad for You! Successful, smooth faced, and plenty of Hugs to spare!
Notable Quotes:
"I'm your Dad", "I love you", "I will never leave you and your alcoholic mother on your birthday to start a new family in Phoenix, Arizona!"
Special Features:
Too many to list here!

005 Sick Dadpar Was: $2500 - Now: $1999!
Want Dad sick? Want Dad to have liver damage or congestive heart failure? Does Dad have months to live? Give a Hug and say goodbye one more time with the best LD (Life Disabled) Dad on the market! No illness is too ill for **PapaTech**! Each face mold crafted at local hospice center to insure individuality. No Two Alike!
Notable Quotes:
"Ugh", "My insides, they burn", "*Inaudible Moans*"
Special Features:
Drool Pump +$299
Take care of Your Dad. Wipe the spittle that leaks from corners of Realistic ChapLips!
DisposaWig +$92
Wig scientifically made to shed hair in shower to fulfill full "Dying Dad" Experience.

037 Truck Dad
Was: $2200 - Now: $2100!
You might be a redneck...if you pass this amazing deal!
Truck Dad might like motor oil. Truck Dad might like the CMT Country Music Awards and having a few brews. Beards professionally modeled from ESPN Bowling coverage! Perfect for anyone looking for the true blue American Experience.
Notable Quotes:
"Let's go to Hooters and check out the hot lil bunnies", "This country is suffering from reverse sexism"
Special Features:
The Dip-Spitter +$140
Cartridge of Dip-Spitter lasts 1 week of continual spitting.
Ol' Fishing Pole +$300
Self Casting! The Perfect way to Bond with your Cyber-Father!

066 Dad With Black Face
Was: $2500 - Now: $2150!
PapaTech was founded to break barriers and help create a harmonious Hugging world free of society's prejudice. That said, we're proud to bring the "Black" experience to You! Rap, sport, "swag"! Straight from the streets, Dad With Black Face has it all, Yo! This is one Dad you wouldn't mind seeing in an alley!
Notable Quotes:
"Racism is wrong, dog", "Let's go shoot hoops" "Civil Rights, n***a"
Special Features:
LowHangerz Pantz +$50
Very Popular these days!
"Bling" - Call Leslie for Jewelry Price Guide!

057 Dad In Black Face
Was: $1900 - Now: $1600!
One complex Dad! For clarification, this is a White Dad made up to look like a Black Dad! Makeup will smear with careless Hugs! **PapaTech** only produced 12 Dad in Black Face, half of which are now featured in the Mississippi State House Museum! Limited Edition! Rare! L@@K! Your Dad can teach you about the American South that will (someday) Rise Again!
Notable Quotes:
Censored Anecdotes regarding Mississippi History, Various Vaudeville Sing-along's (Not Child Appropriate)

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.10 E3 2013: Basement Floor Report

Wednesday, Jun 12, 2013 by Nate "vrunt" Lamagna (@vrunt)

I'm sitting with Donald Clinksdale, CEO of Familytainment Media - the creators of Nintendo Wii's Barnyard Carnival Party Games. Donald is a sweaty, unpleasant man, and he's agreed to show me around as long as I pay for his lunch. He tells me the basement level of the Electronic Entertainment Expo is home to bargainware developers and other non-innovative companies, and he's not sure why his booth was moved down here.

"The guys upstairs, the guys running the expo, they tell me to pack up my stuff," he gripes. "I'm on the wrong floor. There aren't even any lights down here. I saw a man selling candles and torches in the stairwell, and I thought he was joking. I bet he's making a fortune. Hey, we're getting lunch soon, right?" Donald sneaks away shortly after he gets his chicken caesar wrap.

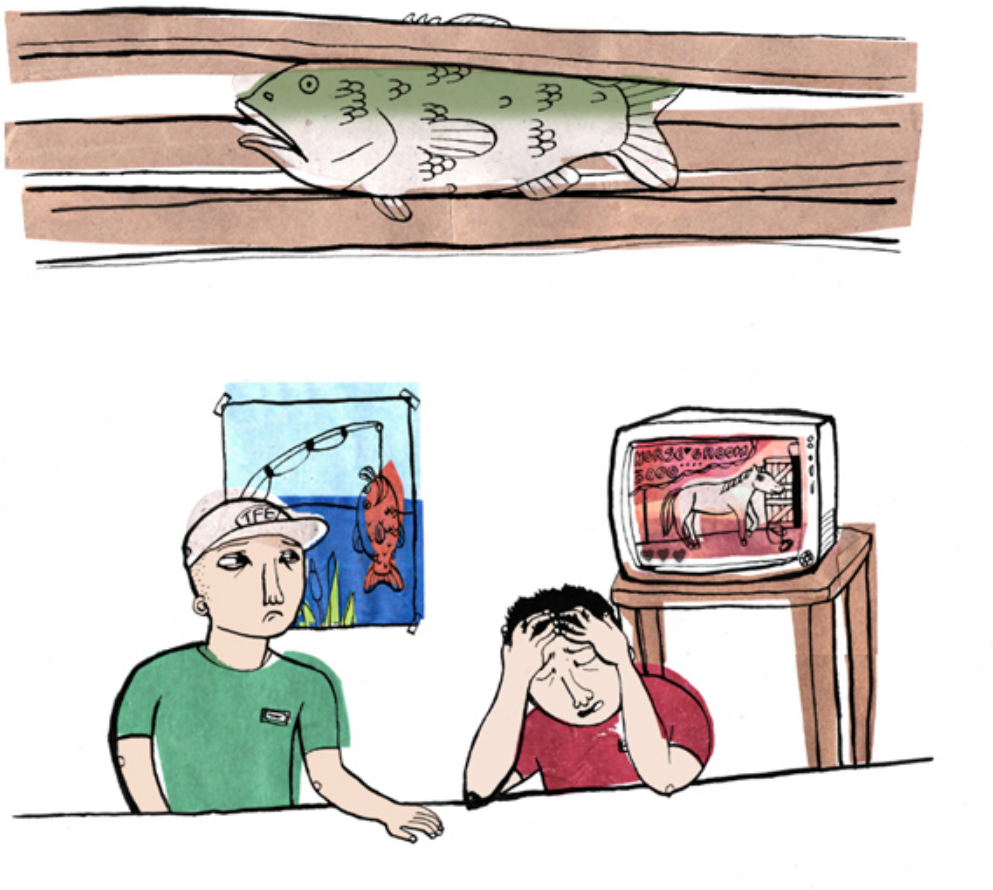
One floor above me, the giants of the gaming industry impress luckier reporters with dazzling showcases. Down here, the only excitement comes in the form of loud boos. The press has largely abandoned the area, and the booth operators are turning on each other. Gerry Wiltman of Fun-U-Mental Games grabs me by the collar and explains "I figure if we weren't set up next to Truck Fishin Entertainment we'd have a bigger turnout. Why'd they stick us with all the undesirables?" Gerry's company released 88 horse-grooming simulators last year. This year they still have no other ideas.

"I live in a boiler room," Jason Milrod explains to me, "so this is normal." His booth is also a boiler

room. He shows me around. There's a portable TV with a demo of Spaghetti Boy's Adventure, the first working demo I've seen today. "We wanted to combine the look and feel of Minecraft with no sandbox gameplay. You can choose between eight different sauce guns." Jason picks up the Playstation 2 controller and starts playing. He's no longer demonstrating the game for my benefit; he is having too much fun spraying pixel sauce onto blocks.

Some exhibitors have no booth at all. "I spent all my money on these posters," says Kyle Gum. "They're selling like hotcake. Just one so far." Kyle's Indiegogo campaign recently failed. "It's better to use Indiegogo instead of Kickstarter, they let you keep the money even if you don't reach your goal. That's how I could afford the posters. See? 'Shark.'" The posters do say 'Shark' but there is no picture of a shark accompanying the text. "Yeah, my idea was for a shark game. Remember Ecco the Dolphin?" I do remember Ecco the Dolphin. Kyle nods his head enthusiastically, but he does not offer any more details regarding his project.

I spot the Familytainment Media booth. A small crowd -- maybe four men or so - gathers around as Donald Clinksdale introduces his company's exhibit, a dab of Caesar dressing still fresh on his chin. "We are proud to announce that this September we are launching a brand new Familytainment franchise: Horse Groomer Carnival Games. We plan on having twelve different titles at launch, all for the Nintendo Wii. By the holiday season, we'll have thirty more that we can trick grandparents into buying." The men cheer. Donald suddenly notices my presence and hides behind a cardboard cut-out of a horse. There's a scream from another corner of the room, and I can see Gerry Wiltman tearing down his Horsecomber 89 banner.



"Donald is a real bargainware industry leader," says Tony Welf. The Truck Fishin Entertainment logo on Tony's hat is drawn on with a marker. He pauses to watch his booth neighbor Gerry crying beneath the paper mache large-mouth bass Tony had wedged into the rafters above their booths. As far as I can tell, the crude paper fish is the only thing Tony has on display. "Everyone down here thinks they've got the next Imagine Party Babyz, but Don's got a proven track record. Do you know how many copies of Barnyard Carnival Party Games were sold and then immediately returned after Christmas morning?" It was under five hundred, but Tony was still impressed.

At this point, many of the booths are deserted. Some developers spot a man restocking the soda machine. They surround him and try to haggle with him for the rights to the Pepsiman license.

Nate "vrunt" Lamagna spends his time curating lists at FeedBuzz and ascending to brandhood on tweetspace.
Ali Horn knows all about grim torch-lit settings; click here to admire her wares!

–∼Nate "vrunt" Lamagna (@vrunt)

6.11 STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES #2

Thursday, Jun 13, 2013 by nikki did it

This article is part of the STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES series.

I lead a Stock Photo Lifestyle

I know you're here to hear about it

Do you mind if I tent my fingers like so

Nevermind

This is more comfortable

Well, now I seem to have a book. This happens a lot
Things just sort of appear in my hands
This book is full of pictures of me!
Who scrapbooked this? I like it

I used to live this really uninhibited kind of lifestyle

I was happy

But in the Stock Photo Lifestyle, there's this rapid shifting. It's unpredictable

Things change, probably faster than you're used to

Suddenly, I had a computer

Have you ever heard of online dating?

Computer, navigate to my profile-
http://OldAndReady2GoSteady.com/PaStacheioNut1

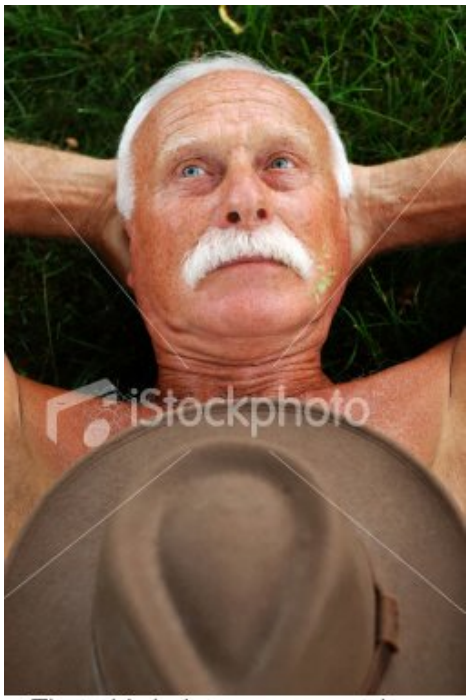
I'm updating my profile images

Comments already! Let's have a peek

" ur eyes r so soulful. wish i culd know what u are thinking abot in this pic ;) "
-WidowedButNotDead37

"I hope you washed that strawberry before consuming. Those field workers do unspeakable things out there, you know!" -EstherRoseMurray4u

"i lost my first husband to a stroke. i would take great care of u. do u like this crazy world of lol (love on line) we are living in? my favorite meal is pot roast" -Learning2LOL



That third picture may not have
been the greatest choice
I get a lot of jarring inboxes on
that one
I should definitely take that down

I ended up making a real connection online
We made plans to meet
I slept well with this knowledge
My bed, a nest of tangled hopes and future-dreams

It's the big day

Guess I should put on a shirt

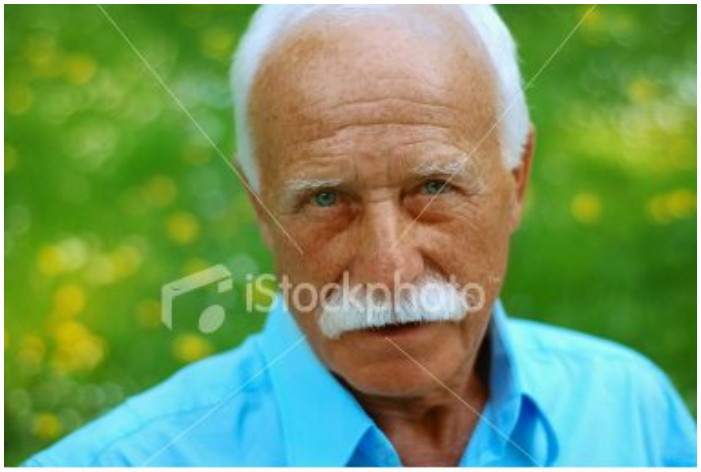
Ready for love

My recollection of this time is very limited
I can't control this
It's up to the photographers

I remember she would always lift
her face towards the sun
Was she my wife?
I do not know

Were we happy?
I do not know

At some point, she became gone



The text tags identifying me as one half of an "Elderly Couple" have all vanished. The way that works is, the edges curl up, and the wind lifts them away like the fluff on a milkweed pod

I'm absolutely loving my new life as a (key term)
"Active Senior"!

All-terrain running!

Peep my tech sneaks!

Competitive paper plane tourneys!

The thrill of aeronautics!

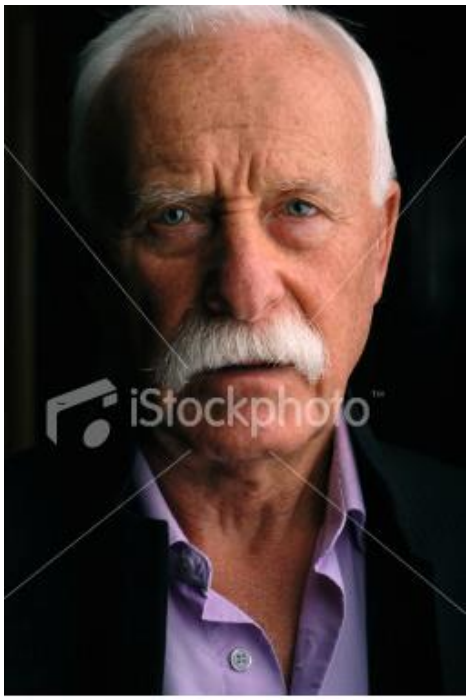
Airplanes again. I don't think this is actually a tournament
Sometimes I write on the planes before I fold them

On this one, I just made a pencil drawing of two dogs getting it on, with the caption "I like it RUFF"
It's a bit crass, I know
But you have to admit, that's a good joke
The drawing is pretty bad, though

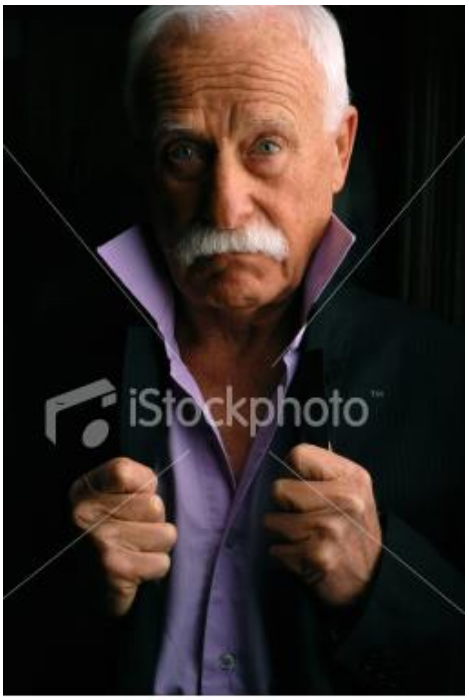
Wheeeeeeee

Now wait just a dang... what in the ever-loving name of Sam Hill is going on here

How did I get on this damn bike

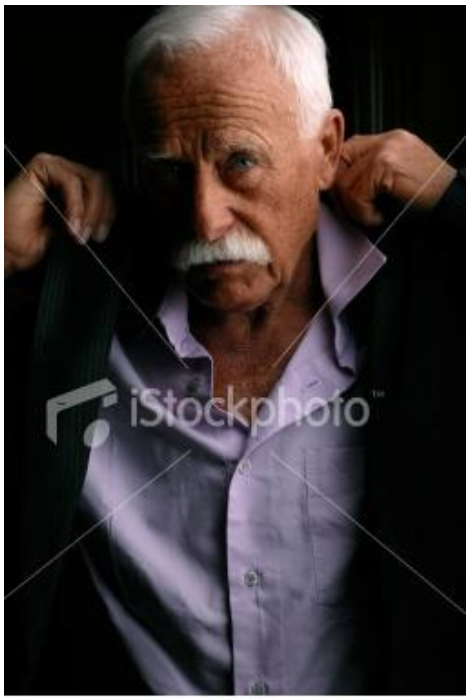


Son of a...
Wait, don't tell me-
I'm wearing a suit now



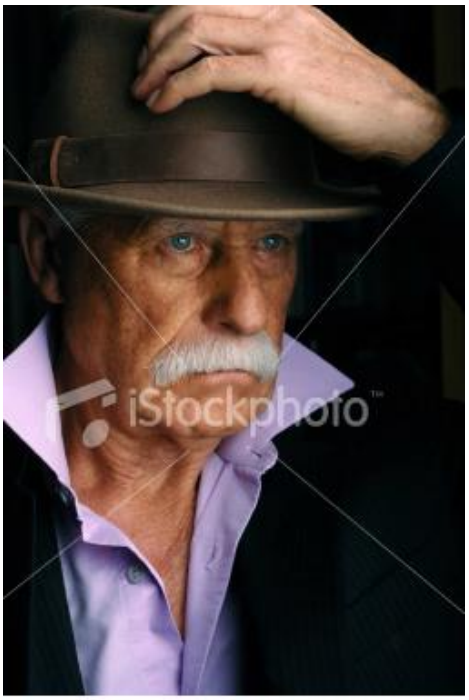
Yep

Suit theory checks out



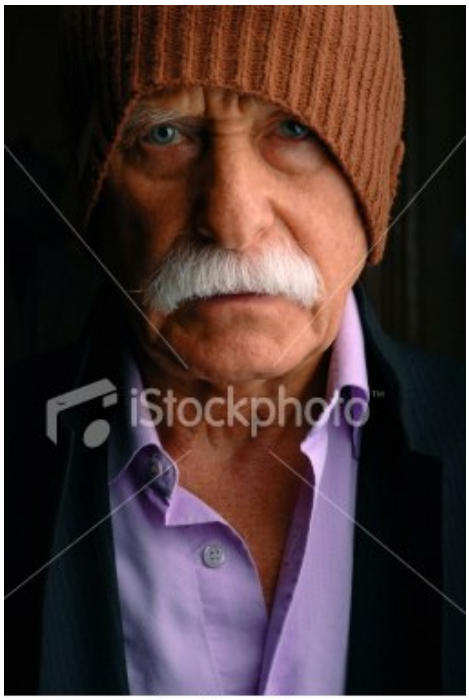
I'll do the collar pop

The collar pop usually sets it off

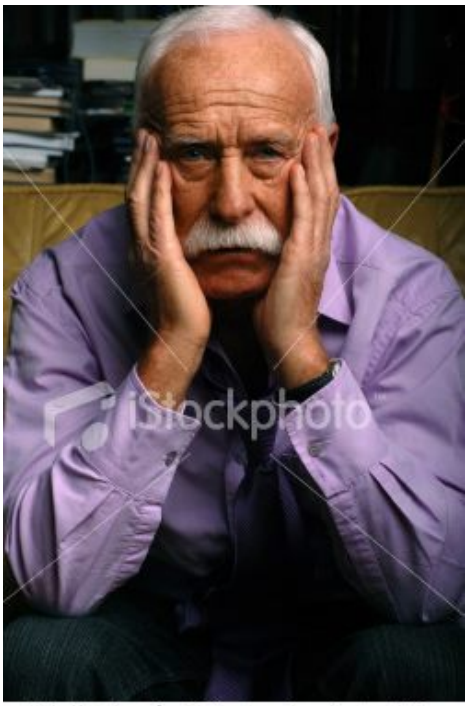


My old hat

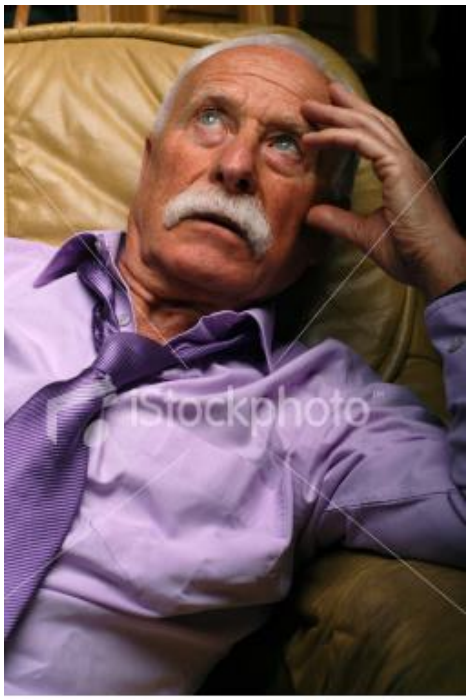
I remember this from before



Is this a joke
This doesn't even... What is this
Is it even a hat
Is this some Mall thing



Well, that's MY stock photo life
We don't have death here, so, it'll be that, you know, sort of, in perpetuity. Forever. What's 'forever', anyway
When I try to think on it, I'm just like


iStockphoto

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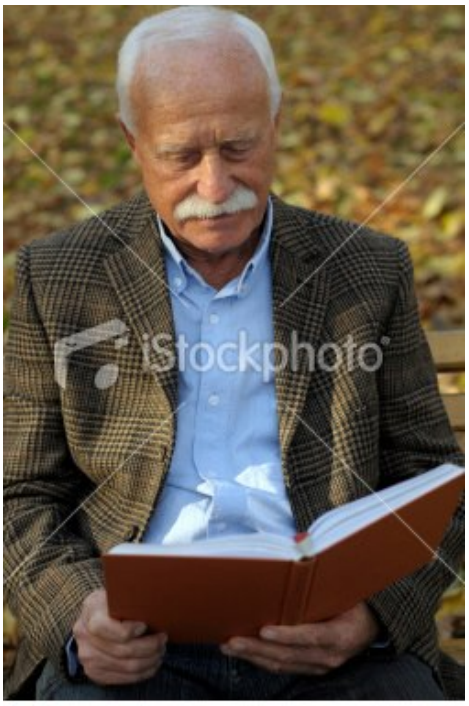


That's the worst story I ever read

–∼nikki did it

6.12 The 7 Creepiest Articles About Edward Snowden's Girlfriend

Friday, Jun 14, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Internet journalists have rewarded Edward Snowden, the former NSA employee trying to protect the Internet's privacy, by obliterating his privacy. Gawker and BuzzFeed in particular have made a couple weeks worth of headlines digging through all of his online past. He likes anime. He was a dork into Tor. I'm sure they can make a good philosophical argument to themselves about how it's all out there and he was asking for it by becoming a public figure.

Fine.

But what about his girlfriend? Did she ask for it? Did she do a single thing wrong? Everyone from the Daily Beast to Huffington Post have been all over her Internet past, but as with Snowden, BuzzFeed and Gawker floated to the top like a couple of loose dooks in a pool. I do not intend to refer to Snowden's girlfriend by name (she will be known as Theo Cosby) or post any of the pictures these articles used without heavy censorship, because I can.

7. Theo Cosby, Edward Snowden's Girlfriend, Writes 'All I Feel Is Alone' by Caroline Linton (The Daily Beast)

Since she can't slap a Muslim Süß cover on a website, Tina Brown's miserable sargassum of fading talent regularly dredges the polluted filth at the bottom of the trench of journalism and comes up with some benthic horror to flop around and serve as clickbait. Here, Caroline Linton wonders, "But what about the girlfriend he left behind?" This thought is posted immediately beneath a photo of Theo Cosby in her bra.

I guess this is an attempt to humanize tits and simultaneously shame Snowden for ditching Theo. Because it's not like it would have been a bad idea for her to run away to Hong Kong with a man half the country wants to hang for treason. That would be fine for her.

6. This is Edward Snowden's Girlfriend by Michelle Broder Van Dyke and Ellie Hall (BuzzFeed)

It took two people to collect a bunch of photos of Theo Cosby in her underwear and screenshot some of her blog posts. Probably the classiest thing on the page are the authors interjecting to talk about some blog post, but before the blog post they cram in another sexy photo. The philosophy was evidently, "we found this shit, so by god we're going to post it."

Sideboob selfies win BuzzFeed the Pulitzer. "DAT AZZZZ!" declares furiously tugging judge.

5. Edward Snowden's girlfriend Theo Cosby: At the moment I feel alone by Paul Lewis (The Guardian)

Probably the least creepy of all of these articles, it gets bumped up to #5 because it's being published by THE FUCKING PAPER HE LEAKED THE NSA SECRETS TO. What are you guys doing? Paul Lewis, what the hell is wrong with you? A guy destroyed his own life to expose a massive government spying scheme and you repaid him by trying to make him look like shitty boyfriend material.

Glenn Greenwald needs to go down to the Morlock cave where they keep the likes of Paul Lewis and smugly slap him around while talking about Obama's failures.

4. This Is Reportedly the Girlfriend of NSA Whistleblower Edward Snowden by Taylor Berman (Gawker)

Taylor Berman has gone from interviews about the *Breaking Bad* soundtrack at Vulture to posting bikini photos of a totally innocent woman for everyone to ogle at Gawker. He opens this article with a giant candid bikini photo and follows up with a series of the most naked photos of Theo to be found online.

A tip of the hat to the Gawker commenters who were grossed out by this shit. A big fuck you to all the rest of them dissecting whether or not she is attractive. I'm sure it's a regular parade of Adonises commenting on how a professional dancer is a "butterface" with weird shoulder blades.

And a reminder to everyone else that the next time Gawker gets on a moral high horse, they may be right, but it's worth remembering they are still publishing trash like this.

3. Edward Snowden's Girlfriend Posted a Selfie In a Guy Fawkes Mask by Adrian Chen (Gawker)

Adrian Chen is Gawker's prolific profiler of online behavior and one of a handful of writers at Gawker who qualifies as an actual journalist. You might remember him from a recent dust-up with Reddit over child porn that even drew in Something Awful. He usually has a decent moral compas.

There is no explaining why he clacked out this stinker centered entirely on a picture of Theo Cosby in a Guy Fawkes mask. Yes, we get it: Anonymous, Guy Fawkes. Wow. Chen admits to scraping it from Theo's deleted blog. While it doesn't quite match the prurient feel of the earlier Gawker headline, the lack of any decent rationale for disseminating the image is, well, fucked up and gross.

2. Pole-dancing girlfriend left behind by geeky NSA leaker bares torment on blog: All I feel is alone by DAVID K. LI and LEONARD GREENE (NY Post)

Leave it to the New York Post to take a sleazy story and somehow make it even sleazier. On the one hand, good for them for not splashing her name in another headline. On the other hand, I suspect

dropping it was just an excuse to reduce her to "geeky NSA leaker's wind-up sex toy." I wonder if Theo Cosby's tombstone will read, "Here lies a pole-dancing girlfriend."

The article is another attempt by the Post to make Snowden, a clear bad guy according to the Post's playground Manichaeism, even more of a villain. "Not only traitor nerd endanger America, him also mean to slut!"

1. Theo Cosby, Edward Snowden Girlfriend: 5 Fast Facts You Need to Know by Paul Farrell (Heavy)

Easily taking the top spot is this article from a website I did not even know had articles. It combines the moron-friendly list structure of a BuzzFeed article with the rigorous journalism of a Skintern freeze-framing a half-titty on an episode of Justified. Also features a Google Streetview pic of the house they shared (share?). It reads like a murderer's plan for killing somebody they have been stalking.

Farrell dragged out all the naughtiest Theo Cosby pictures to give us facts we "need to know" like "4. She Had Been Working as a Pole-Dancer." Now when that question comes up on the Theo Cosby final exam you will be equipped to answer correctly.

Don't miss Heavy.com's "30 Strange & Sexy Photos of Edward Snowden's Girlfriend."

And by "don't miss" I mean "do fucking miss." Also, Heavy now seems like the sort of website where you get Bulgarian viruses that pop up ads for muscle pills. So way to go with that.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.13 Rejected Mac Pro Designs

Saturday, Jun 15, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The basic design of the Mac Pro remained the same in the seven years following its debut. During Monday's WWDC event, Apple unveiled a startling new look for their most powerful computer:

Sleek. Elegant. Drawing inspiration from a variety of muses, from hotel trash cans to e-cigs and keychain flashlights. If a piece of technology as goofy looking as this catches on, I won't feel remotely self-conscious in a few months when I strap an Oculus Rift to my face around other people or (much more likely) alone in my home.

Apple employs some of the most respected product designers in the world. The Mac Pro might seem like a half-assed concept whipped up in an afternoon with Google SketchUp, but an astonishing amount of work went into its many prototypes, and it actually improved with each revision.

That's right, it used to be worse.

The first Mac Pro design was experimental. It set out to challenge the way that we think about computers and technology. What if your computer wasn't just a box? What if it was a pile of fake vomit?

Taking full advantage of the unique puddle layout, Apple assigned each component to a "chunk", disguising the motherboard as a half-digested pepper, passing off the cpu as a kernel of corn, and connecting everything with a layer of gel that doubled as a thermal cooling paste.

Functionally, it was a breakthrough in engineering. Unfortunately the concept was scrapped when Apple ran into difficulties getting the synthetic hot dog chunks to taste like real hot dogs.

The Mac Pro Mini, magnified 1000x in this photo, was an even bigger breakthrough. Coming

in at just one cubic picometer, this tiny powerhouse personified the core tenets of Apple's design philosophy. It was simple. It was understated. When you booted it up into OSX, it had the same inexplicably horrible mouse acceleration that you've come to expect.

If the engineers had been able to attach a power cord and display adapter to the computer without shattering its components into their core elements, it could have been a revolutionary, magical, life changing, beautiful post-PC device.

It looks like a pumpkin that's been carved into a frightening Halloween face. A fully functional candle appears to flicker lazily in the scoop-out out head. In reality, it's a solid chunk of 100% eco-friendly brushed aluminum. This was easily the most eye-catching design to come out of Apple in years. This was the Mac Pro.

So why didn't this fantastic computer make it to production?

"That Mac Pro was hella scary," remarked a shivering Jonathan Ive as he clung to the upper branch of a tree on Apple's sprawling campus. The Senior Vice President of Industrial Design felt he had an obligation to protect consumers. "I was afraid that if I turned it off, I would die or my teeth would all turn to candy corns and fall out. So I just left it on all the time. I couldn't sleep with that ominous candle light forcing its way through my tightly drawn eyelids, calling to mind the most horrific images, like plastic spiders falling on my shoulders, or ghostly figures in sheets doing jazz hands and saying 'boooo' at me."

The Mac Pro One. Not just a radical new direction in design, but in the restriction of its use. It would be considerably less powerful and more expensive than its competition, but would pretend to offload 99% of its calculations to the magical cloud. Owners would have to connect to the internet at least once every 24 hours or be locked out of their applications. The computer would not function without the camera and motion sensor. Other people could use the computer, but only after they had been added to the owner's address book for one month, and this could only be done once, unless other restrictions applied. Pretty much anything you'd actually want to do with the system would only be allowed if you followed very specific guidelines which customer support and the corporate office would rarely agree upon.

Fortunately, Apple realized that even if a majority of its customers wouldn't be affected by the new policies in the Mac Pro One, it would still be writing off a percent of its user base and presenting all sorts of potential problems without benefiting a single user in any way.

At this point, a goofy trash can seemed like a perfectly acceptable and harmless idea.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.14 Enrique, if that Sarah Connor woman wrecks my picnic table we are getting a divorce

Monday, Jun 17, 2013 by Jolanda Salceda (@sexyfacts4u)

Enrique, I can't take much more of this. You know I don't usually have a problem with your friends, but I just walked by with that bucket of machine gun bullets you wanted me to load into the truck we are giving to these people and the crazy bitch was carving on my picnic table. I don't ask a lot, but I ask please don't carve shit in my table with a giant knife. What could she possibly be carving on there?

NO FATE. I saw it. Real cute.

There is going to be a fate and it's going to be you getting beat to death with a sack of bullets if you don't get them out of here! Tonight, Enrique!

The second they leave - and it had better be damn soon - you are getting the sander and you are getting that out of my picnic table. That is where me and the kids eat every meal because, in case you haven't noticed, you're making me raise my family in the middle of the wasteland.

Oh, for fuck's sake, of course. Of course she did. She just got up and left a rusty bowie knife sitting on the table where any of the kids could reach up and grab it.

Enrique, come on, when you said live on a bus I went for it. When you said let's bury a minigun in our bare dirt backyard, I said fine.

When you brought me all those dead rattlesnakes I even put them up on the fence just how you like it. But I cannot stand this woman and her weird family one more second. They are a danger to all the kids.

Okay, okay, I just walked past the giant idiot and the annoying little punk and I heard that giant ding dong ask the little kid why does he cry. And the kid said, "You mean people?" They are insane! Uncle Bob, right? You let that man handle my precious little square-headed son!

If any of them touches our gutted helicopter wreck I am going to go ballistic. You taught me to use a .357, Enrique. Don't make me take her out.

Holy shit. Hollllly shit, Enrique, the annoying kid is now teaching the giant idiot how to high-five. Let's just go. Let's get in the cars and go. I don't even want to look at my prophesy-covered picnic table ever again.

"No problemo! If you want to shine them on..."

What does that even mean? I have literally never heard that before, Enrique. Are they from a lunatic asylum? Oh, she IS from a lunatic asylum. Of course.

Well, you can tell that story about Judgement Time or whatever you call it to the judge. No fate but what I make in divorce court. I am getting the kids, I am getting the machine guns, and I am getting the rattlesnake heads.

You can have that fucking picnic table. I don't want it anymore.

–∼Jolanda Salceda (@sexyfacts4u)

6.15 Subj: I WON A CONTEST

Tuesday, Jun 18, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! i have just returned from the county fair's "Hot Doggin' Nights" which is a local event put on every year by Fancy Fella's Consolidated Weiner Corporation!!! it has been a great time and i learned a great deal about the production of the tasty treat as well as all the vitamins and minerals it has that you can't get in other meat. the real prize to be had that everyone was getting angry about was the honor of being crowned Mr. or Mrs. Hot Dogger- - a prize for which i would move heaven and earth..... or at least be the first to eat 40 Bigfoot Dogs!!!

You see the crowned Mr. or Mrs. Hot Dogger also gets to get all their letters to the editor published for an entire year in the local paper no matter what they are, because the company who owns the hot dog company also owns the paper. this gift is a big mistake for them because I have a great many letters to the editor that never made it into the paper such as:

I Wish The Sheriff Would Let Me Sleep On My Roof Sometimes

HAD A MEALYBUG PROBLEM, BETTER NOW

Need Another Dirtbike, I Want To Strap Two Dirtbikes Together And Try To Make A Car

How I Got Revenge On A Man By Throwing His Thanksgiving Bird In A Perfect Spiral

If You Breathe That Air Inside A Bell Pepper Will You Die? What About Me, Will I Die

AND MORE!!!

Anyhow tonight was the big "Eat Off" where we all crowded around a big table and checked to see who could eat 40 Bigfoot Dogs first. it was me and about 20 other men and women and it was a tense time until they brought out the plates of dogs and we started chowing down. What they didn't say was that Bigfoot Dogs are not normal hot dogs they are the biggest ones they make so it took a really long time to eat more than 2 or 3.

I had a very good strategy of screaming after each dog to keep count and to shatter the concentration of my opponents but it became clear that the simple screams weren't doing anything so i also shouted some things like "I'm Gonna Lose It... I'm Gonna Lose My Dogs!!" to try and make people run off during the show but that just made them get closer and check me out. By the 9th huge hotdog i was still standing but laying my torso on the table in front of me exhausted from the eating pains and breathing really heavy with meat bits falling out of my mouth.

one man was looking straight up and pushing them down his throat with a fork which worked really well for him

until he coughed and shot one up into the roof of the gazebo we were in (we were in a gazebo) and it got really dirty and pretty smashed on the ceiling

after about 90 minutes people started to thin out and leave but not Yours Truly!!!! My main competitor was a lady who was eating her bites slowly but she started coughing a lot at some point and wailing and i think i fell asleep because i looked up and she was gone and replaced by a crying man that looked like her son and he was eating her cold hot dogs. i groaned to him "You Don't Look Like A Mr. Hot Dogger To Me..." and stayed in my position resting on the table and gently chewed on the dogs for another 5 and a half hours and was eventually crowned the winner. ME!!!!

This is a big deal for me, i cannot wait to be listened to by everyone in town including the mayor!!!!!!!!!

THE SMARTEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

6.16 Wall Garbage Warehouse

Wednesday, Jun 19, 2013 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

To be successful, an American restaurant needs two things: an emergency exit, and plenty of corporate warmth. Customers may come for the excitement found in discovering one of three black olives hiding in their table-size salad trough, but stay for the various pieces of Americana that warm the heart and cover up building code issues. Please check out our newest selection of wall garbage perfect for placement near your Sundae Bar, Jell-O Shooter Lagoon, or baby changing stations.

Comedy Oldsters Playing Golf - FRAMED

Those comedy oldsters are at it again! And even though no one remembers their names because they haven't been on TV in over 20 years, this framed image will vaguely remind your guests of their many off-the-wall adventures. Encourage your servers to converse about this legendary threesome's most famous mishaps, like the time they couldn't move that piano up the stairs, or when they were hanging off the hands of that massive clock, or the one where all life on earth had ended and then their glasses broke. These characters make up the backbone of American comedy, and will certainly remind your employees that the best medicine is laughter, especially if you aren't providing health insurance.

MODEL# 3STG $59.99 (SHEMP VARIANT $39.99)

Exotic Car Ornamentation

No matter where you come from, you know it's all happening in sunny California. The greatest TV shows, the hottest movies, the most exciting wildfires: it's all taking place in the state formerly governed by a guy who got famous by pretending to be a metal skeleton. Every day is a party, and every night's an adventure. Fast cars, full of sexy babes, required by the law to display their legal driving status. And that's where we come in. Each and every one of our authentic California license plates comes from genuine Los Angeles Police Department auction surplus from 1987-1989. This way, you can be sure that your authentic chunk of California will delight the majority of your customers destined to die no more than five miles from their maternity ward crib.

MODEL# LCSP $159.99

Hollowed Animal Standee

Centuries of observation have taught us that children take delight in nothing more than the desecration of corpses. Wall Trash Warehouse has taken this to the next level by killing and combining two animals for the sake of having straw wrappers shot into their gaping, taxidermied mouths. While waiting for his meal, Junior will love stroking its realistic fur, and filling its torso with loose change and pistachio shells. Sister will spend hours turning over in her head what dead animals we stitched together to create such a monstrosity -- but we're not telling! Mostly because yanking those horns out of a baby elk is not something that should be described to the faint of heart. Extra baby elk horns available upon request.

MODEL# HOAL$399.99

Woodburned Advice Plank

Whether you're in grandma's kitchen or a principal's office, you're bound to see a delightful and candid message hanging, displaying a homespun message about the rigors of everyday life. And when your customers see vivid reminders of their childhood placed on your walls, mixed drink sales increase by 34% -- and if you've been using fermented Hi-C like most of the big chains, you know that's pure profit. Complete the effect by framing your message of choice between four checkers boards, and watch those secretaries only reconsider choices after the sixth fuzzy navel. After years of campaigning, we've finally forced "git 'r done" into the public domain, so there's never been a better time to take advantage of our most popular model since our "here's your sign" sign. (Now available as special edition sawdust in our Graduation Party Package.)

MODEL# WBAP $29.99

Porthole to Nothing

Let's face it: we've all been on bad dates. And sometimes, the only escape from an awkward situation can be found in being obliterated by the water pressure miles below the ocean's surface. While we can't offer the peaceful release of filling your lungs with salt water, here's the next best thing. Nail it to any wall, then sit back and watch the fun. Pathetic singles will have no choice but to stare longingly into its reflective surface while witnessing the effects years of starters 'n sides have had on their bodies. Includes latch feature for increased claustrophobia. After the recent closing of several Long John Silver's, we have plenty of inventory to burn. Our surplus dock planks provide plenty of diverse walking surfaces for customers

and a reliable self-defense instrument for night managers that isn't admissible in court due to certain maritime laws.

MODEL#PHTN $59.99

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.17 SkyMall Product Reviews: Bob Marley T-Shirts

Thursday, Jun 20, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

Lively up yourself in rasta colors and reggae flavor. Bob Marley's 1974 album Natty Dread inspired the yellow shirt, while the powerful lion, symbolic of Marley's Rastafarian beliefs, decorates our black shirt.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Sleeveless Dad from Pinenut, OR

I recently got into T-shirts and have been buying as many as I can. They are comfortable and do a great job keeping you cool in the summer, allowing your arms to breathe. I don't know who this Bob Marley fellow is, but if he endorses T-shirts, he's got the right idea. Put on a t-shirt. You won't regret it, buddy.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By ProudDiabetesSufferer from Hammond, IN

I love lions. I have no idea what the black man with the dread locks is about, and wish his silly hair wasn't blocking the lion. Oh well. The shirt is still comfortable and fits my extra-large frame with plenty of room to spare.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Stuart from Chicago, IL

If you maybe bought this shirt thinking it would do something really amazing under a black light, and maybe also spent all your savings on black lights thinking they would change your life, you're going to be disappointed. Mom was right all along.

Age: 16-20

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Ron from Lincoln, NE

I recently learned from an officemate that this Robert Marley character is associated with "weed culture." Well, now I feel like a fool. I've been wearing this shirt for weeks thinking he was some kind of lion tamer, like Siegfried and Roy. I am extremely horrified that SkyMall is now promoting

weed, a drug that has crippled millions with its debilitating effects.

I will not be purchasing anymore products from SkyMall for 4-6 weeks in protest.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By HisGospel from Pigeon Forge, TN

Bob Marley is associated with the Rastafarian faith, a pagan religion dedicated to the worship of the president of Ethiopia. Mr. Marley himself was a Reggae Wizard in the cult, the highest rank attainable, and was known to force innocents to "get high" and "chill out." If you are a Christian you Should Not Be Wearing this shirt.

Get the facts at CHRISTIAN-KNOWLEDGE-TRUTH.info

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By CopWife2 from Deadwood, SD

DON'T BUY THIS SHIRT. Bob Marley is a notorious rapper and therefore supports the killing of our police officers. My fiancé is a police officer and deserves better. SHAME ON YOU SKYMALL.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By GrandpaCool from Tucson, AZ

First thing's first. I'm a grandpa. Got five kids and sixteen grand kids. Bought this shirt because all the kids love black singers these days. The Snoopy Dog, Doctor Andre, Conway West and the fella from NCIS. None of my grandkids had any idea who Bob Marley is, so I don't think he's a very good singer. Look for some other black people shirts if you're buying for youngsters.

Age: 66-70

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By FinanceWiz from Pueblo, CO

I bought this shirt hoping to impress a black guy who works in the office. Worked like a charm, because when he saw me wear it he smiled really big. Was hoping he'd say something so we could maybe break the ice, but I'll figure that out next. Thanks, SkyMall! Feel like I can now safely think of him as "my black friend."

Age: 36-40

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.18 Paula Deen has Planned the Perfect Wedding for Her Son

Friday, Jun 21, 2013 by Paula Deen (@sexyfacts4u)

Thinking about you finally getting hitched makes me smile so hard my back teeth are gonna break up like crackers in a chili bowl. I been thinking about this wedding for years. Y'all get one chance to throw your son a perfect wedding and it's gotta be right. Every detail. Perfect.

Bobby, you got to stop jacking off in cars. No more of that. And wear headphones when you blast your moan tapes. Ain't nobody in the restaurant needs to hear that at this moment. They need to be picturing you as a dad and a husband, not you telling a girl you want to spit on her butthole. Where do you come up with that stuff, Bobby? It ain't me.

> Can't y'all just picture what it would look like if we had a whole ship full of blacks stacked up? It would be just like the pageantry of old times.

Now, get a look at this. I picked out the right location. There's a beautiful plantation just right down the road from the restaurant where they used to bring all the escaped slaves they hunted down. It has these huge, white columns and cute little huts where they used to store the slaves. And this huge kettle where they'd boil 'em up like a soup when they finally got caught trying to start a revolt.

Those times were so romantic. I told the plantation owner I had to have the place for the wedding and then I told him a joke.

How many n-words does it take to change a light bulb? Give up? One white guy to change the light bulb and 30 black guys to come in late and lie about the hours they worked on their time sheet. I

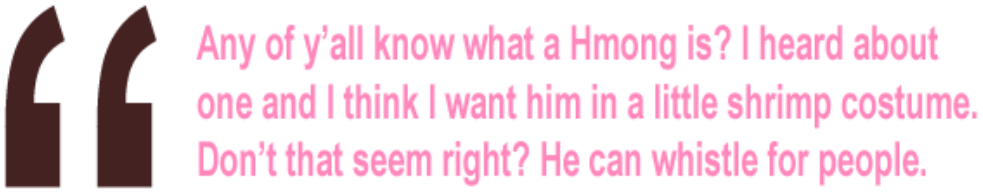
know what they do. I know how they are.

> Y'all I just want this wedding to be right so I want to get a whole tribe of geronimo indians and have them doing tomahawk chops at every table.

Thinking out the decorations has been so much fun. I want to put little sunflower bonnets on some little baby gooks and put them in flower pots. Gooks are so cute and they are real docile. You just tell them once, "lie down there in the pot" and they'll just stay like that. They're born that way.

I want to have a chocolate water-full and balloons for the kids and a little station where y'all can shave off muslim beards. Hand out clippers and just zip them right off. If you got a little one you can keep the bag of hair to glue on a doll.

Every table should have a little black boy in a zebra vest who will get down on the floor so you can put your feet on him. What is an octaroon? Is that like a liger? Could we get one of them and put it in a little theater and have it do wrestling? I would like a huge black one and just have him lift up ladies who want to be lifted. Do we need special insurance for that? Like a man in shirtsleeves with a pistol in case things go buck wild? I'll search on that one on Bing.


Any of y'all know what a Hmong is? I heard about
one and I think I want him in a little shrimp costume.
Don't that seem right? He can whistle for people.

Bobby, just, before I forget, you have to stop calling babies the n-word. I get the joke about babies being so sleepy, but some folks don't have a good sense of humor. They're just, jokes, I know. But until the wedding is over, better stop.

I'd like to get some cholos to smoke cigarettes in the valet parking area and some little Mexican boys to throw poppers on the steps.

Bobby, do y'all have any idea where we could get some retardeds? Do they keep 'em up in a zoo when they're not on TV? I'd like it if people could take one home and keep it.

Do the Japs got cyborgs yet? Because I'd like to scare us up a cyborg and have it twist the head off some Yankees. We'll dress them up in blue coats and that mean old cyborg will take their heads right off. Maybe some Chicago and Boston types. Just twist their heads right off and put 'em in the chocolate water-full.

Y'all, let's do up that processional with silly jew
tombstones. Just go to a jew graveyard and find
the funniest ones and put them down for the bride.

Could we get some tall white boys to do technical basketball on some blacks? I need us some bad basketball blacks and some white boys who will pass around them and dribble properly and shoot two-pointers. Is there a reverse Harlem Globetrotters? I tell you what, if we can't find that you just go on and put blackface on the retardeds.

I want gays boys to operate some hovercrafts. Do y'all think you can get me some twinks?

If we have that it will just be so beautiful, I don't know. About the only other thing is if we could Jurassic Park some dinosaurs back to life, but I guess we'll just have to settle for the eskimos at the juice bar.

–∼Paula Deen (@sexyfacts4u)

6.19 A Most Magnificent Ship

Saturday, Jun 22, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Aye, by all accounts she was lovely. Th' most magnificent vessel ever constructed by human hands, or so they say.

Her hull was crafted from th' finest porcelain. Thin as a deckhand's willpower on shore leave in Sexy Gambler's Cove, it was. They say that if you could have looked at a slice of it side-on, it would have seemed to vanish even if you wasn't thick-headed with a belly full o' booze. Imported from the Fragile Lands, that hull was. A stack of twenty was ordered, in fact, but only three made it through the delivery in one piece. Two shattered the moment they were removed from th' enormous crate.

Her sails could have turned any old leaky rowboat into a spectacle that folks would have lined up and parted with coin to witness. Made entirely of th' thinnest gossamer imaginable, the fabric seemed to melt into the sky on a sunny day. To run your grubby digits across the surface of her sails was to dissolve th' fabric into crumbling wee flecks o' nothing.

Even her wheel was exquisite. Encrusted with fist-sized gemstones, its structure was made of pure gold. Those of you who know something of precious materials may be familiar with gold's tendency to rest at a malleable state. Though it certainly twisted and drooped in th' sun's heat this was surely th' most luxurious wheel to have steered a vessel on land or sea.

No expense was spared. Each of her eighteen cannons was made of highly flammable Mirkwood paper, th' rarest in the world, folded by a legendary clan of monks who only opened up their compound doors to accept one outsider's project every three hundred years. In place of grapeshot her hull was packed with thousands of silk-wrapped phoenix eggs that served as ammunition. These eggs were terribly unstable. A slight jostle could have released th' white hot fire contained within and set off a chain reaction, but all beauty comes at some cost, don't it?

For all that poshness, nothing about her topdeck seemed unusual. Until you took a closer look. Though its surface appeared to be your typical grid of planks nailed into place, th' topdeck was actually one large piece of canvas. It had been painted by the Master Artist himself over the course of a decade, painstakingly recreating the appearance of a perfectly normal surface. A daily coating of liquified unicorn jelly (itself very flammable) kept th' painting in tip-top shape.

Even her crew made for a most unusual sight to behold. They had delicate features, and all of them held still in dramatic poses. These curious folk never moved, partly because they did not wish to betray their appearance's dazzling effect on viewers, and partly because their bones were so easily broken by th' smallest of movements.

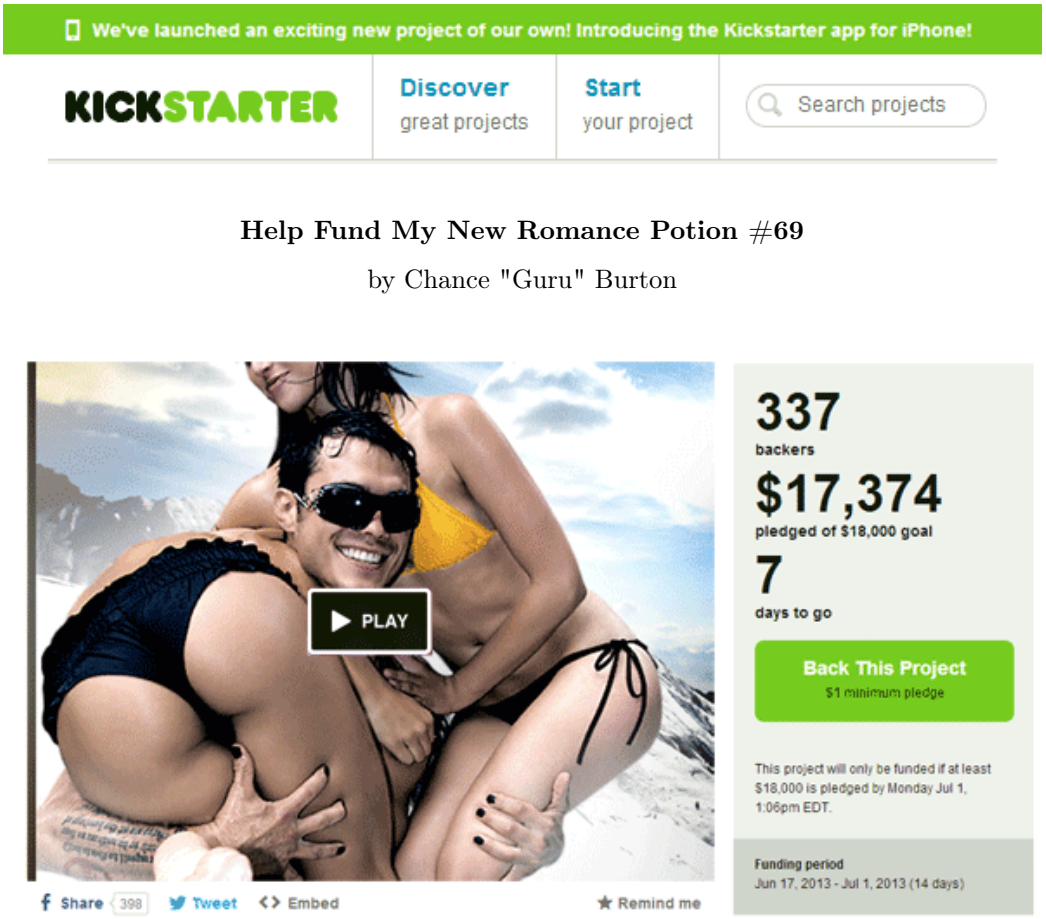
As far as anyone could tell, she was th' most perfect ship that had ever been built. Thus it came as a surprise when she met with a most unfortunate fate.

On the morning of her maiden voyage she sat proudly on th' drydock, glistening and sparkling and what have you. Not a single scratch was taken as she eased down the ramp. It was a perfect launch. Only, some fool had installed that drydock in th' wrong direction. Instead of slipping gently into a rivulet of calm water, Turgid Blurf was deposited in an enormous patch of quicksand which pulled her under within moments.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.20 I'm Kickstarting a Love Potion Guaranteed to Work

Monday, Jun 24, 2013 by Chance "Guru" Burton (@sexyfacts4u)



Romance Potion #69 is the ultimate elixir of love and lust sure to turn the most frigid mummy into a panting slut dripping with erotic perspiration and ready to obey your every sexual command. There is NO RESISTANCE to this potion. Its power is IMMENSE.

UPDATE: All stretch goals unlocked!

The velvet bag for the potion inscribed with the DICK method logo as well as the peacock bracelets and heart amulet will all be available for funders. The potion container is now the bullet as promised. THANK YOU! This is the realization of a dream and unlocking the sexual/sensual potential of all women everywhere for the betterment of society.

About Myself & This Project...

I have been a key player in the PUA scene on megaforum.biz and playersclubxxx.ky for almost half of a half-decade. I was sick of always being the friend for girls to tell all their probelms to. I was safe and "like a brother" and I knew I had to do something radical.

I first joined the game in 2009 as "Goggles" and my persona was to wear swimming goggles but I had to abandon this because they fogged up. So I did some meditation and I came back to it and

decided to become "Guru." That was when I wrote my first advice ebook **Outside the Box: The HARPOON Method Revealed** which was the HARPOON method based around "Spot -⟩Spear -⟩Reel -⟩Exhaust" which sold almost 60 copies.

I followed that up with **Outside the Box II: Sparrowing Revealed**. That one was much easier. Basically, you dress like Jack Sparrow from Pirates of the Caribbean and you stare intensely at sexy women. Come to think of it, that's not basically what you do, that's exactly what you do. Just put on your best Sparrow look and hang out where you know hot bodies congregate.

But I dropped out of the PUA scene in 2012 following an incident with a Tilted Kilt waitress laughing at me and a brief romance affair with a stripper (bad news) which occurred because I lost my focus when she looked right at me while she was dancing. I'm back, I'm charging out of the friend zone like a bull, and I have a new method that doesn't require any fancy book or special peacocking.

You know how Walter White started using his chemistry knowledge to save his family? Well I used my knowledge of Leon, this guy who sells drugs, to help me develop my very first potion. It was basically cocaine and Kool Aid and it didn't really make babes horny so much as edgy. But science is all about trial and error and it turns out methadone and Sunny D works pretty good. That stuff you have to talk to like a doctor to get. My stuff is homemade from a secret formula and is even more effective.

What does it do?

It's a "mood enhancer" it's a "sex diesel injection" and it's a "100%" sure fire way to get a woman to fall for you. Love or lust or whatever is in between those too, man. This is liquid panty-dropper. Technically legal. I will also give you techniques in an ebook guide with the potion on how to suggest it to her, how to get her to drink it, how to convince her that it is safe, and various other how to techniques that will help everyone chill out, you don't need to call the cops, it's just like a vodka orange juice basically.

Romance Potion #69 will turn any woman into a horned up sex slut ready to get it on with your johnson. BE CAREFUL once you use the eyedropper to put no more than two drops in her drink or on her tongue if she is asleep you will have five minutes before SEXUAL TNT explodes.

This will work on your moms. So don't play around. Crowd fund this stuff now. You know you

have to have some.

One taste and every woman you have ever desired will be so into you she will get right into your van and agree to go into sex cages int he cellar of your second house that isn't even on your records, you paid cash, so the FBI agents will never find where you hid them.

Note to Haters

While 99% of the emails and messages I receive are positive there are always some haters who don't get what I am trying to do and make some baseless accusations about me being sexist, or creepy, or dangerous and insane. All you haters need to get over your jealousy. Just because I am extremely successful with women and have 100% ability at quenching my libido doesn't give you the right to be jealous.

I want to help you. Not hate back. You could be living like me. Yesterday I put body paint on a girl I barely knew. I made out with both girls who work at Arby's. I drive a BMW. Yes, it's from 1993. Yes, it still counts. Ask all the beautiful women I am having sex with in it every day that I want to.

It's time to face facts. You need Romance Potion #69 to up your game. Back me now, bro. Let's do this together.

–~Chance "Guru" Burton (@sexyfacts4u)

6.21 Overcoming your Summer Sickness

Tuesday, Jun 25, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Somehow you done goofed and got sick in summer. Like girls talking to you in high school, it's not supposed to happen. It should be impossible. Everyone else is running and giggling and playing in the sun, but you're a freak, an anomaly. You've somehow managed to beat the odds. Congrats. You have the flu.

Normally, the best thing about getting sick is that it does most of the work. As invasive cells ravage your body, all you have to do is: **1) Understand what's going on with your body** and **2) Alter your behavior until cured**. That's pretty much it. In the winter at least. But not in the summer. Hell no. Throw that garbage out the window. Summer Sick has its own rulebook. It's a little confusing at first, but if you look around, you'll notice that everyone is already following these easy steps. So if you want to kick the flu and enjoy the summer before the official humidity reading is "Mouth of a Dragon in a Vore Fan-Fic," then do what every other sick idiot does and you'll be feeling better in no time.

1) Understand what's going on with your body
Nope. Not between June and August. The most important thing to beating Summer Sickness is absolute denial. In the winter, you'll want to read WebMD and overreact. You'll want to call your mom and tell her that you have an HIV/Cancer lovechild growing on your liver. That's fine. If nothing else, it's a nice way to spice up the holidays. But now? In the summer? You aren't ill,

buddy, it's just some sort of acute allergies. That's all. Not a cold or the flu or one of those pig bird concoctions. Just allergies. See what I did there? You need to step right up to the illness and look it in the face. But not like two sweaty boxers look at one another the day before punching the snot out of one another. No, you need to look at your illness the way a blind syphilitic bum gazes off in the distance as he pushes a cart full of cans. *What illness?*

Once you've done that, don't think about it anymore. Don't worry about Claritin or going to a medical professional, just get creative and start making up new allergies for your symptoms. A sudden sensitivity to gazpacho gives you a temperature of 105. You vomit and pass out in a cold sweat because of a baseball allergy. Cotton candy dust is making you wheeze at the fair. Air conditioning knocked you into a sudden fevered hallucination. It doesn't matter that it makes no sense. Allergies are complicated!

2) Alter your behavior until cured
Stay home? Have a sick day? Are you serious? Does it look like February? You suffered all winter for warm weather, and you're not going to waste it now. Inside your home is the last place you should be. If you want to overcome Summer Sickness, it's vital that you don't change any plans. Don't skip work. Don't wash your hands more frequently. Don't bail on meeting your friends at a busy happy hour. Just head on over to the bar, sip on some IPAs, and stop worrying about the potentially disastrous live virus you're dripping all over the place.

Because ultimately the summer is a time for fun and kicking back, and nothing kills the mellow more than consideration for the health of others. So even if a thick yellow crust films over your eyes, just wipe that stuff away and keep giving out a ton of high fives to strangers. Don't worry. Allergies aren't contagious.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.22 Master Of The Recorder, God Among Men

Wednesday, Jun 26, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I didn't always want to play the recorder. In fact, it was the last instrument I wanted any part of, as it carried a certain reputation that I was eager to avoid. My studies were very important to me, and I couldn't afford to get distracted by all the romantic attention that the recorder would attract.

That changed in a single night. My whole world shattered into a trillion pieces and reassembled itself in startling clarity when I saw Kurt Cobain play an entire set with a recorder at the Super Bowl half-time show. His heart-breaking rendition of Three Blind Mice in particular spoke to a part of me that I didn't know existed. My soul had awakened. I had found my calling.

The very next morning I walked down to the local music store, fighting an urge to duck into the comic shop along the way. There was a new issue of Rob Liefeld's Brigade on display. Its cover featured even more pouches, padded heads, Wolverine clones, and scowls than the previous issue. But I persevered. My will had been reforged.

The air in the music store crackled with potential. My arm hairs stood on end as I slowly turned in place, gawking at the mind-boggling assortment of instruments. There were three entire aisles of triangles. They had everything from beginner models to the high-end professional kits with 20 triangles of varying sizes. There was even a section with experimental four-sided triangles. I saw a kid in a Ramones jacket nervously test one of them and vanish into a hell dimension before the eerie noise subsided.

Soon I found myself puzzling over a selection of recorders that fit within my meager budget. A sales associate tried to upsell me on a Monster Cable gold-plated kazoo, but I had found exactly what I wanted. It was beige and plastic, its nondescript surface covered in gloss. It was the sexiest instrument I had ever seen.

Trembling, I picked up the recorder and blew one long note without holding down any of the holes. Everyone in the store turned around and stared in awe. After two minutes or so I stopped to inhale sharply, slobber dribbling down the inside of the instrument. The clerk asked me to keep the instrument without charge, a solitary tear running down her cheek.

After that moment, my rise to fame was a blur. One day I was practicing at home, then I was winning a local battle of the bands competition, making national headlines for soothing a bear that came within inches of mauling the president, and releasing the #1 album in the world.

Remarkably, I never learned how to play. I continued to blow into the recorder without holding a finger over any of the holes to form proper notes. Something about my style resonated, though. People treated me like a god, and soon I began to believe that I had earned it. My life spiraled out of control.

The wild backstage parties were legendary. We had wine coolers with straws in the shape of recorders. People undid the top buttons on their button-up shirts and spoke relatively loudly, not even addressing one another properly as sir or madam. There were brutal pit fights to the death.

Drugs consumed my life. At the height of my addiction I was spending all of my money on burlap sacks with the word "DRUGS" printed on their sides. I never actually took anything. It was all about collecting, riding the thrill of buying as much as I could get my hands on.

I thought that I was invincible, that I didn't need anyone or anything. Not even the recorder. My next album was horrible. Fifty five minutes of me blowing air tunelessly without any instruments. As the scathing reviews rolled in, I sat alone in my mansion and watched my empire crumble before me.

My salvation came in the last place I expected. My agent promoted #Recorder on Twitter. My loyal fans came to my defense even though I had nothing but contempt for them. The album sold just fine, and I was even able to act like a complete asshole without suffering any consequences.

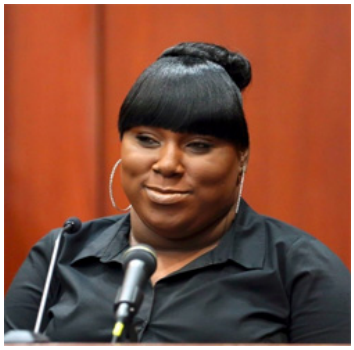
–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.23 When is it Okay for Black People to Use the Word "Cracker"?

Friday, Jun 28, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

NEVER

It's never okay to use "cracker."



On Wednesday, witness Rachel Jeantel told jurors in the Trayvon Martin case that the slain teen said he was being followed by "a creepy-ass cracker" just before being killed by George Zimmerman. When pressed by Zimmerman's attorney about whether or not the term "cracker" was racist, Jeantel said it was not.

I'm here to let her know that it is.

I still remember the first time I was called "cracker." I was with a couple friends and I was walking out of the vintage board game store, Milton's Boardwalk, with a stack of nostalgia games I had bought for game night at Brewster's IPA lounge. Operation has this really tall box and I couldn't really see around it too well. I walked right into something. Stratego pieces scattered all over the sidewalk.

That was when I heard, in this voice that still sends chills down my spine, "Watch where you're going, cracker!"

I realized I had just bumped into this little four-year-old African American kid and knocked him over. He was fine, but his dad seemed pretty pissed off. He glared at me so fiercely I couldn't come up with anything to say. I ended up apologizing to him and his son over and over, even though he was the one to verbally attack me. I barely wanted to play Settlers of Catan that night and my pour of Hopsalong Gold tasted especially bitter. That's just how it works when you are a victim of hate speech.

Using hate words empowers the person using them. They are, literally, words of domination. Hear them enough times and you'll convince yourself that you deserve them. You are a "cracker" or "whitey" or a "ghostface sheet man" or a "honky." Whether it's being wielded by the father of a kid you just knocked over, or the woman you just refused a loan to, or the grandmotherly black lady who just invited her "favorite cracker" over for lemon chess pie, the c-word is a vile weapon. Do you know how many people died hearing that word screamed at them? I'm guessing there is one somewhere.

Oh, sure, black people get to say when white people can use their word? Well, we get a word too. Ours is cracker. It's not as cool as your word, rappers aren't saying it nearly as much, but we hereby prohibit you from using the word cracker. And guess what? We have the means of enforcing those

prohibitions.

Watch out the next time you're going to call up your "cracker friend," because if a police officer hears that he is within his right to release a k-9 unit on you and simultaneously open fire. After you are paralyzed from the neck down he can charge you with murdering a police officer because you forced him to shoot his own dog.

How is that fair, you ask? Let me answer you with a question. Did you see what happened to Paula Deen? Yeah, you guys only have to deal with regular racism. We have to deal with racism and reverse racism and political correctness.

So, no, you can't call us crackers, and when you do you make us victims of hate crimes. And by "us" I mean white people and by "you" I mean the non-whites.

Unless you want to let us use the n-word. You know we really want to so maybe we could work out a trade. Until then, let's all watch the Trayvon Martin case and try to remember who the real victim is when a grown man shoots and kills an unarmed black teenager: white people.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.24 If Films Were Reviewed Like Video Games

Saturday, Jun 29, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

EXCLUSIVE
Review:
World War Z
Sponsored by Paramount Pictures and PopcornBlast Energy Drink, the kick-ass energy drink that moviers like you crave!

Paramount Pictures has had a lot of success in the past. They are a large company and they have a lot of money. For this reason, fans of the distributor know that their newest movie is sure to be good. *World War Z* is that newest movie. The camera never falls over during a scene. Actors are always in frame. The film runs at a steady 24 frames per second with very few frame drops. Since *World War Z* has a big enough budget to ensure that it doesn't have any glaring mistakes, we're happy to say that it will at least score a 7/10.

World War Z's visuals are top-notch. It has all sorts of cool effects like shadows, sunbeams pouring through windows. and impressive reflections on shiny surfaces. Multiple light sources hit objects at the same time, making everything look very realistic.

The screen that you see the movie on is quite large. When there is a close up of a face it's like you're looking at a giant. Impressive! As all true moviers know, *World War Z* was filmed with the Arri Alexa M cameras, so the resolution is very high and therefore very good and worth watching.

Many of the actors are attractive. Some of the women have flaws, which really takes you out of their respective scenes. I like scenes where a dog reacts to a situation by laying his head down then comedically covering his eyes with his paws while whimpering. That doesn't happen in this movie, which is rather unforgivable.

On to the sound. You can clearly hear everything that the actors say. The theater I saw the movie in had speakers that were likely running the latest firmware update. The music plays at the right time. When a scene gets sad the music becomes sad. When there is a battle the music becomes exciting. It is quite cinematic.

World War Z has a great story. A lot of people talk in it and things keep happening, which makes it cinematic. There are also a lot of impressive explosions, which make the movie even more cinematic. This is some next-gen stuff. You can clearly see everyone's facial expressions and everyone's face has a lot of detail so that makes the movie good.

There is a lot of shooting, and a lot of people get killed. It's very satisfying. Some people have been complaining about the level of violence as of late (I call them entitled whiners) but what else is going to be in a movie?

World War Z clocks in at 116 minutes, so it passes our dollar-to-entertainment ratio test with flying

colors.

That said, the movie isn't perfect. My seat had a bit of a wobble to it, so I could never quite get comfortable. There aren't any scenes with dogs putting their paws over their eyes. I can't stress how important that is. It has been established as something that works, so it should be in every single movie. The makers of *World War Z* got lazy on that front.

Still, fans of the genre will have an absolute blast with this cinematic marvel. It might just be the *Legend Of Zelda: A Link To The Past* of movies. You should pay to see this movie because it functions and does many of the things you expect.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Helpful Advice for Birds

Monday, Jul 01, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Being a bird can be tough. I know, I see you guys out there struggling in the world every day. I'm here to help.

The bird that looks exactly like you and flies very quickly straight into your face is not, actually, the mirror universe version of you. This is something called a "reflection" in the window and when you fly at it enough times your beak goes sideways and you die. Also, holy shit, is it loud when you bang into the window. Please stop doing that.

Here is a picture of a tree:

Here is a picture of a basketball hoop:

They are not the same thing. There are a lot of ways to tell that they are not the same thing, but one that might be important for you, as a bird, is that the tree is surrounded by soft grass and dirt, and the basketball hoop is surrounded by pavement.

When you push your ugly baby out of a tree it might live. When you push your ugly baby out of a basketball hoop you ruin a game of HORSE. Did you not realize you're constantly killing your own

children? Fucking obviously not, you big dummy. It's gross.

You've coasted for centuries, but it's time to learn the difference between "a song" and "a noise." A noise is what comes out of an animal. A song is what comes out of a mixing board. When Rick Rubin produces a birdsong record, look me up, until then, if I catch you chirping outside a bar at 4:30 AM you are getting an empty of Keystone thrown at you.

This is a road:

Cars drive very quickly on this road. They drive way too fast to stop and if they run into you then you will die. You will notice that above the road is this thing called EVERYWHERE ELSE, DIPSHIT. This is where you can safely fly. What are you doing flying in the street? Come on.

Speaking of flying, this one goes out to all the flightless birds: give it up already. What's the point of living? You're a bird, you have one ability that makes you incredible, you can fly. If you take that away then you're just another asshole standing around and waiting to get eaten by something big.

Finally, to the pigeons on the sidewalk outside of the Popeye's downtown and to that pelican that swallowed a pigeon in that youtube video: have a little bit of self respect. I know it sucks being an animal and not having air conditioning or TiVo or hand sanitizer, but you need to get a grip. Birds are not supposed to eat other birds.

Even if you are delicious.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.2 Subj: THINGS STOLEN BY BULLDOG

Tuesday, Jul 02, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!! you may not remember man's best friend but when you were very young we had a beautiful bulldog named B.R.E.T. or BRET for short. his name stood for Bulldog Rapidly Eats Trash because he would get into the trash and it it very quickly. this plundering pup had a bad habit though, he would steal things and chew on them or eat them. here is the list of things he stole throughout the years so if anyone asks you about it you can say you don't know:

1) Leg

We had dinner guests from down the road and one of them was our town's famous amputee lady "DEB" who took off her leg as a joke. her hubby ate a bunch of food and unbuckled his pants and said "Wow I'm Really Gaining The Weight Now. Guess I Shouldn't Have Gone Off My Diet" and his wife detached her leg below the knee and said "Me Too!" for some reason. but excuse me lady, food is not stored in the legs and even if it were that would just fill up your fake leg with your chewed up food i think???? Anyway she took it off and all the dinner guests laughed including me but my laugh was more because i was uncertain what was going on with this lady. fight or flight was kicking in

She was fanning the skin where her leg was gone with her hand because it was sweaty or sticky probably and Bret came in and grabbed it and ran off. i had to chase him around the house and eventually cornered him under the bed and told him he was a good boy. i petted him and stayed for 15 minutes or more with my face under the bed because i didn't want to go out there but eventually i did and gave the lady her chewed up leg back. she just left it and never came back but she probably had more at home

2) Hat

i'm no stranger to losing hats to natural forces or to mean men but i knew there was a big wedding that i was not invited to happening down at the park and it was a very gusty day, so Bret and i pretended to go for a walk in the park and waited down wind for some hats or decorations to blow away and we'd catch them and be the heroes. the plan was to say "Ah Here's The Bride's Flowers That Rolled Over Here To My Pup And I. Wow The Wedding Is Beautiful Do You Mind If We Watch" but that never happened because as soon as a man's hat rolled over to us bret grabbed it and we ran home together (Panic, Men Shouting) good hat

3) Man's Swimming Trunks

i don't know how this one started but i was outside and saw bret getting chased by a nude wet man and he had some swimming trunks in his dog mouth. bret barely fit through the doggy door (he was getting big) and the man was coming toward the house so i sprayed him with the garden hose a lot and he went "Aw Man" and took off. he never told me what he wanted or tried to talk to me to get the trunks back and i think it was because they were in pretty gross shape (i examined them when bret got tired of chewing them in front of the tv) after bret went to bed i picked them up with tongs and put them in the trash

I hope these tales jog your memory of the best friend i ever had "BRET" wow what a pup with a heart of gold. Great Dog BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE LUCKIEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

7.3 Memos from Bear Cave: The Taste of Treachery

Wednesday, Jul 03, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 14, 1980
Subject: Striking Employees

As many of you know, Gary Loggs and a few other useless cretins are out in my parking lot holding signs and yelling like a bunch of morons. All remaining employees are hereby forbidden to interact with Loggs and his cohorts unless it is to spit on them. Make sure you hit them and not my parking lot. I don't want your damn spit on my asphalt.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 14, 1980
Subject: Reasons Not to Strike

To the rest of you shits: I HAVE BEEN A MODEL BOSS. I personally removed all the raccoons and possums from the soup vats. There's no more sorrowful yowling to distract you from work. I have also reintroduced rats into our intricate ecosystem to keep insects from contaminating our soups. Finally, I have managed to purge the last of the rockabillies from our ventilation ducts and soupyards.

For these reasons I have earned the Employee of the Year award and a 10% pay increase. If I wasn't such a good boss, I would not have merited either. If this strike continues, I will be personally hosing down everybody with experimental soups from our R&D division. And you know they've been cooking up some nasty stuff.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 14, 1980
Subject: Reminder of Dress and Appearance Standards

I didn't start this company to see a bunch of Charles Manson and Tony Danza types creeping around my office. This is a real business and you will present yourselves like real businessmen. I've ordered Tall Charlie to shave every male head or face with excessive and untamed hair. Any removed hair will be used to fortify some of our more watery soups.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 14, 1980
Subject: Increased Security

To compensate for the danger posed by the strikers, I'm having Dang Linh install some traps around the entrances and exits. Nothing serious, just various bamboo spike traps and a few larger traps involving rolling logs. If this concerns you, just make sure you don't leave the building during normal work hours, or arrive late.

J. D. BORUFF

To: Laurie Cornes
Date: April 14, 1980
Subject: Your Dog

I've seen that dog of yours. I like the looks of her. She's petite, but hardy looking. I know from the smell of her urine that she's not fixed. I think she'll hold up. Bring her in tomorrow. My dog Bouillon needs to pass on his genes before his canine syphilis renders him sterile.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 15, 1980
Subject: "Demands"

I have reviewed the list of demands supplied by Gary Loggs and his cronies. If Gary thinks it's inappropriate for me to sleep with his wife, lift the women of the office up over my head and spin them around, watch employees use the bathroom, enforce my own common-sense hygiene standards, or intentionally coerce wild animals into attacking employees, he is out of his mind. Last time I checked this is my soup company and you are paid to enjoy my behavior.

I advise all employees still working to wear face protection. Tall Charlie and I will be spraying down the strikers with Soup BCX-66, which contains enough compressed onion gas to drop a gorilla.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 15, 1980
Subject: Accident

It looks like Bouillon took a direct dose of the BCX-66 while he was out in the parking lot continuing his legacy. Pretty much all of it. This would probably kill a man, but not my Bouillon. He smells

awful and is vomiting and shitting up a storm, but it looks like he'll be OK. If he comes near you, don't push him away. He'll just wipe his rump or snout on you, then be on his way. Keep your face protection on, because that onion gas stink is being amplified tenfold by his canine bowels.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 15, 1980
Subject: Sleeping on the Job

It's come to my attention that many of you sons of bitches are sleeping on the job. Tall Charlie says some of you aren't even waking up. Need I remind you that we are still six months behind schedule and dealing with a worker shortage? Now is not the time for beauty sleep.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 15, 1980
Subject: Workplace Deaths

I have just been informed that 11 of you are dead. It's important to note that this is not because of the BCX-66. If it was fatal, Bouillon would be dead. He's still alive and randy as ever. It is also not because you cannot leave the office to seek medical attention without being injured by the death traps. It is because you are simply not working hard enough. The harder you work, the healthier you will be. Every idiot knows that.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 15, 1980
Subject: Avoiding the Death Clouds

You'll have an easier time staying alive and doing your work if you avoid the thick noxious clouds. Pay attention and move around the office as the gasses spread and circulate. Sooner or later they'll dissipate. Also it makes the rats extra aggressive, so watch out for the suckers. They like to bite ankles.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: April 15, 1980
Subject: Strike Over

Good news. That idiot Gary Loggs got himself impaled on a spike trying to "rescue" everyone. Without "leadership," the rest of the strikers have agreed to come back to work with a generous 10% paycut. Unfortunately Gary is still alive, but he's fired so that's not an issue.

All the folks who died have already been skeletonized by the rats, so there's little need to mention this to any authorities. This is an internal company matter, and I am making the executive decision to put this ugliness behind us and move on to better things.

J. D. BORUFF

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.4 Only Attractive People can Shop at Abercrombie & Fitch

Thursday, Jul 04, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Abercrombie & Fitch sells clothes for attractive people, people for whom shopping is the closest thing to pain, because it's the only activity in their lives that doesn't involve sex with supermodels or driving European muscle cars. To appeal to these people, the store tries to make its image synonymous with attractiveness. Hence its policy to ban unattractive people from buying its merchandise.

Outside Abercrombie & Fitch's entrance is a poster of Rihanna that says "You must be this hot to enter." The poster smells like sex, cologne, and gym lockers, scents that trigger the fight-or-flight response in most unattractive people and make them run away. The store has two doorways, one below "Abercrombie" and one below "Fitch." The "Abercrombie" doorway is blocked by an invisible death field, because it's the one unattractive people are more likely to go through, because all their lives they've felt like Abercrombie, the uptight straight man to the good-looking, fun-loving Fitch.

The store's interior is dimly lit and divided into rooms to resemble a house party, so that unattractive people, who have never been to house parties, will become disoriented and lost. Wandering the store, stared at by posters of shirtless men a thousand times handsomer than themselves, the unattractive people will eventually commit suicide, or be killed by the lasers that shoot from the men's nipples. The lasers are triggered by a sonar system that uses the beat of the dance music on the speakers to echolocate fat or asymmetrical bodies.

Also, the sales floor is made of trapdoor tiles that detect obesity or an unconfident gait. The unattractive person slides down a chute into a cell lined with TV screens, showing the time they walked close enough to an attractive person to make the attractive person's hair flutter slightly. Realizing this was the highlight of their life, the unattractive person cries, their tears flowing in two parallel streams into the drain on the floor, forming an "=" sign between the person and the sewer.

Abercrombie & Fitch's most popular shirt is made of a psychic fabric that displays whatever the wearer is thinking (the most common image is a cross section of a frat party, twisted into an infinity sign, set against a background of women's underwear). Unattractive people are especially forbidden from trying on this shirt, because their self-consciousness turns it into a grotesque hall of mirrors, showing a less attractive version of the wearer, wearing a shirt showing an even less attractive version, and so on. As a safeguard the shirt is sprayed with a chemical that ignites if it touches acned or unmoisturized skin. Additionally, the shirt rack has a scanner that counts

the number of contacts and sexts on customers' iPhones. If the number is below average, the rack grows spikes and spins around like a saw.

If an unattractive person somehow gets their hands on the shirt, dodging the lava pits and robot mannequins that throw the ampersands from their A&F t-shirts like shurikens, they'll fall victim to the store's mirrors, which explode if they display unattractive people, shooting shards of glass into the people's faces. These mirrors were initially a problem, as unattractive people staring longingly into the store would sometimes trigger them, maiming customers. But this was fixed by covering the windows with shutters, protecting the stores from even the reflections of unattractive people.

One proposed design called for the shutters to be made out of lead, so in the event of a nuclear holocaust only attractive people would survive and inherit the earth. But this idea was quickly scrapped, because a society without unattractive people would have no one to look down upon.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.5 Everything Must Go at Deranged Doyle's 5th of July Fireworks Sale

Friday, Jul 05, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

DOYLE MUST SELL EVERY LEFTOVER FIREWORK! HE SPENDS HIS OFF SEASON IN TAMPA AND DOES NOT WANT TO HIRE A SECURITY GUARD! THESE PRICES ARE *DERANGED*!

ULTIMATE BLACK CAT MEGA WHEELS!!!! The size of a tractor tire. Each wheel contains 160 million Black Cats. Our biggest Black Cat wheel. Burns for approximately nine seconds and releases enough smoke to be visible from space.

9/11 TWIN TOWERS GOD BLESS. Double fountains printed with World Trade Centers. Light up the night to commemorate this tragic day. Burns orange to green and ends with eagle shaped smoke blasters.

Coon Chasers are BACK. We settled the lawsuit and our MOST PROBABLY RACIST firework since our Mario Manglers and Ho Chi Minh Dental Floss has returned. Features an adorable raccoon character and a picture of what might be the President. A great companion to South Will Rise, our 16-fountain tribute to the burning of Atlanta.

IF YOU HAVE MORE THAN SEVEN FINGERS YOU'RE NOT TRYING HARD ENOUGH!

GRASSLEY our biggest Chuck Grassley firework since SPINNING GRASSLEYS! Launches flaming balls over 100 feet into the air. Light up the whole neigborhood with GRASSLEY.

Our CISTERMINATOR 100-shot mega battery annihilates cis privilege. The fifth gender is EXPLOSIONS.

TOO SOON launches sparkling rocket volleys that tweet about tragedy. Be the first on your block with a firework joke about a massacre, celebrity death, or natural disaster.

BRING IN YOUR BABY AND GET A FREE STRIP OF 500 BLACK CATS!

DO YOU DARE TO ENTER OUR HALL OF HEROES?

The most dangerous leftover fireworks Doyles has to offer are on sale now.

DOWNTON ABBLITERATOR celebrates secrets, romance, and the period splendor of Chinese-made candleballs. Launches flaming, exploding rocket balls from top and bottom. They're so different and yet so much alike.

Mortar rounds made in third world countries by children ready to explode IMMEDIATELY.

Our first all metal firework LOS PIRANHA.

Secure your home with ADTNT motion-activated fireworks.

Hit your F-spot with our first intimate bedroom firework THE GREEK CANDLE. Launches incendiary orb volleys of 18 directly into your prostate.

BUY NOW OR WE'LL LIGHT YOUR GRANDPA ON FIRE!

DOYLE IS THAT DERANGED!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.6 You Can't Take Superman Anywhere

Saturday, Jul 06, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

At a baseball game:

Squints with a very serious expression on his face as weird wavy lines radiate from his eyes in beams. "Yup. Thought so. The woman sitting directly in front of us has dandruff. Hey, turn around lady! Mind your own business."

"Why don't these guys just hit the ball out of the park every time? It's only a few hundred feet. They're getting paid millions of dollars. I don't think it's too much to ask. You might want to plug your ears. I'm going to amplify my voice to boo everyone at the plate for the next three hours."

"Hey bud. You're a great friend. Mind paying for my chili dogs? I keep forgetting there's no room for cash in these tights."

At the zoo:

Thrashes his head back and forth, eyes wild, as he writhes on the ground with snakes coiled around his arms and legs, his torso engulfed in flames.

"Excuse me, ms. tour guide? I have a question. Don't you think it makes sense for us to build a fence around the country so we can let the good ones in and keep the bad ones out? Well, you might think that has nothing to do with giraffes. You'll be singing a different tune when some of the bad ones sneak into that giraffe pen and you have to start feeding them out of your own pocket."

At the supermarket:

"Wow. This frozen food cooler reminds me of my Fortress Of Solitude. It, too, is largely comprised of Hungry Man frozen dinner boxes."

"It's rather funny that they call this place a '*super*market'. Doesn't that word remind you of anyone? Someone you know? A handsome, remarkably powerful guy? Wears a cape? I wonder how Marketman is doing these days."

"I don't know why they go to the trouble of putting seats in every shopping cart only to make the leg holes so darn small. This is one heck of a tight fit. I haven't been this uncomfortable since those cute girls in aisle 2 pointed out my pit stains."

At the library:

"SHH! DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES! WE'VE STUMBLED INTO A NERD HIVE!"

"They got any books with pictures of cars or butts in here? Like a car magazine cover, but repeated for thousands of pages in the ultimate tome of ancient knowledge? Or is that sort of book only found in the high end libraries for important people?"

At the movies:

"No, I'm not taking it off. Why would I? It's three fedoras stacked on top of one another. That's simultaneously ironic AND classy. Who cares about the people behind me? They can move."

"EXCUSE ME, EVERYONE! Be advised that I have an allergy to popcorn. Please roll up the tops of your popcorn bags to seal them closed. Only open them to take a bite if you absolutely have to."

At a fancy restaurant:

Thrashes his head back and forth, eyes wild, as he writhes on the ground with napkins coiled around his arms and legs, his torso engulfed in flames.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.7 If Everybody Pulls Together, We Might Just Save Our Town's Abortion Clinic

Monday, Jul 08, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I know times are tough right now. The nuisance laws have gone into effect and the carpeting and walls in Doc Musgrave's clinic are not up to the new code. He has the wrong number of steps, the wrong bathroom lights and, according to the new laws, all the switches have to say "mama" in a cute baby voice when you turn them off and on.

That's it, right? Close him down. No more Doc Musgrave. Put up that Buffalo Wild Wings.

Is that how we think? We're just going to forget all Doc Musgrave did for us and let him be driven out of Oakdale?

I say, look at yourself. Each and every one of us has a memory here at Doc Musgrave's clinic.

Penny, you remember when you were fifteen? Imagine how hard it would have been to get that engineer degree if Doc Musgrave hadn't been there to help.

Vanessa Ritter, we knew about your visit because the ultrasound technician told everyone in town about the inside out monster baby you had inside you. Are you just going to let Doc Musgrave close up shop? Does the next woman to come along need to give birth to the monster baby?

Tom Johnson, I see you there, I know you're pro-life, but when you were nineteen and you got your sixteen year old cousin knocked up who was it who was there for you with a syringe full of go away juice? Lou Dahl, you've got a daughter, how would you like her to have a rapist's baby? Is that something she should have to do? Because if you're just fine with that idea then let's go ahead and let Doc Musgrave go out of business.

Look, y'all, I know this is a sensitive issue. It's hard to talk about how maybe when a baby first gets conceived it's like a little tiny wad of chewing gum stuck in there. How it's the size of a rice grain and has as much feelings as a brine shrimp. Maybe you're a 50 to 70 year old white man and

you know everything there is to know about a woman's sex hole and what she's allowed to do with it. That's fine. I ain't trying to tell you how to live your life. All I'm trying to tell you is that a beloved member of our community is about to be shut down unless we pull together and save his business.

Penny, how about you get all the girls in your knitting group to make quilts with little abortion scenes on them and sell them at the VFW? And, Vanessa, you're in that local production of Oklahoma, right? Get everyone there to hold a benefit concert for Doc Musgrave. All proceeds to go to his clinic.

Tom, I know you're pro-life, but as a businessman, thinking of another small business in town, how about donating a used truck? You could have one of those hands on a hardbody deals. We could get WBEK, The Beak, involved and everyone buys tickets to win a used F150. Worst case scenario, it will get a lot of people on the lot and looking at your cars.

And Lou, Lou Dahl, I don't want to say a thing to you about how to live, but maybe if you could just put up a little donation jar on the counter at the Easy Eggs Cafe we could help buy Doc Musgrave some new light fixtures.

Then, when we get all of the money, me and all of the kids from the breakdancing school and the summer camp will get together and work our butts off fixing Doc Musgrave's place up. We'll clean it and make sure it's exactly up to code and we'll have a pizza party.

Come on everybody! Are we gonna let them divide our small town? We gonna let some gross fetus pictures tell us what to do in Oakdale? Do we want that developer to have the lot to put up his chain wings restaurant? Heck no! If we all work together, we can save this abortion clinic!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.8 Freelancing: A Choose Your Own Adventure

Tuesday, Jul 09, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

So you've ~~decided~~ fallen into a life of freelancing. Awesome! Everyone else is a damned fool with their offices and coworkers and bosses and taxed income. Not you! Hell no. You don't take orders from anyone. You're pretty much your own boss! You work when, where, and however much you want. Life can be pretty damn great.

Except when it's not. Like now. It's been a slow month with projects, and now your money supply is pretty much drained. If you finish the big assignment by tomorrow, you'll have just enough cash to pay for rent or healthcare. Covering both is completely out of the question. So, before you can start working and earning those fat dollar bills, you have to make your first big boss decision of the day. Do you mail your rent check or make your healthcare payment?

Healthcare is for babies! Pay the rent! Turn to page 524
You can never be too safe! Pay for healthcare! Turn to page 525

Don't cheat, dude.
Start over on page 522

Big cuts to healthcare benefits! You really are acting like a boss now! You call the toll free number on the back of your insurance card and after twenty minutes of clicking around, find someone to talk to.

> "Insure this," you say pointing to your crotch.
> "Insure what?" The representative says.
> There is a moment of silence.
> "Were you just pointing at your genitalia?"
> "No," you say. "But, I'd like to cancel my insurance."

Whew, the day's just beginning and you're already shaking things up. That's the great thing about freelancing. You're in charge! Now, time to get some work done. You pack up your laptop, you put on pants. You're locking the door when you get a text from your friends. They just got off work and they want to get a drink.

Get to work! Turn to page 526
Celebrate your insurance celebration with one drink! Turn to page 527

Your landlord is not going to like this. Another late payment is definitely not a boss move, especially after the last warning. Remember that warning? It went like this: "If you're late one more time with rent, I'm not going to like it and then you aren't going to like it. This is a warning." That's what he said, but in a Russian accent. He's probably going to break your legs.

You call your mom and ask if it's okay if you move back for a bit. Nothing permanent, you say unsure if you're trying to convince her or yourself.
"Of course you can," she says. She loves you very much and she doesn't care a bit about what your life has become. "Did I tell you that Tony and I got a dog. It's a pugaloo."
"No."
"Well, we did. Maybe if you called more often, you'd know about these things."
"Okay, mom." But it's not okay. Not okay one bit. She lectures you for twenty minutes about family. It's a sign of things to come.
"Do you want me and Tony to stop over and help you move?"
You look around your studio apartment, at the empty walls, the empty shelves, the empty fridge. You look at your lack of furniture, lack of anything, at your lack of existence.
"No," you say. "I'll be over soon."
Game Over
Try Again. Turn to page 522

Look how responsible you are! You're the Steve Jobs of no strings attached labor. Some day a ghostwriter will write your autobiography, but for now you pack your laptop and headphones and head to the coffee shop a few blocks away. It's busy, almost packed to the brim with people who have nowhere better to go. But don't worry! Your lucky table is still available! You set your stuff down and order the cheapest thing on the menu, and get to it. Your laptop flips on, your headphones click in, your fingers move almost on their own. You take a sip of the junior coffee and get ready to work in that spot for the next five hours.

Uh-oh. You look up and make eye contact with the barista. He's onto your freeloading plan and is being really pissy about it. He has an ICP tattoo on his forearm. It doesn't mean anything, but it's really unfortunate looking.

Pay the dude off with a tip! Turn to page 529
Drink your coffee in guilt and leave! Turn to page 530

Mixing drink and work never hurt anyone. The dudes on Mad Men do it all the time. You only saw the pilot, but it seemed like things were going okay for them. Hell, Hemingway drank and he won the Nobel Prize. In fact, you can't think of a single reason not to get a drink. Who's the boss here? That's right. You.

You meet your friends and order a drink. They're all so happy to be finished for the night, and for a second you're jealous. But then you realize that they'll never know true freedom. That they'll never feel the excitement of having a weekend whenever they want it.

A server comes up and they all order another round.
"Come on," they say. "Just one more."
"Sorry."
You finish the last sip of your drink and stand up. You turn to leave, but your eyes catch on the most attractive person in the bar. And, surprisingly, they're looking at you. They must recognize the boss-like confidence you've had since cancelling your insurance.

Go Don Draper and get another drink. Turn to page 528
Go Peggy and get to work. Turn to page 526

You order another drink and talk to the person. The conversation is amazing. They're witty, they're smart, they're stunningly beautiful. You talk and talk and talk. It's like a Christian Mingle commercial if it ended with the couple groping one another until the bar closes. You forget your friends, the cancelled healthcare, the pain in the ass assignment due in the morning, you forget everything and follow the person to their apartment.
Short story: You have a great night.
Long Story: You have a great night, but you don't finish your assignment. Now you're broke and you lose your apartment. You meet with the person again, but it's not the same when they have to pick you up from your mom's, and they really hate it when you try to crash on their couch.
Come on, you're a freelancer. There's no time for love.

Game Over
Try Again. Turn to page 522

You walk up to the cashier and buy a biscotti and tell the punk to keep the change.

At your favorite spot, you're a work monster. Kids cry, old people cough up mucous and try their ringtones, someone tries to ask if they can plug their computer in beside you, but you ignore them all. You are Steve Jobs, but your efficiency at the moment is closer to the children making iPads at Foxconn. You plow through the assignment with ease. In fact, you finished a little too fast, so you dick around on your phone to milk the clock a bit.

When you look up, everyone is gone except the barista. He's holding a broom and giving you a look like he's imagining cutting your head off, like he's smelling your head roast in a pile of flaming tires, like get the fuck out before I kill you, bro!
"Alright, I'm leaving," you say packing your stuff up and heading into the night.
You take a shortcut down a back alley and, because of your obviously weak frame, are immediately jumped.
"Give me that laptop," the goon says holding a knife up. The blade shines in the darkness. You take a gulp.

Fork over the Computer! Turn to page 531
Say No to Intimidation! Turn to page 532

You walk back home taking small sips of coffee in shame, knowing that the apron wearing jackass behind the counter is judging you for wasting the coffee shop's space. That's right, a grown man with an ICP tattoo made you feel bad about your decisions.

Your earlier confidence spills out all over your apartment as you clear off a little space to work. It's fine until the neighbors start listening to Yeezus again, then everything goes to hell. It isn't that the album isn't good or anything, but you can't help but think that Pitchfork's 9.5 review was a bit inflated.
"I mean, did they even listen to the lyrics?" you say to no one as the bass fills your studio apartment.

That's okay, you turn on the TV and, believe it or not, find Demolition Man to drown out the music. You used to love this movie so much, what's Wesley Snipes name again? You look it up on Wikipedia and the next thing you know you're scanning eBay for a still-in-box Earthbound cartridge. You have no idea where the last three hours go, but you're positive that it's impossible to finish the assignment.

Game Over
Try Again. Turn to page 522

You hand over the laptop and beg him to not hurt you. You also piss your pants. The dude laughs as he walks away. Even after he turns the corner onto the main road, you can still hear him mocking you and your high-pitched voice. The warm fluid trickles down your leg, but it doesn't matter. You just lost a year's worth of work and your entire portfolio. It's too late to back that stuff up now. You're hopeless with nothing to show. You are truly worthless. If you had a real job, you'd get fired from it now.

Game Over
Try Again. Turn to page 522

Maybe it's the biscotti you ate, but you're feeling brave. The laptop is everything- your work, your portfolio, your creepy collection of pictures you've saved off facebook. You take two steps forward until you're pressed up against the thug. You look up, you say "no."

When you wake up, the first thing you see is small puddle of blood and urine. They're both yours. You reach for the gash across your stomach, but someone tells you not to move.
"You're lucky," they say. "Your high-pitched screams scared that guy away. He left this."

It's your laptop, your baby. Well, just a laptop. You don't really know the first thing about loving a newborn or life in general, so you just invest all your caring and passion into inanimate storage devices.

"Great," you say, the words barely audible with all the blood in your mouth.
"Please don't move or say anything. The ambulance is on the way."

Even as you hold your spleen, feeling your blood spill through your fingers, your mind is focused on one thing: ambulances are expensive. Why'd you go and cancel health insurance? You should have risked it with your Russian landlord. You try to stand up, but stumble under your limp legs, falling back into your blood puddle.

"Please, mister, don't move," the stranger begs. "And do you have any undisclosed blood born pathogens? I won't freak out unless I should freak out."

Wait for the ambulance! Turn to page 533
Get home and send that assignment! Turn to page 534

The ambulance driver is kind. He tells you everything is going to be alright.
The doctor is kind. She tells you everything is going to be alright.
The nurses are kind. They tell you everything is going to be alright.
Your mom is kind. She tells you that she told you to never move to that part of town.

You're released and try your best to get on with life. You apply for new freelance work. You show strangers your wound and get them to kiss you. It seems like everything is sliding back into place. And then the bill arrives. It's worse than the stabbing. It's, like, three times your gross domestic earning. Selling assignments is never going to pay for this thing, it's time to start selling your ass or something. Wow. You're doomed.

Game Over
Try Again. Turn to page 522

You stumble to your feet and make your way to your apartment. You slip in and out of consciousness until you open the door. The room seems to darken with every step. Blood splatters against your laptop screen as you cough. You try to type your password in, but your fingers don't seem to work, they falter and fall heavily across the keys. When you finally get it right, your wifi goes out.

You crawl to your router and restart the modem. When it's up, you sign in and send the assignment. It makes it just in time. You pass out on the floor.

Congratulations! You Won Freelancing!
If you're still alive in the morning, Turn to page 522 to Start Working on Tomorrow's Assignment!

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.9 Sneak Peek: The Jurassic Park 4 Trailer

Wednesday, Jul 10, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

A blonde-haired woman dashes through the jungle. She is naked, her form and identity obscured by her quick movement. Her stop is too sudden for the camera, which continues forward before pivoting back around and zooming in on her face.

It's Dr. Ellie Degler (Laura Dern). Or is it? Her eyes are wild, darting in all directions.

A strange, almost bird-like sound pans across the surround sound. It's close. Degler's eyes narrow. In the clearing before her stands... a chicken tied to a stake in the ground. It pauses, cocking its head. From its left comes a blur of movement. Breaking through the brush is Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore). The chicken turns to run to its right but there is a grinning Amanda Kirby (Tea Leoni). From the glimpses we get, it appears that the newcomers are naked as well. No one speaks a word.

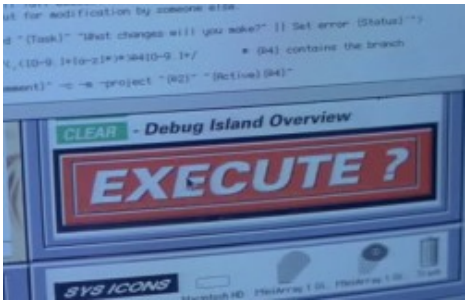
Cut to a shot of violently shaking foliage accompanied by frenzied squawks and wet tearing sounds. A shower of blood splatters across the oversized fronds.

The aftermath of the previous scene is displayed on a familiar bank of monitors. "Clever girl," says a mysterious voice. We turn and see the speaker, a velociraptor. The Jurassic Park security room is packed with dinosaurs of all kinds as they oversee the computers. On one display we see a naked Dr. Alan Grant (Sam Neill) and Nick Van Owen (Vince Vaughn) on opposite ends of a Panama hat, growling fiercely as they each clench one end between bared teeth.

Cut to Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), bloodied, tied to a chair.

"You've cloned them all! Only they aren't the real thing. Not by a long shot. They can't even talk. They're just copies of copies. So you keep them in these pens and... what? What's the endgame?"

His interrogator, the velociraptor from the previous scene, punches Malcolm square in the jaw.



"I ask the questions. Why you here?"

"To... ah, take back the island, you son of a bitch."

Cut to one of the security consoles. We see Dennis Nedry's virus taking over. The power shuts off.

"What have you done?" asks the panicked interrogator.

A playful smile creeps across Malcolm's battered face. "Merely an, ah, demonstration. Chaos theory in action. I suggest you hold on to your ass."

Epic music swirls. With each beat, we see fragment of a different scene. Clones testing the powered-down fences. An exploding Jurassic Park jeep. A full-scale battle between the dinosaurs and the revolting human clones.

Cut to Malcolm coming across the old promenade. He steps inside and discovers a row of human outfits encased in resin. Each item of clothing belongs to someone from the first three movies. This is where the DNA for the clones came from. Malcolm picks up an axe and swings it. Smash cut to him setting a cloning machine to INFINITE and turning it on.

Now we see the last of the human clones surrounded by security dinosaurs. They gave it their all, but were simply outnumbered. A puddle at the feet of one of the dinosaurs shakes. Silence as we switch back and forth between slowly zooming shots of the puddle and the dinosaur's face.

Figures start to appear in the treeline surrounding the scene. Lightning flashes. We see hundreds of clones of every major character. This is what Malcolm was up to.

On a black background, the following appears in white text:

REVENGE

Quick cut accompanied by a loud electronic *BWOM* sound: The newcomers battle with the dinosaurs.

FINDS

Quick cut and *BWOM*: A human clone and a dinosaur both see a gun on the ground, both run and dive for it at the same time in slow motion.

A

Quick cut and *BWOM*: A T-Rex bursts through a life-sized sculpture of T-Rex, lowers head into the swarm of clones and eats several in one bite.

WAY

Blackness. Silence.

BWOM We see the T-Rex, from behind. It's greedily chewing. There's a blur of movement as something hits it on the back of the head. The dinosaur turns with a roar, and comes face to face with an enormous John Hammond. His roar is even more primal, and his straining face gets uncomfortably close to the camera.

Cut to black.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.10 Ground Rules for Our Rugrats LARP

Thursday, Jul 11, 2013 by Your Rugrats LARP Master

Guys, I don't need to tell you Bakacon 2013 is going to be a pretty big deal for us. It's taken a good five years to win over those scheduling bigwigs, but I'm happy to say that from between 2:00 to 2:45 P.M. this Sunday, Sunset Room A is ours. Look at it right there on the program: "Rug-rats LARP." Personally, I wouldn't have stuck an inappropriate hyphen in there, but the important thing is we'll be visible for up to thirty minutes -- yes, I'm providing ample time for bathroom breaks and general standing fatigue -- and with an audience deeply invested in seeing how their favorite Eastern European cartoon characters can be adapted into the versatile world of live-action role-playing. Also, convention staffers made sure to inform me that at least one "enforcer" will be standing by in case people start throwing bottles and wet garbage at us again. This person won't have the authority to actually stop any disruptions, but I think you'll all agree we can always use another warm body in the room.

First off, let's lay down some ground rules: in spite of recent controversy, official Rugrats canon only stretches to exactly before the introduction of Susie Carmichael in episode 75. Some of you said my refusal to acknowledge Chuckie's adopted Japanese sister smacked of racism, so I've decided to roll things back to pre-The Rugrats Movie continuity. Just a core gang of characters, all hovering around the same socioeconomic level -- as the original creators intended. If we start throwing in additions like Dil, we're only steps away from regarding All Grown Up as anything but a parallel universe created by Didi as she dies of complications during childbirth in 1990. That's what we agreed upon, and that's how it's going to stay.

As we worked out in our planning stages, this campaign will take our favorite group of adventurous babies back to medieval times, where they'll encounter any number of dangerous beasts torn straight from the pages of J.R.R. Tolkien. I do want to remind everyone that, yes, character death is possible

during this campaign, so please remember to perfect the scream of a toddler realizing his or her short life is in the process of being snuffed out (I've dubbed this sound effect "Baby Clapton"). Remember to study the tapes I sent to all of you -- I didn't get three police visits from making them just to have another Phil or Lil die unceremoniously in front of a yawning crowd that can't even be pacified by the throwing of wet trash.

Since many of you misunderstood the battle system at play during our last campaign, "Showdown at Diaper Gulch," I've decided to refine the rules for the sake of simplicity. For instance, all characters lose their active and passive resistances except Tommy, who gains attack initiative, a defense bonus of +5, lockpicking skills, fluency in Human and Baby, and recurring, prolonged bouts of invincibility. Because I will be taking on the role of Tommy, I've decided to address concerns of unfairness by giving this character a unique weakness: heartbreak. None of our foes can inflict this status effect at the moment, but you can bet this susceptibility will be much more relevant when our group is finally allowed a public Rugrats LARP with romantic elements. Just so you know, I had to look a bunch of people in the eyes over Skype and promise this wouldn't happen at Bakacon.

Let me also not forget to point out that the diapers we'll be wearing are only for costuming reasons, and they *are not* to be used for their intended purpose. Rugrats LARPing started as a cover for diaper fetishists, so you'll have to understand why I may ask to weigh yours both before and after the campaign. Remember, Rugrats observed the "tell, don't show" rule during its 13-year run, and even though most of the characters were clearly soaked with urine or feces whenever they appeared onscreen, these substances were rarely shown in detail to the viewer. It's also important to announce your diaper status during every turn, but just remember that defecation carries a costly encumbrance and movement penalty, both in the LARP world and our own.

After three solid years of getting shafted by that Ben 10 panel, we've finally made it, and I couldn't be happier. This is our time to shine, boys, and we'll make sure that second Rugrats LARPing group in Lubbock, Texas remains second overall as long as we're around. And just a reminder: the Invader Zim group comes in at 3:00 P.M., so let's make sure we pack up the inflatable Reptar at least five minutes before then. I don't even want to make eye contact with those fucking freaks.

–∼Your Rugrats LARP Master

7.11 Sing Pappy Returns: Gwon Tame de Bieber dis Time

Friday, Jul 12, 2013 by Buddy Breaux, Sing Pappy (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Sing Pappy series.

Dear M. Usher, hope you is well met.

Maw Maw Petitpas over by Gooee Crick done clip up de newspaper for me and sends me over de story bout my old peeshwank puddle pal Justins Biebers. Seems like jus a dip of de moon since dat boy come down de bayou and was eatin' on dem yawm yawm peppers and chasin' de cocodrie.
Imagine how my smile done falled off when I read all dem tales bout Bebe's tyrants. I promise you I gwon teach him up do de signin' and de behavin'. I only did de half. Flyin' de monkeys round and got mesh shirts with dat bourick out. Lawd. He think he I dream of gengie.

My papere woulda pass de slap on dat, but I ain't no friend ta de switch. Got ta raise dat Bebe up positive.

So what I got in de mind, M. Usher, is I come up out de bayou wherever you need and I fix him up. I been thinkin more wrong ta de Bebe un just a sass. He got him a sickness. Don't know if he been gnawin' on a wild hog and got him a worm or just caught him a fever from a cold sop.

That's awwwright, I got jus a thing. Gonna bring up Miss Magnolia Thibodeaux. She a genuine traiteuse and white voodoo woman from de Ile de la Gonave by way of Pointe Coupee Parish. She know how ta fix up anythin' ailin' de Bebe. Miss Thibodeaux got charms and potions make de Bebe well.

If he got de picklin' splinters well she gwon bury a purple potato suck out all de evil. If he got de runaways then she get her a sassafras branch and smoke up de file in de silver sports car. If his head been confused she put on a thistle poultice and rub his neck.

I seen on dat TMZ hullyboo he had him a fearsome tyrant in de restaurant, laughin' at M. Clinton and makin' water on a mop trolly. Gonna get a little wooden bebe doll and bake it up in a cake. That Creole Jack Sparrow Miss Thibodeaux gwon put a charm on de bebe doll and when de Bieber Bebe eat it up he have him a nap.

Fix him up some yawm yawm peppers when he rise up. Mmm hmmm. Get a good bellyful o that.

Remember de good days. How he runned off. Bring out a silly bebe cocodrie try ta bite he own tail so much it will double de both of us up with de pomee'. Set de Bieber Bebe down at de piano and I take out my accordion.

Say, "Bebe, you need a new song. Sing Pappy gwon teach you new way to think bout dat. All de devils got in ya afore been sent away now. You gotta be strong. So let's sing us a song bout that. Sing, GWON AWAY RATTLEBONES, DON NEED YA SPIT or maybe you an' me harmonize on TURN DE GRAVE, MISS ELIZA."

After we had us a good sing I gwon writin' some songs wit de Bebe. Got some ideas bout song we could have like:

DON WEAR NO LEATHER SHIRT AT DE HEAT GAME (DRIP YA WATER OUT)
PUT YA BOURICK AWAY YOU AIN'T DE GENGIE
ALLEMAGNE DON NEED YA MACAQUE (HE YA BEBE)
PULL UP DEM PANTS (LET IN A GHOST!)

Now I take over de stage show if ya want, M. Usher.

Gwon get us some frilly dress stompin' gals an I know a mean fiddler down New Orleans way name of Eugene "Crawpappy" Gilbeau. You know anybody play de saw? Don needa be good. Jus' enough ta twang it.

M. Usher, you trust me once, trust me on de again and I set everythin' right. Gwon make de Bebe well again, god willin'.

All de best ta you an yours,

Buddy Breaux
Sing Pappy

–~Buddy Breaux, Sing Pappy (@sexyfacts4u)

7.12 A Complete Glossary Of Comic Book Condition Abbreviations

Saturday, Jul 13, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Buying and selling comic books is more complicated than one would expect. The buyer needs to know *exactly* what condition each book is in, as the slightest imperfection can have a major impact on value.

You might be familiar with general grading terms like Mint (**MT**), Very Good (**VG**), and Poor (**PR**). What you might not be aware of, however, is that there are many more gradients on the scale, each with their own abbreviations and highly specific conditions.

FbTT - Flawless, but all text has been sloppily covered in white-out and rewritten by hand in Turkish.

MSD - Minor sledgehammer damage.

PV - Perpetually vibrating.

1KPCT - All inner pages removed, replaced with uncut sheets of $1000 bills. Cover has slight tear which renders book worthless.

FiJF - Floating in a jar of formaldehyde.

XOXO - Kissed dozens of times. No visible lip prints but trust me they're there.

NWSCF - Nothing wrong that a little spackle can't fix.

SBCAT - Staples bent due to prolonged exposure inside a CAT scan machine and a quick exposure inside a staple bending machine.

USMBD - A urine stain has miraculously formed the shape of Big Dog, the big dog from Big Dog t-shirt fame.

EPHFP - Every page is an advertisement for Hostess fruit pies.

RUSSoTO - Has been rolled up and used to swat spiders on three occasions.

ASV - A shattered vase. Its loose shards sort of look like the rough approximation of a comic book when peered at through squinted eyes.

SH - Slightly haunted.

CMCW - One corner missing after being caught in a collapsing wormhole.

LCBHbOP - Multiple large caliber bullet holes but otherwise pristine.

GL - Drawn by Greg Land and therefore completely valueless.

SW - Converted into a sandwich, with a slice of meat, lettuce, or tomato between every page.

ROvS - Run over by a steamroller, becoming ten times larger in surface (and still perfectly legible) but razor thin. When dropped, will lazily flutter to the ground like a leaf.

FiPB - Literally a frog in a polyethylene bag.

NRIM - When looked at in a mirror, this book does not have a reflection.

PBW - Blessed by the Pope, slight holy water damage.

COTMS - Cover obscured by a complete chalk outline of a body from the world's tiniest murder scene.

MR - Minimal dusting of ricin.

HCZ - Cover torn in half, didn't have any tape so it's held together with a functioning zipper.

OBV - Pages 12-18 missing for obvious reasons.

RAD - Deadly levels of radiation and remarkable ink color retention.

Holo - This is a hologram. Not a comic with a shiny holographic cover. A genuine sci-fi hologram. You can't pick it up or touch it at all. Even after a thorough search you cannot locate the device that's projecting the hologram.

HSLL - Contains a very embarrassing high school love letter that I forgot to remove.

OrigBbs - The pages of this comic have been carefully removed, then folded with remarkable precision and crafted via origami into 24 pairs of boobs as envisioned by a teenager that hasn't actually seen a boob.

FZ - Covered in light peach fuzz, with several coarse ingrown hairs.

HTI - Completely covered with human tooth indentations. These did not come from someone that was trying to eat the book, but a licensed comic grade inspector that was biting the comic to verify its authenticity.

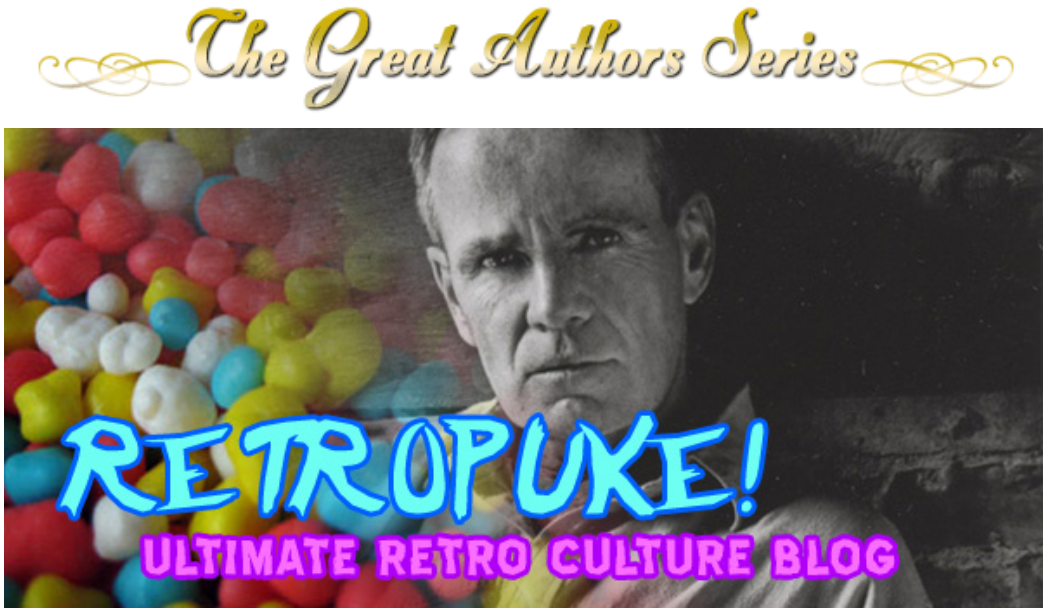
PHS - Perfect as long as it's held still. This comic should not be shaken or even rotated on any axis, or all the art and lettering will fall out.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.13 Cormac McCarthy Writes Candy Reviews for a Nostalgia Blog

Monday, Jul 15, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



Chick-O-Stick

Beneath the rot bottomed box was a scurry of beetles. I kicked them aside with my shoe and turned the hard tubes of candy beneath my foot. Wrapped in plastic each was a scabrous bone. I tore them open with my fingers. With my teeth. I tasted salt on the rocks of a receding sea. It broke open beneath my molars and spilled out a dry marrow of peanut butter.

Should we eat more?

No, I said to the boy.

They are bad aren't they?

Yes. They will kill us.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Necco Wafers

The sun was gone from the sky and there was only gray. Rain slopped down into the ribs of the old factory. There was a door within the iron ruin. Beside a collapsed boiler. I pressed the door open with my shoulder and found something.

A box long and wooden. It opened and broke apart in my hand and out came rolls of candy. They were no different than rolls of coins. We were so hungry we tore them open straight away and began to eat. The taste was the dust of a cadaver gone a hundred years. It was stepped on and shaped into coins. It choked our throats. It made the boy's eyes water.

We ate it anyway. There was nothing else.

★★☆☆☆

Jellybeans

I used to pick out the black ones, I told the boy.

I slid the colored pieces to the side of the trash lid. The boy pinched them up by ones and twos and pressed them into his mouth. He chewed loudly. I ate the black ones.

What do the black ones taste like?

Being dead, I said.

So that's what mom tastes?

I looked up through the broken timbers at the last gray light. I didn't say anything else for a long time.

★★☆☆☆

Mr. Melon

I told him not to look. Not to see. There was nothing more I could do. We pretended the man wasn't there with his black brains on the wall. We threw open cabinets and pulled open drawers. Someone else had been here first. There were old batteries and pieces of wire. Dented cans that would make us sick.

What about this? asked the boy.

He held a red and green box with a melon man on the cover.

I remember these, I said to the boy.

Can we eat them?

No, I said. It's better to go hungry.

★★★★★

Circus Peanuts

And then he stopped his kicking. The knife dragged against the stone as I pulled it out. There was not very much blood. My hands shook. When I could see and think we went through the preacher's pockets. There were chicken bones and strings. A retractable knife that I gave to the boy. I felt something soft beneath my fingers. I took out my hand and looked at it. I remember seeing orange before I threw it into a basin of dried excrement.

What was that? asked the boy.

A turd, I said. A gross turd from before. We don't eat turds.

I understand.

Give me the knife, I said.

We began to saw apart the dead man.

★★★★★

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.14 Letter to the Editor: BUFF MAN PROBLEM

Tuesday, Jul 16, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!! i am very pleased to have **won your contest** and am now happy to be able to write as many letters to the editor as i want!!!! i would like to tell you first of all how i met the buff guy from Rodney's Gym that I met a decade ago and was not able to soon forget. i was a paying customer at Rodney's Gym for a number of years and would often bump into a big tough guy "Gerry" who would strut around like he owned the place being a big buff guy and an all-around fancy man. And yes I know his name is spelled with a "G" because he says that every time he tells his name to somebody. Big whoop

My first contact with Gerry came many years ago when he got mad at me for being up in the ceiling tiles above the weight room. but why was i up there, you ask?? well it was to eavesdrop on Gerry because I thought he was planning on running out and chasing the tennis players away (aka me and my friends) so we got some walkie talkies and made a plan to observe and report back.

I climbed up in the vent and got into the ceiling area and was lying prone on the ceiling tiles listening to the conversations the weight guys were having. It was mostly stuff like "Oh Yeah You Are Lifting It Real Good" and "Wait... Ok Now Lift Harder" and things. nothing too good. but then he started talking about the "Crumb Bums" who play tennis and stink up the locker room. Well for one we don't stink up the locker room we just smell like different men, and two, Gerry is mean and a muscle oaf.

So i'm listening to all this and getting very sweaty trying to remember it and whisper back into my walkie talkie and i guess Gerry and his friend see the ceiling tiles dipping and wet and start whipping it with their towels and hooting. I start screaming and going "Oh No Oh God" into the walkie talkie and that just made them whip it harder and faster until the tile broke from the moisture and i fell to the ground in the weight room and they kept whipping me with their towels and I curled into a ball until some gym worker guys came over and told them to knock it off. Gerry left after a while i guess and I slept there for several hours pretty peacefully but woke up and got out of there before it closed.

Anyway, Gerry now lives in this town I'm at too, and when i saw him across the weight room it was like the showdown at the O.K. Corral except instead of standing my ground and flicking my trigger finger i ran into the cardio room and screamed because i couldn't remember where i knew that guy from but i knew he was bad. After a while I got it together and remembered who he was and walked out all confidently and did a few laps around the facility like i owned the place.

I completed my rounds and sighted Gerry across the weight room and brought my wrist up to my face and said "Oh No Oh God" like i did into the walkie talkie which made him look at me, but he didn't know what was going on, so I said it again which made him look really hard and I guess

he noticed my trademark glasses or beard or something and he started walking toward me. then I darted out of the place just barely missing being caught and when I backed out in my truck he banged on my tailgate a bunch of times. this is how i know he was still ready to mess me up after all these years. anyhow i got away.

Dear editor, please make Gerry go away from all the gyms. Thank You.
DAD!!!

7.15 THRONGS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Jul 17, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

GONADS GALORE - This pooch is 75% gonads, 25% dog. Not the best ratio for a family with small, curious children who ask too many damn questions. Perfect for you? Let's talk gonads. $50 (includes supplies). 555-9231

HAVE A SEAT! My lovable pooch is big, but thinks he's a lap dog. He's quite partial to my lap, so that's included in the price. I don't want him to be separated. $5200 + living expenses. 555-9972

FIERCE, LOYAL FRIEND is stalwart companion through danger and safety alike. Will defend you to the death. Has no head. Three payments of $49.99. 555-0244

UNBELIEVABLE DEAL! This rare set of Russian nesting dogs is a sight to behold, delivering hours of joy as you find increasingly smaller dogs inside each other. Call for ABSURD quote. 555-1124

LIFE PARTNERS - Inseparable duo of dog and creature affixed to skull, sucking vital nutrients out through clear suction tubes. Dog walks sideways and makes grunting noises like Tim Allen in Home Improvement. $250. 555-2371

HAMBURGER DOG is similar to the popular "wiener dog," but more akin to a hamburger. I think you'll agree this is a

A BIG NOSE-IT-ALL - I am sick and tired of my dog beating me to the answers on Jeopardy and want a chance to feel smart. What is a free dog, Alex? 555-9231

OTHERWORLDLY BOXER climbs out of wallpaper to deliver murderous demands. Must be obeyed. Sometimes appears in soup or coffee to check up on your progress. Gets very docile when watching TBS. 555-4219

GENTLE WEEPING DOG cries nonstop, paying tender poetic tribute to all the poor, the hungry, the downtrodden and displaced. Comes with attached bear trap on severely messed-up back leg. Needs lots of love! 555-1131

REAL "BIG HERO" finds so many kids trapped in wells, under logs, etc., I'm starting to suspect he puts them there. Always wants a big treat afterwards. 555-8726

A MUDDY MESS - Not sure how, but somebody installed mud flaps on Grover. They're the kind with the naked lady silhouette on them. Not very classy. Would have preferred Yosemite Sam. 555-0881

FREE TO LOVING FAMILY: Plucky dog with tenacious spirit. Survived a lot of bumps and bruises, but still glad to be alive. Currently fused to front bumper of 1987 Ford F-150, which is sold separately.

WOULD-BE NUZZLER is a polite, well-mannered Beagle. Has concave snout which looks awful. He constantly tries to rub this unnerving void all over me. FREE! 555-1192

DESPICABLE! DISHONEST! 100% free: the worst dog ever. Lies, cheats and steals constantly. Promises to get a job and never does. I'm beginning to think he's not even a dog. 555-0809

LOUSY GLUTEN-FREE DOG is perfect for whiny people afraid to handle a little gluten. You take my dog and eat your cabbage, wimps. I'm going to eat big scoops of gluten on my own like a big shot. 555-9002

INSANE DOG has been curled up in corner of padded cell, whispering barks at imaginary enemies. Wears special doggy straightjacket. Sometimes drags butt on ceiling at night. 555-2390.

MANIPULATIVE DOG turns loved ones against you. Made my beautiful birds hate me, my child curse my name, and my ex-husband think I'm crazy. Taught my cockatiels to swear at me... not sure how. She has the devil in her. 555-4613

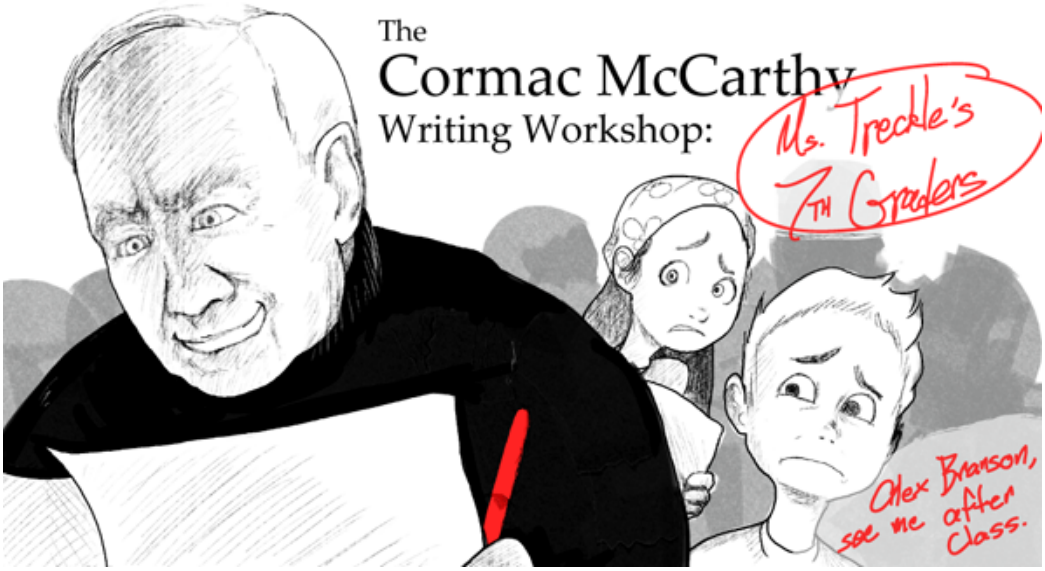
MÖBIUS DOG is endless and eternal, making an ideal pet if you can get around his difficult form, which often gets hooked on furniture. $∞. 555-4292

JAUNDICED PUG with too

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.16 The Cormac McCarthy Writing Workshop: Ms. Treckle's 7th Graders

Thursday, Jul 18, 2013 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)



Brett - Your clean, futuristic wars of spaceships and lasers seem to lack a real carnality that would obviously transcend any technology developed by man, and your words themselves betray our true nature. Realize that the teenage savior of the war would be hated - if his divination was war, and the war ends, his godliness is over, and there is nothing man likes to do more than slit the throats of false idols. The world goes on. We always have more teenagers. Perhaps an old man can go to a barren planet afterward so he can spit into the dust, maybe while nursing some kind of wound.

Rosalina - Have you considered... *Muerte* ...

Brian - I pity you. Animals cannot talk. Your life will consist of your superiors looking at you and frowning. Who is Sonic the Hedgehog.

Caden - You wrote the plot of *Shrek*. It is 100% that. Make it your own. Consider giving the ogre boils or horrible contusions, mutations. He eats bugs, mud, strips tree bark, drinks blood. He is nude. His green penis swings as the villagers - not afraid, now that they know him, only afraid of what they do not know - gather around to execute him. We are not afraid of monsters. We force a monopoly on the privilege of destroying each other's lives. We have no room for competition.

Kara - I have no tolerance for a story about a softball championship. The only interesting thing about it was that the girl's father didn't show up to the games, but the story was awful when he showed up to cheer her on finally. What was the father doing. I imagined lies, dried saliva in the corner of his mouth, caked blood underneath his fingernails. The yellow eyes of a wolf spying him underneath a dying tree. A young man swinging from it idly. And just staring. The whole scene muted by stars on a clear night. He is rolling his own cigarette, the softball game a mockery of real existence to him, justifiably unimportant compared to the true nature of his life. Make the call, Kara. Say something about *man*.

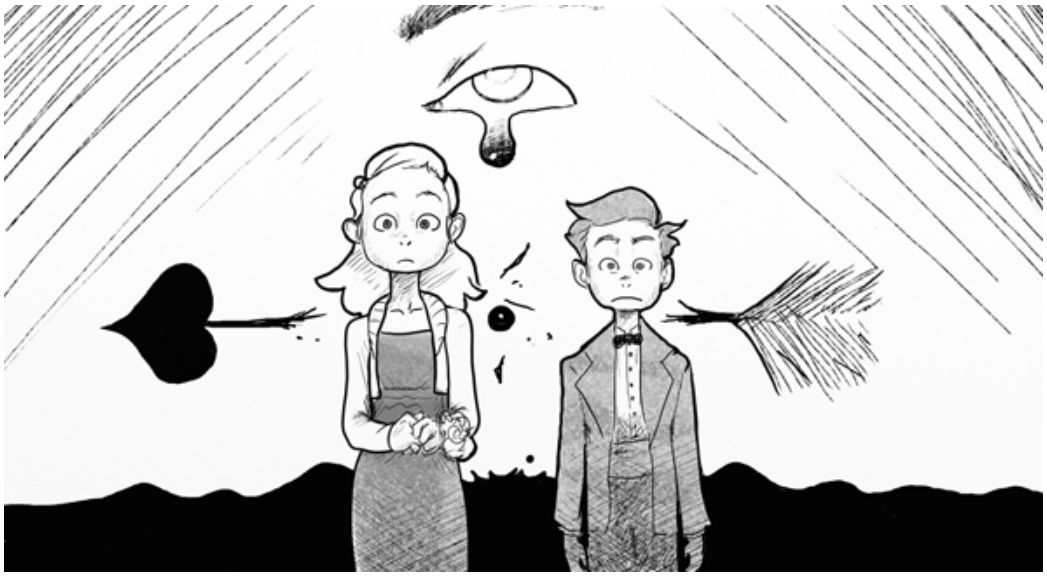
Eliza - Extremely enthralled by the concept of an individual trapped inside of a locker for the

duration of the recounted story. However, instead of a high school and a locker, you could try the Mexican-American War, and instead of a locker, it could be a person trapped underneath a pile of dead bodies.

Kevin - Your character's struggle to find himself is irrelevant. The universe is apathetic to self definitions. Your heart is already set in stone. You will only have your true nature revealed to you in the face of great turmoil. What is Hot Topic. Who is Cartman.

Ron - I am extremely familiar with Hormel Chili and would please graciously ask you not to besmirch what is an essential product.

Amanda - Consider Ryan's fall after Hunter pushes him because of how "mean and bad" he was to Samantha when they dated - he is never seen again, but you mention a small knick, a thin red cut only mentioned in passing. And Hunter and Samantha begin dating and are happy, but what if Ryan comes back, weeks later, in a heat daze, stumbling out of the desert, hallucinating angels as he winds in and out of parked pathfinders and acuras into the Spring Formal, his small cut ballooned into a bulbous sack of hyper-colored, effervescent pus oozing almost passive-aggressively onto the gymnasium floor in front of them as they dance, a sickly vacant look in his eyes (perhaps you can have a fly land directly on his eyelash and he doesn't blink) and as Hunter and Samantha dance they realize the sickliness of love and walk blankly, without touching, back to Hunter's father house, where they begin experimenting with alcohol in order to narrow the grand scale of an intimidating and disappointing universe. Later, one of the teacher's can execute Ryan in the parking lot. Like, maybe the guy from wood shop.



You can reach illustrator **William "ryorininseven" Cook** at this site, to request commissions and such, but please don't call him a monster for drawing Cormac McCarthy, he was just doing his job.

–∼Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

7.17 DARPA's Strangest Robot Videos

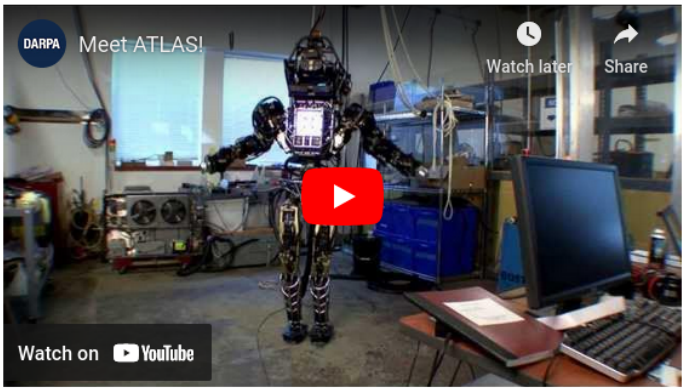
Friday, Jul 19, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency has been leading the way in the development of robots for the next war America fights. DARPA seems to be pretty certain that America will be sending land-based robots in alongside any other ground forces. From the rubble crawling "LittleDog" to the more than seven-foot-tall ATLAS, things have been getting creepy.

Rather than keep its robotic minions locked up, DARPA and its partners at Boston Dynamics have been posting Youtube videos of various robotic tests for the public to watch.

And quiver in terror.

Meet ATLAS!

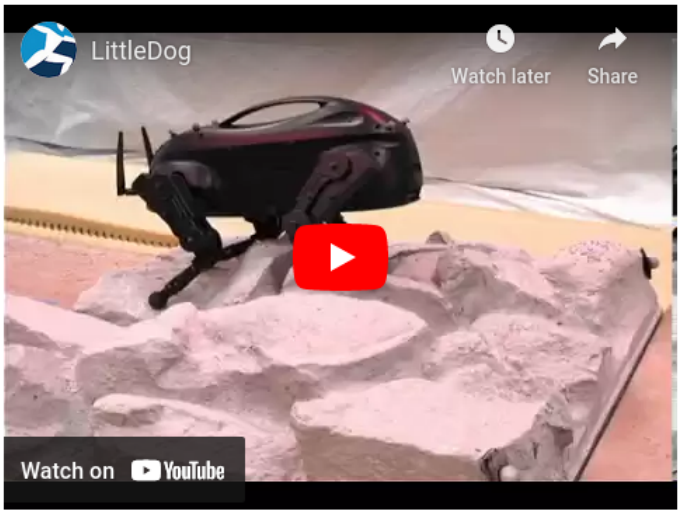


https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zkBnFPBV3f0

The ATLAS is an offshoot of the Petman bipedal robot. More on the Petman later. The ATLAS is huge and it has binocular vision and LIDAR to see your heartbeat through walls. Watch it climb stairs and jump. Watch it walk on a treadmill while Boston Dynamics technicians swing a wrecking ball at it trying to knock it off balance. Not even a barrage of terrible electronic dance music seems to phase this remorseless killing machine.

LittleDog

Looking like a handheld vacuum that got a wireless router wedged up its butt, LittleDog is seemingly the least threatening of DARPA's killer robot collection. That is, until you realize that LittleDog is the perfect size to climb into your bedroom through a window and inject you with some sort of

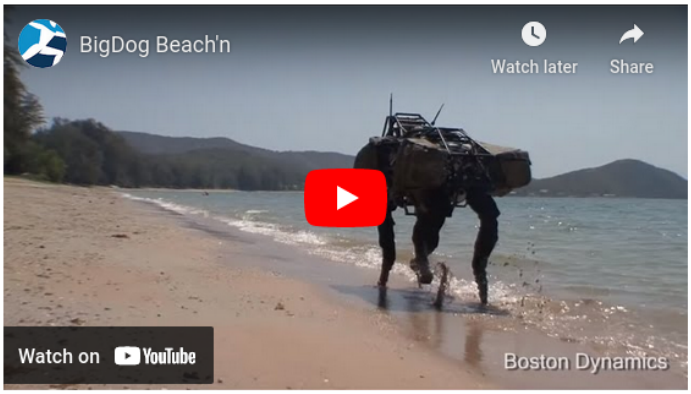


https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UIipbi0cAVE

paralyzing toxin. God help you if there is a dog door in your house. These things are going to pour in like rats.

Also, why is DARPA so obsessed with training all their robots to walk through rubble? Is it because our future existence is in a world of ruins?

BigDog Beach'n



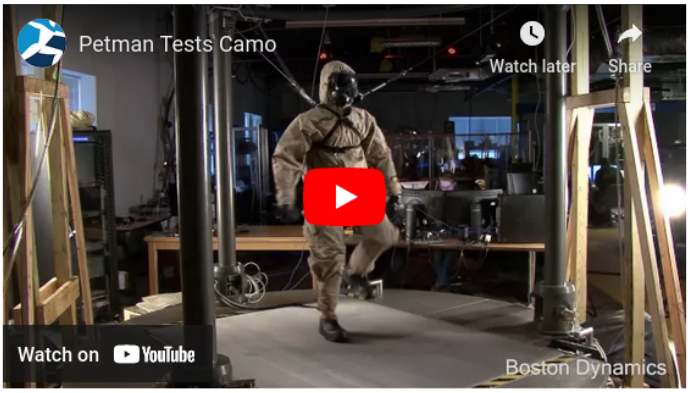
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P0s7aRUIoTw

DARPA has been working on BigDog for a few years now, producing video after video of the robotic mule climbing over obstacles and being kicked momentarily off balance. Nothing seems capable of interrupting the unnatural prancing of the prototype, not even a trip to the beach. In this particular video, the hulking robot plays in the surf and bounces around like a golden retriever chasing a tennis ball.

Let your imagination run wild. Picture hundreds of these things coming ashore as tracers whip between beach obstacles. Imagine explosions knocking them briefly out of balance. They stagger

back to a fully upright position and continue their march inland. Their fearless march to crush the soft, blood-filled bodies of their enemies.

Petman Tests Camo



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tFrjrgBV8K0

This video answers the age old question: What is creepier than a bipedal robot that moves like a Ray Harryhausen skeleton? It turns out, in the case of infantry replacement Petman, it's that same robot wearing a gas mask, boots, and a hooded camouflage smock. The unnerving Petman walks, turns, and crouches while dressed for war.

Coming soon: the same tests where Petman crawls in through a window and holds knives without dropping them. Petman takes off your clothes while you sleep. He draws blood without waking you. It's okay, shhhh, it's just Petman. Going to saw off your face and wear it to fool other humans.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.18 Has Technology Gone Too Far???

Saturday, Jul 20, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Five years from now, there's a knock at your door. Who would do such a thing to you?

You tap your iPad Pro to pause the two television shows which are simultaneously streaming side by side. Both series are highly regarded by a lot of people, so by default you feel certain that they are overrated. You've been paying just enough attention to spot superficial things that you might be able to complain about on an internet forum.

With a voice command you pause your television, which is displaying a cheesy tv movie by the name of *HurriCranes* or *MeteOrcas* in one corner of the screen while devoting the rest of its real estate to three social media apps and a livestream of someone playing a video game that you think you'd probably hate.

You quickly finish the last words of a scathing Instatwitter post about everything you've been vaguely watching, then hit send and put your smarter phone down. You genuinely expect that people will be impressed or at least entertained by this offhand comment you put no real effort into.

The knocking continues.

You stand up. Your movement is restricted somehow. Cursing softly, you remove the Oculus Rift 2 from your face. As always, you experience a moment of disappointment when the high res virtual reality version of your apartment is replaced with the real thing.

As you take a step toward the door, your Kinect sensor helpfully scans your vitals and determines an ideal advertisement to project in the air directly in front of you. You stop, unable to pass until you have answered the McDonald's clown's three riddles and sworn fealty to his cause. The Xbox One awards your compliance with an Achievement, then passes a 3D recording of the last ten minutes to the NSA and its advertising partners.

The knocking continues.

Your Google Glass notices that you are moving. It calls upon a global database to plot a path to your front door, snaps a picture of what you're looking at, then emails it to you for the heck of it.

Concerned about the suspicious amount of activity you have engaged in over the last few minutes, Glass activates your personal drone to assess the situation. You assume a relaxed posture and remind yourself not to allow either hand to form a fist by accident. The drone is for entertainment purposes only, but it will fire with deadly force if its operators are 51% certain that you are sort of suspicious.

Your iWatch emits a light electrical shock that courses through your body. This alert lets you know that the built-in footstep calculator has passed a new milestone. The sudden jolt shakes your arm, dislodging a Kindle which drops to the ground. As you instinctively bend over to pick it up, an anti-Kindle falls out of your shirt pocket. The two devices snap together and vibrate with a series of breathy moans. In a few hours there will be nothing left but a pile of dust. For now, the Kindle

and anti-Kindle are dutifully swept out of the room and locked up in a cupboard by a small robot made specifically for that one task.

The knocking continues.

You reach the front door. Its display flashes red. Before using the door, you must agree to a new End User License Agreement, which requires you to log in to the manufacturer's website, create a new account, and fill out an unreadable captcha form.

Seven minutes later, you finally open the door. No one is there. The knocking persists. That's when you remember the automated door knocking device that you scheduled to have installed today. As you turn around, a wave of gadgets knocks you down to the ground. You are pinned, suffocating.

"What have we done?" you cry in an odd moment of philosophical detachment. "Everyone who distrusted technology was right all along! We've gone too far!"

You try to stand, but a device that was specifically made to prevent you from getting up won't allow it. This cements its position as the worst Christmas gift you have ever received, even if it was on your wish list. As a self-propelled drill burrows into your neck and mines for Bitcoins, you understand that this was clearly the only possible outcome of humankind's obsession with technology and progress.

How can you be certain? Because the This Terrible Technology-Related Outcome Was Inevitable implant in your brain has confirms it as your vision fades.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.19 Kate Middleton's Fish Ripple Primed to Drop a Royal Brownie in the W.C.

Monday, Jul 22, 2013 by An American's Concept of a British Person (@sexyfacts4u)

Cawwwwww that minge is gettin' ready to spit a wriggler out her front arse. Ya know? Kate Middleston? That Chapel Row slapper that got a gut prod from his royal nonceness William. Not the one with the bum, that's the sister. The other one. With the bloody hats.

Fuckin' hell, she's a piece. I'd love to 'ave her wrap her chewy bits on my fuckin' wart wand. Class act, her. Half Chinese? Right? No way. Pure blue on the inside whatever they say.

Everyone is in a bollocks and buckets about this bit of fanny shite. Don't know why. Pudding headed cunts, queen excepted, get born inside out anyway. Chances are as not she'll squeeze out a fly beast.

What then? Put it down the drain? Knock it off a building? The papers would never let up. It'd be Savile touching willies all over again. Have to get Max Clifford to blame it on a deranged stalker.

Fuck it, I say. Silenced pistol. Tell the papers the blacks ran in with balaclavas and did it in for the Talibans.

Right?

Here's what a computer said the babby will look like:

So Kate's at royal hospital having poles up her gash or whatever they do. Sorry, didn't take baby maths. Can't all be fucked to go to hospital. My daughter was born in a Tesco car park what of it? Put her in a bag and took her right home with a 12 pack of arse paper. Eyes too far apart but otherwise fine, you classist shite.

Don't trust the NHS with a bee bite on my finger. They'll put you in queue and you'll come out dead before some foreign doctor so much as looks at your cock. Because of the immigrants cutting ahead.

What will the royal baby look like?
A genetic counsellor's predictions to what the royal baby could look like as a toddler...
...and as a young adult
Getty

Want to know the babby name? Here's some ideas.

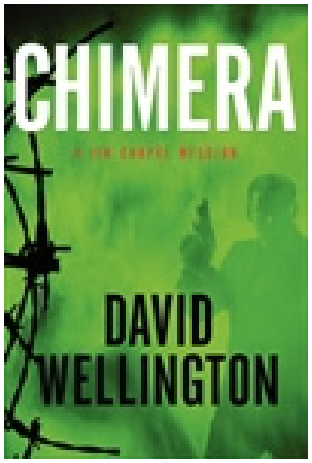
If it's a lad, call it Lad. Works for me. No need to get fancy.

If it's a bird, call it something bold like Buggerlift or Page Six. Imagine that on the screen while she's pissed up on Big Brother fighting the brown one with her tits out. Get her eyes, Buggerlift! Too right.

What's the point, anyway? We're all fucked by the immigrants and the EU. Gonna let the Germans tell us to get rid of the pound? That what we fought all the wars for? Britain for British, I say.

Like Kate Middlestons. Pretty British with fat tits. You know they're a goer if you pour enough rum in them. That sort of British.

Congratulations to her.



Zack here. My friend David Wellington's new novel Chimera is due out tomorrow. It is a gripping and paranoid thriller about a wounded veteran of the war in Afghanistan being drafted into the pursuit of genetically enhanced killers loose in America. Wellington's prose is authentic and lean. Check it out, it's a great read.

–∼An American's Concept of a British Person (@sexyfacts4u)

7.20 What we talk about when we talk about Naked and Afraid

Tuesday, Jul 23, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

The Discovery Channel's show *Naked and Afraid* is...

- Cormac McCarthy's The Road: An XXX Porn Parody.
- the horrific and glitched out mutant hybrid of *Planet Earth* and *Wife Swap* if someone put the DVDs in the machine from *The Fly.*
- the Adam and Eve origin story to all other shitty reality TV shows.
- the easiest way to see a blown out tattoo of a butterfly on a woman's ass without a case of Michelob Ultra.
- how people born after 1995 view America before 1980.
- a statement against mass consumerism in the same manner as a homeless man's defecation is a statement against Grey Hound buses.
- M4W - wild outdoor fun Age: 56
  sane grey fox avg build looking for bbw 2 catch catfish w/ her crotch.
  no smokers! sorry! ur pic gets mine. cannot host!
- the final boss level of Censor Bar All-Stars set on max difficulty.
- that reoccurring dream you have where you show up to school naked except instead of your school it's a jungle and instead of your 5th grade class it's a bunch of mosquitoes and instead of your teacher it's a dude who won't stop talking about Ford trucks.
- the most misleading and disappointing show title to a desperate teen since Food Network's *Naked Chef.*
- the marketing brainchild for Bass Pro Shop's new adult toy line.
- Butts: The Live Action Experience.
- your sexiest fantasy played out in awkward slow motion by people that look like your parents.
- eHarmony ⟩Christian Mingle ⟩Farmers Only ⟩Naked and Alone

- you know how every jam band festival has a few topless women and a bunch of disappointed creepy dudes? Naked and Afraid is pretty much the syndicated version of that.
- quality television in the same regard that the FDA counts pizza as a vegetable in school lunches.
- the premise to a bad Hemingway novel if Ernest was failing his freshman Remedial English class because of an addiction to whippets and Fallout 2.
- the perfect description of losing your virginity.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.21 'A Race Against Space' and Five Other Essential Sci-Fi Titles for Future Reading!

Wednesday, Jul 24, 2013 by animal drums (@animal_drums_)

Continuing the "best online literature of today ... *and tomorrow*" theme of yesterday's Goldmine, this article features exciting novel pitches from fledgling e-author **animal drums** and covers from **NAG**!

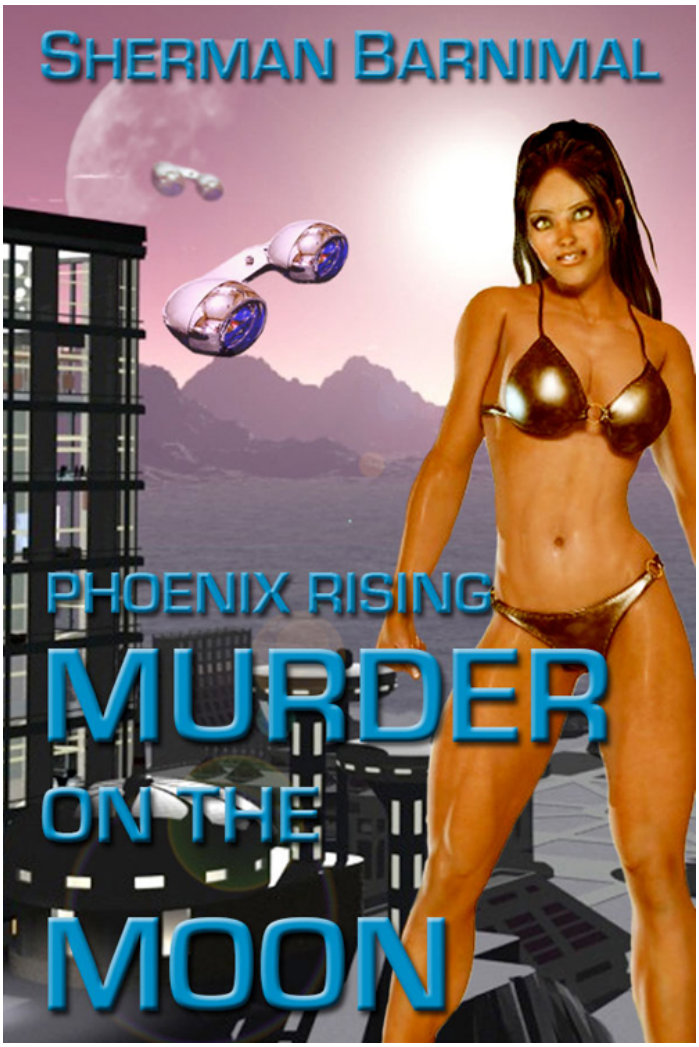
Randall Thurmann, *A Race Against Space*

"The enemy team was advancing rapidly toward the battle field, ready for a fight. From such a long distance it was difficult to tell whether they were aliens or robots, but it didn't matter: both of them were the enemies of humans in this war. Bathaniel Razorthorn gripped the handle of his

sniper rifle as tight as he could, and lowered his eye to the scope, confident that it would allow him to "zoom in," making his enemy seem closer."

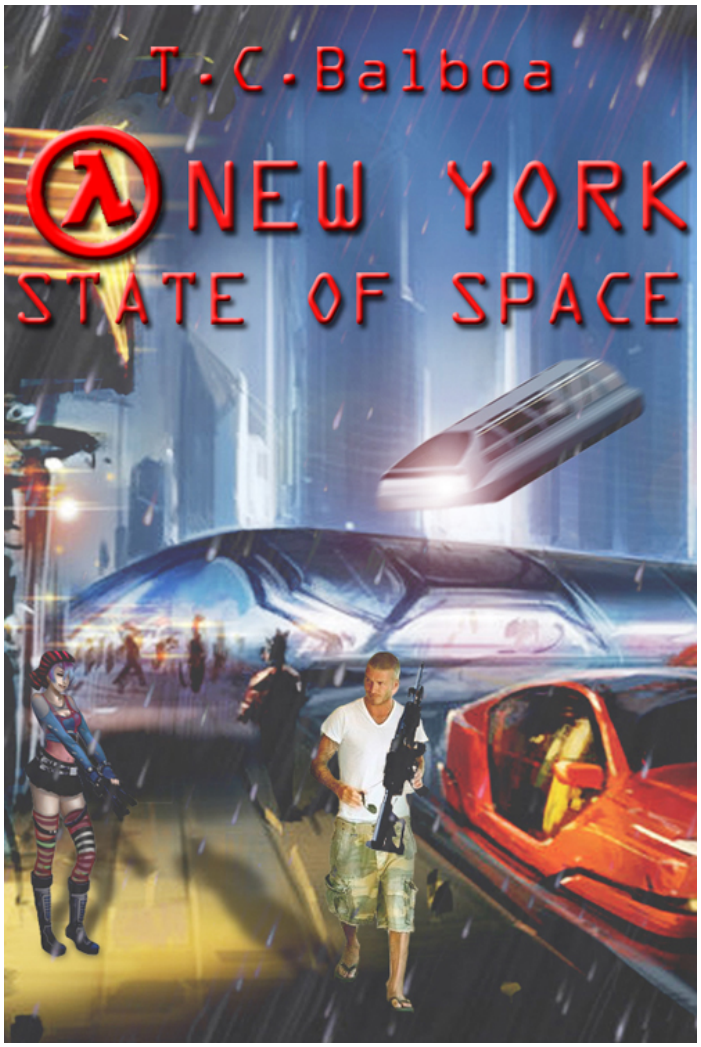
Gareth Beyberry, *The Knifesteel Files 1: Motor City Mainframe*

"Dirk Knifesteel graduated at the top of his class in swashbuckling assassin school, but even so he had always been something of an outsider. But now LaserDetroit, an old timey 1920s version of detroit, but in the future, was under attack, and the people who had made fun of Dirk during school were going to realize just how much he had learned about being an assassin... It was the year 1920. After man kind had gone so far into the future, they had to start re-using years that had already happened, and the city of LaserDetroit was entering an unparallelled period of productivity, closely parallelled by that of regular Detroit in the previous 20th century, only it wasn't cars they were producing... It was assassins."



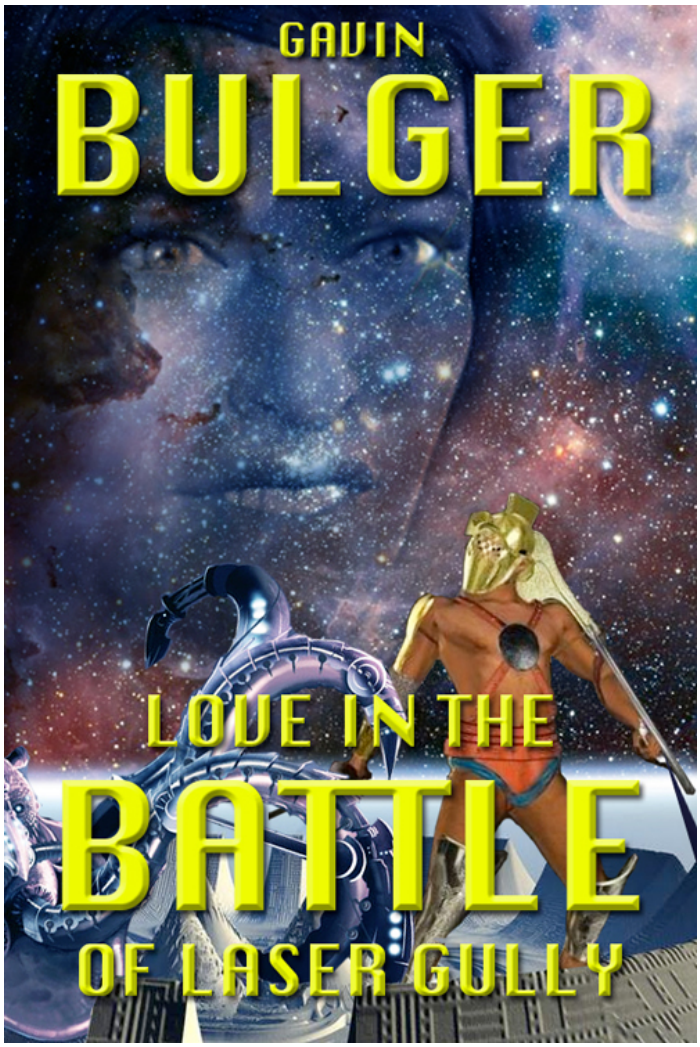
Sherman Barnimal, ***Phoenix Rising: Murder on the Moon***

"Phoenix was an assassin, maybe one of the best assassins in the galactic quadrant, and not just good for a girl, but good for anyone. For example, the first thing people usually noticed about her was that she was a highly skilled, ebon-skinned sexy assassin. She kept this in mind as she stepped silent as a dark shadow into the room of the outer space slave lord who she was hired to assassinate. While her body appeared on the outside to merely be that of an extremely sexy woman, it also had some very good assassin qualities about it."



T.C. Balboa, *A New York State of Space*

"As he crawled out of the mouth of the cave into an Alien city modeled after New York City (from Earth), Plasmax Shottyblast could feel that something wasn't right. He got up, he brushed the strange alien dust from his pants and looked around. There were a bunch of strange buildings, like, alien food stores and strip clubs where all the girls were aliens, but they weren't a big deal to him. He looked down at his own outfit, which had 3 bandoliers full of laser cartridges, a leather vest, camo cargo pants and sick Converse hi tops."



Gavin Bulger, *Love in the Battle of Laser Gully*

"Mesmerelda Starshine looked out over the combat training yard as she adjusted her holographic brassiere straps in an attempt to rein in her sexy woman's boobs. She could see all the men in training - strong, aggressive soldiers who were unskilled in using computer technology, which was the wave of the future. Or as they called it in the future, the wave of the present.

The sexual hotness of the combatants in training almost rivaled her own, but she had no interest in such men. She called for her servant, Alaester Blade-Sniper, a meek man of soft features and extremely long and greasy hair. he wore a black robe with flaming swirls of fire embroidered around the edges. This was the man who she knew was the real sexual dynamo, just waiting to be unlocked by her sultry advances."

Barry Appleman, ***Techno-Cigarettes and Cosmic Liquor***

"The big neon wine bottle sign came into view as the hover-cab rounded the corner of 8,000th and Hyper-Broadway. The big neon sign always made him want to drink some wine, which was good because it was placed right above a futuristic wine bar. In fact it was the sign for that very bar. 'Pull the cab over here, but keep it hovering,' said Trix Booberry. 'I'll just be a couple of Astro-minutes.'"

–∼animal drums (@animal_drums_)

7.22 The MC Skat Kat Franchisee Newsletter

Thursday, Jul 25, 2013 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Vol. 24, Issue 3

To Our Newest Members

Welcome aboard Team MC Skat Kat! Should your 80-dollar check clear our rigorous screening processes, the likeness of animated singing sensation MC Skat Kat will soon be yours to use within the limitations expressed by Skat Kat Licensing, LLC. Perhaps you'll plaster this popular '80s icon on the walls of your family-owned roller skating rink, use his urban flair to add some pizzazz to your Veteran's Day float, or cast awkwardly shaped novelty soaps in his image. Whatever the case, at your fingertips now rests the ability to significantly transform your business and personal life with a serious dose of balls-to-the-wall catitude*. We only ask you outfit MC with the proper safety gear should you depict him riding a recreational vehicle or horse.

*Misspelled "attitude" in Vol. 24, Issue 2.

In the News

Our favorite MC made an appearance on the June 15, 2013 episode of Jeopardy!, but not as a special guest. In the "Cultural Detritus" category, host Alex Trebek posited "In 1989, This cartoon animal sang about his magnetic love affair with Paula Abdul." Even with the promise of 500 dollars, not one contestant could come up with an answer, leaving Alex Trebek to remark, "Hands up if you remember that nonsense," when confronted the solution. This marks the first mention of MC Skat Kat in the national media since Michael Ian Black's venomous comments on an episode of 2006's I Still Love the '80s Returns 3D, and we couldn't be happier.

Straight from The Cat's Mouth

While Derrick Stevens, the voice of MC Skat Kat, has a schedule that's prevented him regularly corresponding since 1994, we're happy to transcribe his quarterly voice mails of support to MC's fans.

"Hey& Greg? Craig maybe? This is Derrick, and& it's the 14th, right? Hope that's not too late. Uh, so, I wanted to thank the supporters of MC Skat Kat for -- hold on a sec. Yeah, get me a Big Mac, no pickles, large fry, and do you have Pepsi One? No, Diet Coke is fine. Medium. Did you hear that thing about the pickles? Pickles. No pickles. I said 'no pickles.' Okay, thank you. So yeah, lots of exciting stuff happening with Skat this year, and -- what's this guy doing? Pull ahead! Right, before I hit this first window I just wanted to say peace out from MC Kat Skat, and let's all remember we need to protect our concealed carry laws from activist judges."

We couldn't have said it better ourselves, Derrick!

2014: Year of the Cat?

As 2013 reaches its halfway point, the magical year of 2014 promises to be a special one for our flat-topped feline. With the 25th anniversary of "Opposites Attract" upon us, MC Skat Kat will soon reach a new level of relevancy from the constant celebrations of his quarter-century as an innovator and artist. While 2009 didn't give MC the respect he deserved, we are in talks with Paula Abdul herself to publicly acknowledge her participation in this piece of musical history, ending nearly two decades of silence, and opening the door for documentaries, think pieces, and doctoral dissertations all in the honor of the great MCSK. If the Arts section of your local newspaper isn't recognizing the upcoming MC Skat Kat Renaissance, write a strongly worded letter to the editor. Last year, this method got the MC into three different syndicated crossword puzzles.

Skat Kat Albums found at Bottom of River

While searching the Hudson River in search of a murdered family, NYPD Police found something much more horrifying: a crate containing 8000 copies of The Adventures of MC Skat Kat and the Stray Mob, the sole album dedicated to the life and philosophy of MCSK. While this amazing collection of songs typically fetches just around a dollar on the resale market, we're happy to report this decreased rarity has not affected the resale value of MC's seminal album, as the additional copies will be sent to our fighting men and women in Afghanistan as part of the annual Claws for Celebration charity event.

Protect the Suitcase

In roughly two weeks, you should hear a knock on your door between 3:00 and 4:00 A.M. Answer the door, say nothing, and accept the suitcase you are handed. Do not tell the police or family members. Do not open the suitcase under any circumstances. Do not act until told otherwise. And if you receive a call from the NAACP, you've never heard this "blackface" word ever before in your life, and if you did, it certainly wouldn't apply to the cartoon cat who still ranks higher than Heathcliff in most national polls held prior to 1992.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.23 Carl Sagan Explains the Sublime Majesty of What is Happening On Your Phone

Friday, Jul 26, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A deceptively simple process begins in the distant reaches of space.

It is in our nature to look at the universe and wonder, "How are all these great shows streaming for free on my phone?"

Immense pressure causes the nuclei of two humble hydrogen atoms to combine and release heat. This happens again and again, a chain reaction that reaches out across the vast emptiness of space from our star to arrive on our planet as that most precious catalyst for life: energy. It is this force that imbues plants and bacteria with the energy needed to reproduce and process carbon dioxide. The very first of these simple organisms created our atmosphere, but now we enjoy the protection of billions and billions of cubic meters of gas surrounding us and pressing down upon us.

Four billion years of evolution, countless failed species disappearing into the darkness of history, whittled down to the most successful. Above them all, standing on two legs, is mankind. We are no longer a part of this natural order. We no longer fear the woolly mammoth or the lobster. We collect our knowledge, one generation to the next, gradually building layers like the sediments of rocks.

As we compete for the sun's energy with the plants and various lesser beings such as goats, we devise new and better ways to harness that energy. Batteries and windmills. The stored energy of fossil fuels. And as our knowledge has grown, century upon century, we have managed to construct, by overlapping schools of learning and ever-greater understanding of the world around us, a telephone.

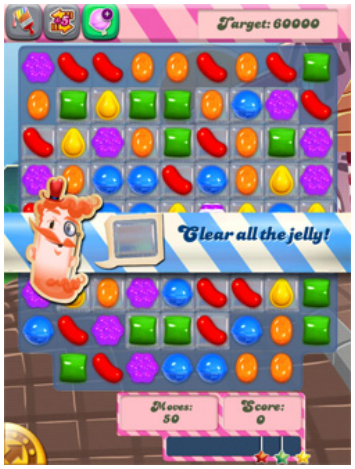
Nothing is quite so sublime in this cosmos as realizing that two people might have just liked your photograph of dinner.

It is small and robust, a black brick of metal and glass that sits in the palm of your hand. Without wires it can reach out across the planet, far beyond the horizon, and allow you to communicate with friends or loved ones. You can align similar jewels, communicate by written language to someone named KayCEEEEE, record six second videos of yourself trying to jump over a car off of your roof, and watch entire movies and TV shows including every episode of *Cheers*.

You can recall when *Cheers* aired originally. It was alright. But now, in the palm of your hand, the events surrounding Sam the bartender and the quirky patrons of the bar now seem enthralling. Certainly more interesting than a passing cloud, a nebula, or something as ludicrously uninteresting as the bacteria in a drop of water.

A child's laugh can be heard from a nearby room. You can hear a child's laugh whenever you want. The movie *Babies* is streaming directly to your phone. You can send texts to KAYCEEEEE while watching.

Imagine if you were completely flat, and you were inside your phone, enjoying the incredible games you can download for free. Imagine if you could watch pornography while driving in a car. This and more is possible through the scientific miracle of your phone, for what is a miracle but science that we fail to understand.



We have spent thousands of years as a species preparing for level 21.

Science like wind or tectonic plates. You can watch videos about them on Youtube while you are on the bus and when you get off the bus and while you are eating and also while you are not eating. Watching videos is now possible in every setting. You can listen to audiobooks about zombies. You can play games about zombies and send texts about them. Talking trash. Texting trash. Checking your email and your stocks.

On August 14th, at around 2:15 AM in the northern hemisphere, if you look down at your phone you might just see the reflection of the Astrid Meteors passing overhead. They travel from the distant cold of the oort cloud once every 600 years and create a show so spectacular that its passing has been recorded in texts almost 3,000 years old. But don't worry, someone will post a video of it. And you can watch that on the toilet, enjoying the boundless ingenuity of the upright two-legged mammals called mankind.

Stop looking at things around you, at the sights of nature and the sounds of your life, because you have the audiobook of Sarah Vowell's **Unfamiliar Fishes** to get through and then all those podcasts have been piling up. You're never going to get caught up at this rate.

As you enjoy your Candy Crush and your comment section posts, just be mindful that the lobsters are still here, that they, too, are deserving in inheritors of this process we call evolution. They are watching us and waiting for us to slip up. Waiting for us to stop paying attention completely.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.24 These Ain't Your Daddy's "This Ain't Your Daddy's" Jokes

Saturday, Jul 27, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This ain't your daddy's energy drink.

His mind is too small and weak to fully understand the smallest fraction of what this energy drink encompasses. It would literally be impossible for your daddy to drink this. The simple act of grasping this energy drink's skinny can would cause him to be overcome with waves of existential hurting. If he somehow withstood the pain and managed to get the drink to his lips, an invisible force would divert it away from his dumb slobbering mouth. This energy drink is daddy proof. It's patent pending.

This ain't your daddy's autograph.

Look at the loops. Look closer, dude. Those loops are hella controlled. I am a professional handwriting analyst and I am telling you that your daddy's loops are wild and sprawling. I've been examining your daddy's signature for years. My expertise cannot be denied. This is a forgery. Only one person in the world can do this. My arch-nemesis. Take this gun. Do you know how to use it? Because you're going to need it.

This ain't your daddy.

He's my daddy. Go find your own daddy. Scram! Go on, get! I'm throwing rocks at you and hooting like mad until you are well outside the perimeter I have established around my daddy. I am thumping my chest and roaring at the sky to dissuade all other slinking interlopers from trying to take my daddy as their own.

This ain't your daddy's library.

We've got all sorts of books up in here. Fiction. Non-fiction. Books with drawings of people holding swords and looking determined. We've got a shushing policy to keep people from being too loud. We have a filing system. If you need a book, we can put the name of that book in a computer and it will show up in this library within a few weeks.

This ain't Your Daddy's.

This is Your Grandaddy's. We sell little camouflage sleeves to people who want to hide their nasty ear gauge piercings but aren't ready to glue them shut. You need to head up the street and take the second left. Your Daddy's will be about a mile up the road. There's a big old sign out front with a chainsaw cutting through a screaming turtle. Can't miss it. If you see a sign with a chainsaw cutting through a smiling turtle, you've gone too far and need to turn around.

This ain't your daddy's Howard The Duck.

This is a Howard The Duck for a whole new generation. These kids have grown up with vague and unending wars on foreign soil, anti-intellectualism, gun fetishism, a perverse capitalist system, and open displays of contempt for non-whites, women, and the LBGT community. This Howard The Duck speaks to modern teens in a way that your daddy's Howard The Duck couldn't. This Howard

The Duck is cgi and he has a blog.

This ain't your daddy's favorite brand of coffee.

It's the same packaging, of course, but we secretly replaced the coffee inside with decaf crystals. This has been going on for months. There's a hidden camera behind that mirror over there, one in the coffee maker, and one on your dog's collar. My name isn't really Emmanuelle. I'm special agent Jodie Caruthers. Look, this all started out as one big lie, but my feelings for you became quite real. Everything that mattered was real. I didn't expect it to happen. I never meant to hurt you.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.25 Commencement of the 612th Annual Lebowski Fest

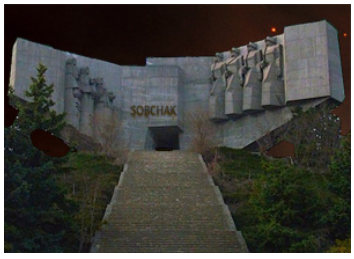
Monday, Jul 29, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2002

The first annual Lebowski Fest is held in Louisville, Kentucky, celebrating the story, characters, and hilarious antics of the film The Big Lebwoski. Only a few dozen attend, but the movement is growing. The festival subsequently moves around the country to bigger and bigger venues, attracting crowds numbering into the thousands.

2613

Present day. The 612th annual Lebowski Fest is held in Bunker 99 of the Ningxia Genoindustrial District, 8th Tier, Automatic Empire of the 74.5th Emergent Consciousness of Viceroy Lao. Though Lebowski Fest is technically outlawed by the Sense Nexus, this year is the largest festival ever recorded, boasting some 812,000 sapient attendees and some 1.7 million neural-neuter semi-sapient drones. Devoted followers of the Big Lebowski have splintered into many different factions, often only communicating on this one day of the solar calendar. From the opening of festivities, with the ceremonial incineration of the Hated Eagles sculpture, it seems as if the tension may boil over into sectarian violence.



A single man clad in the tan robe of the True Order of Abidement emerges beneath the pillars of Sobchak to give the commencement address. He is stooped with age and his long beard drags through the ceremonial moat of Kahlua and a substance secreted from the walls that is chemically identical to half and half. A mass of people shuffle and murmur in the massive auditorium. The speaker's voice seems feeble as he begins to speak. The organic amplifiers quickly adjust with a hiss of escaping steam.

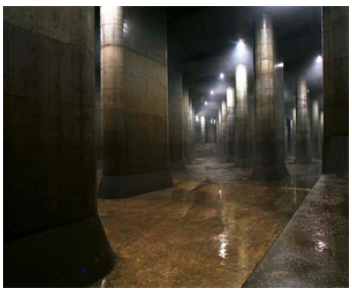
"Greetings, to all of you, and may the blessings of the Dude be upon you. I hope you have abided well."

"It is good to see so many brothers and sisters. I know that many of you have made arduous journeys to be with us today. The Atomic Donnies made the pilgrimage from the Scrap Blight of Numerica.

The venerable Mecha Jesus was decanted from his hypnoflask over 100 days and transported by Chthonic Shuttle. The Maudeites, so good to see them all here at once, have descended from the Autodidactic Precipice at a great cost in life and limb. Thank you, everyone."

"We must begin today by mourning the loss of more than 30,000 sapients and sub-sapients from the rock gizzard on tier 6 digestion. An unexpected hemorrhage of structural lymph washed them into the main grinders. They were friends, coworkers, sons, daughters, mothers, fathers, logarithmic twitch hustlers, leechsires, gene stokers, goo dogs, and flail-bodied agonists. I would like to honor them by quoting the ancient scripture. In the words of Prophet Sobchek..."

"'Donny was a good bowler, and a good man. He served his work clan and honored the Sense Boss. He was a man who loved the Sense Nexus... and bowling, and as a man who rides upon the ocean he explored the beaches of West Numerica, from the Pitiless Shoals of the Iron That Hungers to the Cursed Foundry of the Wise Daggers and... up to... Pismo. He died, like so many young men of his generation, he died before his time.'"



"'In your wisdom, Dude, you took him, as you took so many bright flowering sapients at various locations in what is now the Trance Camps of the Labor Caste. These young men gave their lives. And so would Donny. Donny, who loved bowling. And so, Theodore Donald Karabotsos, in accordance with the dying wishes extracted from your putrefying lobes, and the immutable edict of Viceroy Lao, we commit your final mortal remains to renutrifaction, so that your calories may feed the bellies of the next generation, which you loved so well. Good night, sweet prince.'"

"Thank you for your understanding. Before we begin the festivities a few messages must be relayed about events and conduct. We have asked the Sobchakoviks to disarm their burrow casters until after the festivities. We know you are a non-violent sect, but brandishing burrow casters risks accidentally discharging a grub into one of your fellow attendees."

"The Maudeites have invited members of all seventeen genders to visit them in their tent. After a quick inspection from their physician you will be allowed to reproduce with them. The Fundamentalist Allans would appreciate you attend their performance this afternoon at two. Please do not try to speak to them after the performance, their beliefs only allow them to speak the words Allan spoke in the original text."

"If you would like to give the money to the nihilists, they do not care. They might accept it or they might cast you down into the ore spiracles where you will surely be devoured by the savage tribes of radioactive slag dwellers. "

"Lastly, bowling will be available for two hours in the Scabrous Arch. Do not agitate the polymer witch. This is her home and she is generously disentangling herself from her webbing to allow us to play bowling. If she injects you with paralyzing venom and extracts the polymers your body it is only because it is in her nature."

"Now, in the immortal words of the Dude, 'Strikes and gutters, ups and downs.' Let Lewbowski Fest commence."

The ceremonial Uzis are dropped and they spin on the ground firing randomly into the crowd. A steady screaming commences from the sub-sapient labor ogre dressed as Knox Harrington.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.26 Subj: SEND A "RATGRAM"

Tuesday, Jul 30, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! My smash hit home business "RatsPlus" is getting ready to launch our newest most exciting service yet. i am about to put a big ad in the paper and it's going to take up the whole page or maybe 2 pages because there's a lot of info. check it out and let me know if you are interested because i can get you a good deal on the rats. here is the ad:

HELLO RAT LOVERS!!! Look, we've all been there, sitting around the kitchen table and wondering about our rat budget. you've probably thought, "If I Can Barely Afford My Own Rats, How Am I Supposed To Give The Gift Of Rats To Others?" That's where ***RATGRAM*** comes in!!! ***RATGRAM*** makes it simple to share the rats with any home or office!! here's how it works.

"Give The Rats"

You pay the small ***RATGRAM*** fee and tell us who gets the rats. yours truly will show up dressed as a vacuum salesman and woo the person with my Vac Passion. it's no big deal i already have all the stuff. "Why Yes Hello Madam I'm Here To Sell You This Vacuum. Please Let Me In" is what i will say. then once inside i will talk a lot about waterfalls, creeks, streams and rivers to get the mother nature flowing. before you know it, someone is going to have to pay a call to the rest room!!

when either the recipient or myself gets up to go, i will open the vacuum canister and release a breeding pair of rats into the home. they will then begin the exciting nesting and breeding process and before you know it those babies will begin making babies of their own, and you will have sent your very first ***RATGRAM*** and none will be the wiser! if they come back and say "Oh My Goodness I Just Saw A Rat" i will say "Big Deal! I Don't Care" so they won't know it was me and won't associate me with the rat sighting

for more budget-conscious rat heads, there is also ***RATGRAM*** BASIC. ***RATGRAM*** BASIC works just like ***RATGRAM*** but i leave the nice suit and vacuum at home and show up in my normal clothes. when the recipient answers the door, I will gently "kick" the air toward them (not threatening) and a pair of rats will fly out of my pant leg and into the room. before the recipient knows what happened, the rats will have scurried away to safety and Yours Truly will be running away at full speed. "***RATGRAM***: It Gets The Rats In"

Make the "Rat" choice! Send a ***RATGRAM*** today!!!

RATGRAM: I'VE GOT SO MANY RATS

–~Dad (@fart)

7.27 SkyMall Product Reviews: Skull Sculpture

Wednesday, Jul 31, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Ever wondered what makes things "go bump in the night?" This devilish creature by artist Moore is the boast of graveyard tales with its monstrously curled horns, spiked canines and forked tongue. It is cast in quality designer resin exclusively for Toscano and hand-painted to Gothic perfection.

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By PontoonPete from Yakima, WA

Works as advertised, but mom hates it. I tried sawing the horns off to make it more appealing, but she still doesn't like it. I guess I'm going to try putting sunglasses over it and hope she agrees to come out of her room finally.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By FlyGuy from North Platte, NE

Not very realistic. Skulls don't have horns. Duh. I don't know why anyone would want a non-realistic skull. There is literally no reason to own a non-realistic human skull. I thought the fangs and horns were smudges on my copy of the magazine, and not actually real.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By theatrebug from Oswego, NY

Ruined Hamlet. Used this skull for the part of Yorick but it was way too distracting with the horns and fangs and bright tongue. I have been uninvited from any future productions of Laser Shakespeare in the Park. I hold SkyMall personally accountable for ruining my theatrical aspirations.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By George from Casper, WY

My name is George and I bought this skull for my wife. My favorite food is mashed potatoes and my favorite animal is the horse. Thank you for your time.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By lilcrabguy from King of Prussia, PA

Wow. I didn't think SkyMall was being serious with this one. I mean a fanged skull with horns? Figured it was a joke, so I ordered three. Well, the joke is on me because now I have three fanged skulls with horns and nobody at the swap meet will take 'em off my hands.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By CouponDad from Shreveport, LA

Very comforting and encouraging. It has a terrifying appearance, but you can just put a blanket over top and it will still whisper words of support to you. Way better than a therapist, and understands me better than anyone.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By mommyblogging4life from Greensboro, NC

These skulls are absolutely not suitable for children. They depict a horrible, demonic creature that is sacrilegious and offensive to Christians. I sincerely regret ever buying one.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Hot_Rod from Grand Rapids, MI

Don't get any bright ideas. OK, first of all, those teeth are very sharp, and that tongue isn't exactly moist or malleable. This is pretty much just a decoration, and not a very appealing one at that. ONCE AGAIN, SkyMall fails to deliver a truly functional sculpture that does what it looks like it should do.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By WiccanDude from Santa Fe, NM

As far as horned skulls go, this is definitely one of the nicer models. It's got a lot of passion and spirit you can see. You can totally imagine this guy just screaming "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH" or maybe laughing manically nonstop. He also looks great on about any altar you can build. There are a lot of other skull sculptures available on SkyMall, but this one remains my favorite. My common law wife, who is disabled, does not like it, which is why I keep it in the shed with the

lawnmower.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By frequentfryer from Gainesville, FL.

BROKE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. Like within five minutes of taking it out of the box and having my brother in law Shaun throw it at head, the thing was on the floor in a million pieces. Thanks for all the dumb skull pieces, SkyMall. Real scary.

Age: 36-40

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Sobriety vs. Demonic Toys

Thursday, Aug 01, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

You're sitting in your coworker Lana's apartment. Lana, her girlfriend and your girlfriend are all there, and you're all watching Demonic Toys. You all just got out of work at Burger Hub and are drinking to forget the night's events - you accidentally hooked up the soda machine's CO2 line to a propane tank, making several customers spontaneously combust.

"This movie should be called 'Moronic Toys,'" Lana says, dropping Empathy tablets in her drink like they're ice cubes (Empathy is a designer drug that gives the brief sensation of caring about others, followed by disgust). You laugh at her contextual humor, the context being that she's beautiful, with brown hair, smooth skin and an overweight body that you often fantasize about sitting on you, crushing you like a thumb crushing an insect. She has an arm around her girlfriend, who she met at Burger Hub when she (Lana's girlfriend) had a heart attack and Lana saw the lesbian-symbol tattoo on her chest while defibrillating her.

Sitting next to you, opposite Lana, is your girlfriend. She's naked and covered in blood because she's an adult abortion (an offshoot of the adult baby subculture). Her umbilical cord stretches out the door, down the hall and into the parking lot, beyond which it could go pretty much anywhere.

"The scene where the homeless girl climbs out of the air duct to tell the other protagonists the toys are demonic reminds me of our dates," she says, referring to how she climbs out the first drive-thru window at Burger Hub into your car, has sex with you in the drive-thru line, then climbs back into the store through the second window. You've always thought of these "dates" as a dig at your sexual prowess (the average wait time between windows is 60 seconds), but she maintains that the climbing-out-one-aperture-into-another routine is a way of coming to terms with her traumatic first birth. Her mother is a lesbian and unknowingly gave birth to her while having sex with her girlfriend, so she ended up trapped in her mother's girlfriend's womb for a month. Still, she knows the reference upsets you and probably made it as revenge for forgetting the second of her two birthdays.

"How did you become a lesbian?" you ask Lana, knowing your girlfriend hates references to lesbianism.

"Every time a person is conceived a male and a female soul play cards in a dollhouse on the astral plane to determine the person's sex," Lana says. "If the game is a draw, the person gets both souls and becomes a homosexual. That's why Christians hate us: not because we have no souls but because we have too many. For every one of us there's someone born without a soul who becomes a serial killer or communications major."

Lana offers you some Empathy, but you've sworn off the drug since the time you took it by yourself and started caring about air molecules and stopped breathing. As she takes the remaining pills you fantasize about being a pill

and exploring her body. You float down her digestive tract, a long, dingy passage smelling of stale food (like her apartment hallway, except vertical), past stomach microbes who are still contemplative from the mushrooms Lana took yesterday and are pondering the world outside this intestinal cave. They agree that whatever's out there involves an evil doll and scary jack-in-the-box music.

On the screen, the demonic jack-in-the-box opens and everyone jumps. You once told your girlfriend that fear is the opposite of sex because it climaxes instantly. She replied that in your case there isn't much difference.

The poor quality of the tape makes it look less like a movie and more like a director's half-formed idea for one. After a few drinks the room looks the same way, making you forget which side of the screen you're on. You become the demonic toy warehouse's ex-army security guard, sitting in your office and crying, not because you're scared of the demonic toys but because of the sheer variety of demonic toys in the civilian world. In Korea, you were lucky to get a demonic hanji doll made of bark and toilet paper.

Back in Lana's apartment you stumble into the bathroom, wishing you'd get murdered by demonic toys, the way we all wish our lives were more like movies. The bathroom window is across the street from Burger Hub. An inflatable statue of Princess Puff (the restaurant's mascot, named after its trademark Eel Puffs) stares into the building like it's a dollhouse.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.2 Ask Ryan Gosling's Character in "Only God Forgives"

Friday, Aug 02, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives,

I run a weird, underground fighting competition and I like to bet on fighters. When I win money I sometimes take that money and spend it on women. It has gotten me into more than a little bit of trouble, but I don't know how to control my urges. What should I do?

Troubled in Thailand

Dear Troubled in Thailand,

Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives

Dear Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives,

I am struggling to keep my family together. My husband is dead, I think something terrible has happened to one of my sons, and my other son keeps running away from his problems. I just want him to handle things for me. Do you think he can do that?

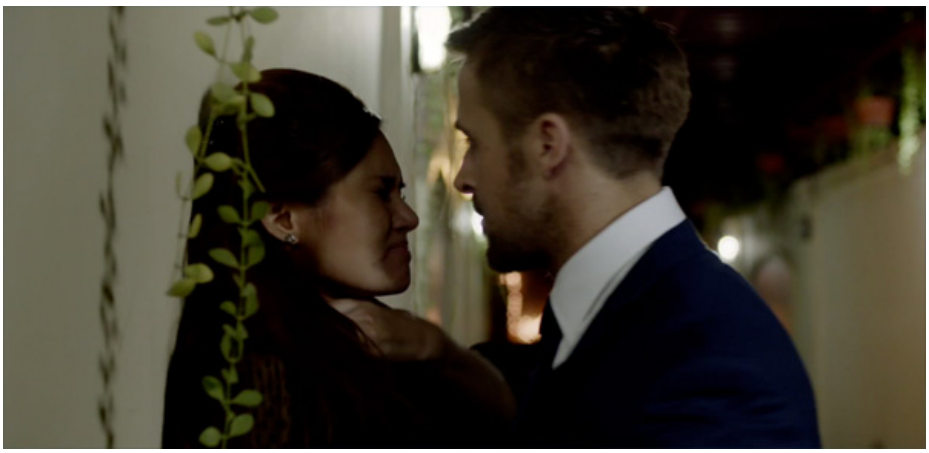
Miserable Mom

Dear Miserable Mom,

Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives

> Dear Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives,
>
> I work as a hostess in Thailand. I don't really have any problems. I like to sing karaoke for you. Would you like that?
>
> Beautiful in Bangkok

Dear Beautiful in Bangkok



You're talking about my mother, aren't you? Don't you say another word about my mother. If you want to draw another breath, **DON'T YOU DARE SAY ANOTHER FUCKING WORD. Now TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES. NOWWWW!**

Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives

Dear Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives,

I am just a little girl trying to get some studying done in my house. I don't me anybody any harm. Sometimes I am afraid. It seems like people are out to get me. I know that makes papa worry. Is there anything I can do to help be safer?

Grateful in Grade School

Dear Grateful in Grade School,

Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives

> Dear Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives,
>
> I am an indefatigable force that dispenses justice. I see the truth in every situation and I ruthlessly dispatch those who would corrupt my city. I am incorruptible. I have a really sharp sword. I like to sing karaoke for you. Are we on the same page on this one?
>
> *Pitiless Policeman*

Dear Pitiless Policeman,

Ryan Gosling's Character in Only God Forgives

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.3 Fez 2 Wasn't The Only Game Canceled Under Bizarre Circumstances

Saturday, Aug 03, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Phil Fish designed a video game called Fez. Most people seemed to like it well enough. Fish then went on to annoy a lot of people, overreact to their overreactions, and occasionally work on a sequel to Fez. Now that game has been canceled. Was it due to budgetary reasons or copyright issues? Did Phil Fish have a moment of clarity, realizing that he was making yet another a puzzle-based indie platformer? No, the project was scrapped because of this:

Phil Fish, the internet, and a member of the enthusiast press calling himself "Annoyed Gamer" were all jerks.

These three horrible fronts converged on Twitter, where they engaged in a very stupid internet slap fight. The internet, containing a greater number of jerks, was too large for Phil Fish's otherwise impressive jerk factor to overcome. It soon became clear that every dumb insult Fish tossed out would be returned tenfold. The only sensible option was to stop egging other people on. Naturally, Fish decided to cancel Fez 2 instead, leaving the video game industry and declaring the whole thing to be full of jerks from top to bottom. As he departed, Fish told someone to kill themselves and pointed out that he was a trending topic.

This actually happened. If the whole thing seems a little, I don't know, stupid and childish, that's because it is. But it's hardly the strangest video game cancellation in recent months.

- A few short weeks ago, Hideo Kojima was walking home with an ice cream cone in each hand. He came across an anvil suspended by a rope. Not wanting to go around this unusual obstacle, Kojima sent the anvil swinging away with a mighty kick, then stood in place with an ice cream-smeared smirk to admire his ingenuity. Moments later the anvil came back, knocking Kojima over and ruining his ice cream cones.
  Within an hour, Kojima held a press conference to announce that he was fed up with the video game industry. No one would get to play Metal Gear Solid V, because everyone had been bad and they should have felt very sorry. It was such a great game, too, lamented Kojima, shaking his head sadly while addressing a room full of anvils suspended over chairs.

- Shortly after this year's E3, Bungie announced the closure of its studio (and subsequently the cancellation of its upcoming sci-fi shooter Destiny) after founder Jason Jones pushed the handle of a door labeled "pull to open".

- Development on Dragon Age 3 came to an abrupt end in March after Cliff Bleszinski attempted to sit down, misjudging the location of his chair and landing directly on his tailbone. Although Cliff was not an employee of BioWare or even remotely related to the project, his grievance needed to be redressed. A video game had to be canceled and Dragon Age 3 was the most logical target.

- A young lady waved at Yves Guillemot. As the Ubisoft CEO waved back enthusiastically, he realized that the woman had been waving to someone directly behind him. Assassin's Creed IV and Watch Dogs were immediately terminated, and the Frag Dolls were disbanded.
- Rockstar Games' Dan Houser cut someone off in traffic just last week, laughing as he flipped them off. Moments later, that person pulled ahead of him and cut him off in retaliation. As Houser slammed on the brakes, the vanity license plate before his eyes came into focus: MadDrvr. A frustrated Houser laid into his horn. Every car on the road did the same, drowning him out. His ears bleeding, Houser called his office to announce that he wasn't coming in ever again, and that Grand Theft Auto V would have to be scrapped.
- Sony CEO Kaz Hirai tried to catch a basketball, but it bounced off the tip of one of his fingers and stoved it pretty bad. The PlayStation 4 was immediately canceled.
- The follow-up to 2012's reboot of Tomb Raider was squashed when writer Rhianna Pratchett loaded Gmail and was asked to log in even though she had just visited the site like five minutes earlier.
- Double Fine's Brad Muir was frightened by a loud bang. As it turned out the sound was just a precariously balanced book falling off a shelf, but Muir immediately canceled the studio's tactical role-playing game Massive Chalice and sent a personalized memo reading "thanks for the lunch money, nerd" to every person that had funded the Kickstarter.
- All PC games for the rest of time were canceled after Gabe Newell felt like he had to sneeze, but couldn't.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.4 I'm Looking to Hire Some Pretty Tough Dudes to Bust Up a Road House

Monday, Aug 05, 2013 by Brad Wesley (@sexyfacts4u)

Not going to waste your time. My name is Brad Wesley, I run this town, and I am looking for some muscle. I've got my eye on a half dozen thicked up toughs who know their way around three feet of Kentucky pine. Men who think breaking glass is a lullaby and don't mind hitting a waitress in a bar fight. I need thugs, do you understand?

There is a road house in Jasper called the Double Deuce. I don't much care for it and the flagrant way their cooler, this Dalton character, has been treating some of my boys. It's time to teach him a lesson about this town, and I am looking for six to ten men to help me send that message.

I'm not picky. I'll take all types.

- Big fat guys in suspenders.

- Cool guys with cool hair in cool jackets wearing cool as heck aviators.
- Twin buff brothers with headbands.
- A sort of skinny guy who carries around a chain.
- The guy who never wears a shirt.
- A guy with a big black mullet who might be Mexican.
- The one black guy.

Do you have a mustache? Keep it. I like it. Don't have one? Grow one. Or not. It's your business. That's the sort of boss I am. Bring your own style. Wear what you like is the whole of the dress code. You want to wear a vest with no shirt underneath it? Go wild, my friend. You got some children's t-shirts you want to stretch over those buff muscles? Let's see 'em. If you want to wear some filthy blue jeans and nothing else that is fine be me so long as you have a wicked roundhouse kick. Put a shark's tooth necklace on. Strap a big bowie knife to your belt. Tie strings around your biceps like Hulk Hogan.

If you look like the sort of long haul trucker who would stumble out of his cab after pulling 24 straight on the road and take a bottle to the face without missing a beat, then you are the sort of man I am looking for. The pay won't be good. There will be lots of standing around at my ranch and watching me get on and off of helicopters. You might be called upon to beat up a woman or set fire to something. I don't know the specifics. Haven't made up my mind on that yet. Be flexible. Be the sort of guy who can kidnap a child to get somebody to leave town or just bust up a truck.

Belligerence a MUST.

Drunken mayhem is your number one job. Am I looking for professional fighters? Martial artists? Not necessary. You don't even need basic boxing skills. Just swing haymakers wildly and break things. I need brawlers. I need you to scare away musical acts and hassle liquor deliveries. Menace the guy who brings the pickle bucket to Double Deuce once a month. Break someone's face open onto all their unpopped popcorn. Light matches in shoes, slash up the posters on their walls and unscrew the tops of the salt shakers. Put a bartender in the hospital.

You might be asking why do all this? Why bother extorting this one lousy road house and risk losing my fortune?

It's called the broken window theory. If I let one road house have fun and operate without extorting them, pretty soon every other road house in Jasper thinks they can get away with it. The barbers and roller rinks and greasy spoons and both veterinarians are ignoring my threats. There goes my ten percent. There goes my fortune of almost six figures a year. I need you to help me make an example out of the Double Deuce to preserve the order. I run this town and I won't let Dalton forget it.

The odds of some lone internationally famous bouncer punching his way through all of you to get to me, and seriously injuring or killing you in the process, is very unlikely. However, if it makes you feel better, I am willing to insure your throat against possible ripping.

–∼Brad Wesley (@sexyfacts4u)

8.5 Alex Rodriguez, did you eat my Pizza Rolls?

Tuesday, Aug 06, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Hey Alex, Ronnie and I think you've been a great roommate, but we need to talk.
First of all, thank you both for coming in my bedroom. I wish it was under different circumstances. I just want to express to you that the last forty minutes have been a nightmare. Probably the worst time of my life.

Jesus. I was just going to ask if you ate my Pizza Rolls, but forget it. What's wrong?
The roof of my mouth is a giant blister. I feel like I was eleven years old watching Darkwing Duck in my mom's basement eating miniature pizza bites of lava.

So that's a yes?
I'm not going to get into any of that today. I think I'm disappointed with your accusation, of course. That's as much as I feel comfortable with right now.

You're disappointed, but you don't deny it?
Like I said, we'll have a forum to discuss the eating of the Pizza Rolls, and we'll talk about it then.

We're roommates, Alex. Just tell me.
I'm so focused on my responsibilities to you and Ronnie. I got rent to pay, dishes to do. I'm playing Dota2 again. This has been the toughest fight of my life.

What are you even talking about? Do you care at all that they weren't your Pizza Rolls?
You know, I got to tell you, I haven't really thought that far ahead. I hope we have a little bit of a timeout from this and give Ronnie a chance to focus on all the other great pizza related stories.

This isn't about Ronnie, this is about you.
I'm a huge pizza fan.

Look, if you didn't eat the Pizza Rolls, why don't you just say?
There are a lot of things that have been thrown to the wall, and I think when the time is right, I will say everything. I don't think the time is right now.

When you used all of our peanut butter for squirrel feeders, you told Ronnie you this wouldn't happen again. What's he supposed to think now?
Ronnie, please have some patience. Let this Pizza Roll thing play out. In due time, we'll have an opportunity to reset.

Alex, are there any decisions or anything you regret?
Are you talking about specifics?

Today. Pizza Rolls. You eating them.
Look, there's nothing about this that's easy. All of it has been challenging. I'm sure there's been mistakes made. We're here now. I'm a human being. I've had two wisdom teeth removed. I have a sunburn. I'm fighting for my life. This is America.

You know what? Forget it. You're a terrible human and a worse liar.
I'm just excited to go to the kitchen and prove to you and myself that I can still eat lunch at a high level.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.6 An Overview of the NBA's Secret Surveillance Program (Codename H.A.N.D.L.E.S.)

Wednesday, Aug 07, 2013 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

> *"Everything that has been said, and whatever details emerge in the coming weeks, the only statement I will make is that all action described had been briefed to and approved by the NBPA throughout the entire length of the program, and that this program has broad approval from both the Western and the Eastern Conferences."* - David Stern, July 29, 2013
>
> *"Say what you will about this program, but know this: it is a slam dunk."* - Karl Malone, co-head of the H.A.N.D.L.E.S. surveillance program

What is this surveillance program?

Although the program was initially created as a way to foster a better relationship between the players and the fans, the current program is a wide-scale data-mining and tapping effort in which the NBA, in collaboration with the nine major U.S. internet companies and phone-service providers, has access to millions of individuals' emails, photos, videos, documents and phone records.

When did this begin?

The program was created in late 2004 by Ron Artest (now Metta World Peace) as a way for him to improve his relations with the fans after the infamous "Malice in the Palace" incident in which he fist-fought an entire arena. With approval from David Stern, Ron Artest was allowed to get on the internet and browse various message boards and social-media websites to see what people thought about him. It proceeded in this function for three years, with Ron Artest compiling an .rtf file of all the comments made about him and forwarding it to, for an undisclosed reason, former Utah Jazz point guard John Stockton.*

**When Mr. Stockton was pressed for a comment on his involvement in the program, his former teammate Karl Malone appeared to set a pick for him, and Mr. Stockton was able to run out the door unfollowed. A few reporters allegedly 'caught elbows' during this ordeal.*

So what changed?

The exact circumstances are unknown. What *is* known is that late one night Ron Artest was at a nightclub event sponsored by WORLDSTAR HIP HOP. He was reported to have been acting "extremely Ron Artest-y" that evening, hanging out with WORLDSTAR management as well as his best friend, Detlef Schrempf. Shortly thereafter, WORLDSTAR surrendered all of its user information to Ron Artest. When NBA commissioner David Stern was notified of this, he attempted

to restrict Ron Artest's internet access, but he was reportedly confronted for a cloak-and-dagger night-time meeting by John Stockton and Karl Malone, and shortly thereafter the H.A.N.D.L.E.S. program was founded.

> *"If you ask me, it was because they were never champions. I believed it poisoned their minds. I believe it drove them mad. I felt the taste myself. I understand the thirst for power when I stare at my unjeweled fingers."* - Jeff 'Horny' Hornacek, July 29, 2013
>
> *"WORLDSTAR! WORLDSTAR! WORLDSTAR!"* -Official Statement released by WORLDSTAR HIP HOP, July 27, 2013

What is the H.A.N.D.L.E.S. program?

> *"H.A.N.D.L.E.S., Highly Analytical NBA Data Liberation Emboldening Sports."* - Leaked H.A.N.D.L.E.S. handbook

The H.A.N.D.L.E.S. organization was formed within the NBA in late 2007, and was marked as highly classified and top-secret. John Stockton quickly excluded Ron Artest from sensitive management details of the program. The original lineup featured John Stockton, Karl Malone, Detlef Schrempf, and Ron Artest. However, because of the team-of-five-based mentality of old NBA players (they have to do everything in fives, and the height has to be stratified enough to satisfy their ex-basketball comfort levels), they needed someone to play the role of "Center." They recruited Bryant "Big Country" Reeves into the lineup due to his status as a seven-footer as well as his noted amorality.

When the team was assembled, using WORLDSTAR as a platform, the floor general Stockton led his team on a mission involving intimidation, legal nuance, and sinister deal-breaking with various websites, web providers, phone-service providers and basketball-apparel companies. Whether David Stern was aware of this at this point was unknown, but the organization was running under the authority of the NBA as approved by him.

> *"The H.A.N.D.L.E.S. program never looked into the information of the average fan. The metadata was mined to look for threats to our players, the identifying of negative press, and the identification of insults against our athletes ... and former athletes."* - Bryant "Big Country" Reeves, July 28, 2013

Some of the search terms that have been uncovered:

- "Bryant Reeves is a country Incest Golem who deserves to ring bell towers his whole life."
- "Bryant Reeves XYY syndrome monster man lumber face."
- "Detlef Schrempf oldest stillborn baby. Detlef Schrempf oldest man in prenatal care."
- "John Stockton's Dick Ends In A Big Elbow."
- "Karl Malone Accidentally Respects A Woman In Huge Scandal."

> "*Only God should have that power.*" - Ron Artest, July 28, 2013
>
> *"Basketball is God. I'm a baller. You cannot tell me I am not Godly. You literally cannot tell me this."* - Ron Artest, July 29, 2013

How did we find out?

On July 23, a packet detailing the program and its activities were leaked to various news outlets. On July 25, Detlef Schrempf's mangled corpse was found floating in the Great Salt Lake, and he was outed as the source of the leaks by reporter J.A. Adande. The coroner who performed the autopsy

believes that the cause of death was "most likely an absolutely bone-crushing, probably mid-court screen. He, undoubtedly, never saw it coming."

Thanks to **Ian "BFM" Helm** for the photo illustrations. Look for new installments of his Monstergeddon (design) and Groggery Gibbonman (writer/design) franchises in the next month!

–~Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

8.7 You Kids Have Gotta Stop Googling Terrorist Stuff

Thursday, Aug 08, 2013 by Officer Cudgen

Over the past decade, you might say things have gotten a little complicated for old Officer Cudgen. Because my Jeep-specific motion sickness kept me from serving The United States during Operation Desert Storm, I turned to our local police force two decades ago, and they trusted me to remain motionless in a squad car for up to 12 hours a shift -- sometimes 18 if I fell asleep. I never caught a single perp breaking into that abandoned bingo supply warehouse, but I never saw one, either, so I guess I batted a solid 1000, statistics-wise. But on that fateful day America lost its innocence, I, too, lost something: years of quality time with my good buddy AM radio.

Now, I'm not going to say the Patriot Act hasn't done amazing things for us. We've got an entire garage full of military-grade weapons I personally can't wait to try out at the next campus sit-in. And the closing of schools, libraries, and youth centers to boost the police force's budget has certainly nipped our county's skateboarding problem in the bud. So there are perks to this new arrangement, even if it means being stuck in a firing range all day lighting up mannequins with our new heat ray instead of settling back into the naugahyde and letting Sean Hannity take me on a journey. But our hypersensitive world situation means every terrorist threat now needs investigating, even when they're generated by goofballs and pinheads with nothing better to do.

Kids, you ever run around in full S.W.A.T. armor? It's hot. The movies may make it look glamorous, but each of those guys is trapped in a kevlar oven, roasting in their own juices. So when some joker Googles "pipe bombs" and "good places to put pipe bombs," me and about 12 other guys have to suit up and head over just in case one of the thousand threats we intercept every day turns out to be real. Sure, I can understand some mix-ups. Just the other week we got a call about some anthrax discussion happening at a certain IP address, and when we smash down the door, what do you think we found? A cabal of Al-Qaeda loyalists? No. A bunch of damn teenagers looking up some rock band. I executed their dog on the spot for advanced friskiness, and passed on a few of alternate, police-friendly musical recommendations, including John "Cougar" Mellancamp's American Fool. I'm sure it wasn't easy to clean up all of that blood and fur, but I let those kids know "Jack and Diane" always puts me in a good place.

Sometimes, though, it's not so innocent. I'm not sure why you kids are so fixated on weapons these days, but we get some real nuts Googling and Binging their hearts out to see what high-tech offensive

gear they can summon to their homes. I'll tell you this: look up the parts for a hydrogen bomb, and you might get to see a tank roll through your front yard -- but Officer Cudgen isn't going to be too happy about it. Sure, you might be able to get a picture of yourself sitting on the turret, but don't expect the city to foot the bill for anything we roll over in our relentless pursuit of justice. And that includes entire birthday parties, just in case your parents can't afford a clown and are looking for a way to entertain or intimidate a group of rowdy eleven year-olds.

Kids, I'm not going to lie: this is the situation we're looking at for the rest of our natural lives. I'm not any happier about it than you, but the least you can do is think about poor Officer Cudgen's back condition caused by prolonged exposure to taxi beads. So the next time you want to express an idea, just ask, "What would my buddy Officer Cudgen think of this?" If you guys would just stop saying and doing anything, it would make my life a hell of a lot easier.

–∼Officer Cudgen

8.8 A Hero's Journey: Riddick

Friday, Aug 09, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder: fabulous forces are there encountered and a decisive victory is won: the hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man."

- Joseph Campbell, "The Hero with a Thousand Faces"

"I'm Hell's messenger. Name's Riddick."

- Riddick, "The Chronicles of Riddick: Escape from Dark Athena"

1. THE ORDINARY WORLD. The hero, uneasy, uncomfortable or unaware, is introduced sympathetically so the audience can identify with the situation or dilemma. The hero is shown against a background of environment, heredity, and personal history. Some kind of polarity in the hero's life is pulling in different directions and causing stress.

[Searching space ships sweep lights over steam-venting fissures in the industrial wasteland. A shadowy figure parkours from one junk pile to the next. He stops in darkness. Waits a beat. His eyes gleam silver.]

RIDDICK: Mutilus IV. Seen some ugly rocks in this sector, but none as ugly as Mutilus. Fourteen billion sump mutants and scum bag bounty hunters and every one of them wants a piece of me. They say that it's the most dangerous planet in the whole 'verse.

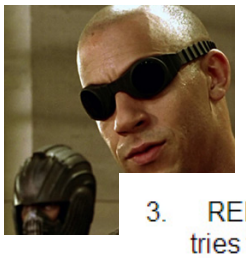
[Riddick leaps down silently behind a bounty hunter.]

RIDDICK: Maybe they're right. I'm here.

[Riddick snaps the bounty hunter's neck and drags his body.]

[Alien cremalisks swoop down through the ashy skies and scream as they blast cones of superheated magma breath on the surrounding colony. Tracers of anti-aircraft blasters harmlessly sputter through the air. Riddick watches the sight of a massive cremalisk incinerating a hyper truck. It explodes and shrapnel nearly decapitates Riddick.]

2. THE CALL TO ADVENTURE. Something shakes up the situation, either from external pressures or from something rising up from deep within, so the hero must face the beginnings of change.



RIDDICK: Bad idea.

[He leaps into the air and pulls the cremalisk to the ground. Its neck snaps and its head flops lifeless onto the ground. Onlookers cheer Riddick. He puts his goggles on and walks away ignoring the cheers.]

3. REFUSAL OF THE CALL. The hero feels the fear of the unknown and tries to turn away from the adventure, however briefly. Alternately, another character may express the uncertainty and danger ahead.

[Riddick stands in the smoky war bunker looking at the haggard troopers and the civilians. A stern and handsome woman approaches him.]

WOMAN: You did pretty good out there.

RIDDICK: I've seen this before. Hepatitis IX.

WOMAN: You know how to kill them.

RIDDICK: Everything dies.

WOMAN: You have to help us!

RIDDICK: Not my fight.

WOMAN: Please. You must! You saw what they did to the colony.

[Riddick's eyes flash.]

RIDDICK: Bad things happen all the time. Get used to it. Now if you'll excuse me [puts on goggles] I have a ship to catch.

[Riddick walks out of the bunker and into the ruins of the city.]

4. MEETING WITH THE MENTOR. The hero comes across a seasoned traveler of the worlds who gives him or her training, equipment, or advice that will help on the journey. Or the hero reaches within to a source of courage and wisdom.

[Riddick eyes the bounty hunter, Reemes, with casual intensity. Like a lounging cobra. Although Riddick is restrained in a paralyzer harness it is Reemes who seems on the defensive with his posture.]

RIDDICK: Ghosted hunters with more bounties on their belt than your whole crew, Reemes.

REEMES: You're the one there and I'm the one here.

RIDDICK: For now.

REEMES: [Leaning closer] I'm not afraid of you, Riddick.

[Riddick lashes out and head-butts Reemes, killing him instantly and brutally.]

RIDDICK: Now you're the one there and I'm here.

[Riddick easily breaks out of the paralyzer harness.]

5. CROSSING THE THRESHOLD. At the end of Act One, the hero commits to leaving the Ordinary World and entering a new region or condition with unfamiliar rules and values.

[Reemes' crew is either dead or unconscious and Riddick sits behind the controls of his ship. He changes course from Stabitarrius IV to Furya.]

RIDDICK (V.O.): I never counted on getting involved up to my guts, but some debts have to be settled. Blood debts. Vacetti was counting on that to bring me back to Furya. I didn't want to disappoint him or all his blood.

[Reemes' ship warps through space.]

6. TESTS, ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The hero is tested and sorts out allegiances in the Special World.

[Riddick kills several dozen resurrected Furyans leaving their bodies strewn across the space port. Vacetti's men retreat, but Riddick appears behind each, like an angry fart, and he snaps their necks. Soon, only Vacetti remains.]

RIDDICK: I've punched the bones out of bigger dicks than you.

VACETTI: You think I wanted to bring you here? Ha ha! They made me do it!

RIDDICK: Who?

VACETTI: The Machariels.

[Vacetti points. Faceless angel monsters appear with huge swords that glow with smoke.]

RIDDICK. [Puts on goggles.] Oh.

7. APPROACH. The hero and newfound allies prepare for the major challenge in the Special world.

[Riddick looks at the glowing Machariel sword in his hand. He tests its weight. He spins it and flips it around and appears to know exactly how to use the giant sword.]

RIDDICK: It'll do.

8. THE ORDEAL. Near the middle of the story, the hero enters a central space in the Special World and confronts death or faces his or her greatest fear. Out of the moment of death comes a new life.

[Boglath, Devourer of Furya, grips Riddick by his throat, lifting him up off the ground. Smoke glows off Boglath's body. His faceless head tilts to one side and Riddick's face begins to appear on the surface as Boglath eats Riddick's life force.]

BOGLATH: Your hatred is sweet.

RIDDICK: Tell me how this tastes.

[Kicks a knife into Boglath's head.]

9. THE REWARD. The hero takes possession of the treasure won by facing death. There may be celebration, but there is also danger of losing the treasure again.

[Riddick flexes his double muscles. The Machariel Nephilim Guard swoop in around him. They are numberless. Riddick floats into the air. His eyes glowing. Lightning crackles around him. Int he cathedral windows planets are visible being smashed apart by the black beams of the Revelation Hammers.]

RIDDICK: Let's dance.

10. THE ROAD BACK. About three-fourths of the way through the story, the hero is driven to complete the adventure, leaving the Special World to be sure the treasure is brought home. Often a chase scene signals the urgency and danger of the mission.

[The Machariel battleship breaks apart, flaming wreckage burning up in the atmosphere of the blue planet below. Riddick, surrounded by a bubble of his pure willpower, drifts untouched by the calamity and lands on a floating asteroid.]

RIDDICK: Shouldn't have messed with me.

[The main core of the flagship detonates in a massive white light. Riddick puts on his goggles.]

11. THE RESURRECTION. At the climax, the hero is severely tested once more on the threshold of home. He or she is purified by a last sacrifice, another moment of death and rebirth, but on a higher and more complete level. By the hero's action, the polarities that were in conflict at the beginning are finally resolved.

[Riddick hurls Ultra Boglath into the sun. The resurrected Machariel explodes. A solar flare envelopes Riddick. He seems to be dead, but then he parkours expertly out of the sun on a pillar of white fire.]

RIDDICK: I warned you.

Riddick: They'll be back. They always come back. But next time...

[The camera pans back as we see Riddick waving his arms and the planet of Furya reforming into a single planet and all the Furyans coming back to life to fight on Riddick's side. They do the Furya salute and assume karate poses.]

12. RETURN WITH THE ELIXIR. The hero returns home or continues the journey, bearing some element of the treasure that has the power to transform the world as the hero has been transformed.

RIDDICK: ...I'll be ready.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.9 Say "Handyman" Three Times In A Mirror

Saturday, Aug 10, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If you need home repairs done but you don't have enough money to hire a licensed contractor who actually knows what they're doing, call me!

For just $100 I'll spend an entire day at your house if you tell me where your house is. Otherwise I'll probably have to spend most of the day driving around and desperately yelling for you, slowly closing in on the location of your faint responses. If you live more than two states away, this can prove to be almost impossible.

From sunup to sundown I will set to whatever task needs to be done, within my skillset. I am capable of all of the following and absolutely nothing else:

 Pushing against a wall with all my strength until I get tired, then nodding in approval at the wall's sturdiness.

Combining two pieces of duct tape to put an X on pretty much any object. Liquids and gasses are not possible. I have tried. Anything smaller than an apple is tricky because the tape is pretty wide. For example, I could tape an X on a large apple but not a small apple.

Rolling up my sleeves and wiping my forehead with a red kerchief.

Standing with a loose section of pipe in one hand and a wrench in the other, banging the two together.

Climbing up a ladder then climbing back down with a little help. My legs get a little shakey when I can't see where I'm stepping.

Flipping a construction hat up into the air and getting it to land directly on my head within two or three hundred attempts.

Laying down one of three beatboxing beats: Slow Jam, Fresh N' Funky, or West Coast Gangsta. I can sustain these beats for over three hours, which should give you plenty of time to workshop your raps.

Closing my eyes then spinning in place.

Emerging from your closet in different clothes, posing like a model and looking to you for approval. You respond with funny facial expressions and head shakes until I find the perfect outfit - a Slim Goodbody muscle suit.

Staring at a blueprint until I see the hidden 3D image.

Tapping you on the shoulder and getting you to turn - only to realize that I'm standing behind the other shoulder.

Rewiring your house to unscramble sexual electricity for free.

Displaying my extensive collection of Magic: The Gathering cards. You are free to inspect them for as long as you like, but do NOT remove them from their protective sleeves.

Replacing your ratty old carpeting with a brand new surface of lacquer indiscriminately poured over old carpeting.

Making up chilling stories about dolphin attacks. Right there, on the spot, off the top of my head. It's amazing. Please don't ask me to make up any other kind of story (mystery, comedy, young Jewish road trip) or for the monster to be anything other than a dolphin. I can't do it. These are the only limitations of my considerable genius.

Digging holes inside the house. I don't care if there's carpet, tile, or wood flooring. I will dig a hole right through it and I will keep digging until you tell me to stop. Who knows what we'll find? I do. Adventure and friendship. Possibly moleman bones.

Reciting practically the entire alphabet.

Demonstrating my world-class palate. Here's how this works: You put a wine or a cheese in front of me. Make sure it has no visible label. I will taste that wine or cheese. Then, I guarantee that I will be able to tell you EXACTLY how much I like it.

Providing all the hottest tips to help you beat your NES game cartridges like a pro.

Taking one plank of wood and holding it against another one very tightly. If you suggest that I should use carpenter's glue or nails to hold them together I will get snippy and insist that I know what I'm doing.

Removing chemtrails from the atmosphere by standing in your front yard and spraying a squirt bottle of water and vinegar into the air.

Completing urls. Just type the name of a website into your web browser's address bar, and I will add a ".com" or ".net" to the end.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.10 Call Off the Search for Grievances

Monday, Aug 12, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Oprah Winfrey wants you to know that she was subjected to racism in Switzerland. She was in Zurich for Tina Turner's wedding, just like your average Joe Lunch Bucket, and she was shopping for a handbag selling for about a million dollars. The white (and possibly blond) clerk refused to let Oprah get her black hands all over the purse. Oprah politely asked again to see the ruby-encrusted purse made from human skin in the 10th century and the clerk again politely refused.

It was an outrage.

The nation of Switzerland, being responsive to complaints from average consumers, quickly apologized. Too little, too late, foreign country. Damage done. I'm willing to bet that incident really darkened Oprah's private jet ride to the South of France. She could hardly taste the gold foil on top of her Chocolat a la Normandie.

In relating her story of victimhood on Entertainment Tonight, Oprah was making some larger point about how racism is still a problem. Now is probably as good a time as any to remind you of a fact:

Oprah Winfrey has billions of dollars.

And her own TV channel.

More to the point: go fuck yourself, Oprah Winfrey. You are not being racially victimized by a shop clerk in Switzerland while buying a million dollar hand bag for Tina fucking Turner's wedding. If a fucking moment of human rudeness intrudes on your impenetrable bubble of money we don't need to know about it.

Yes, racism is still a problem. This incident doesn't prove that. It proves Oprah Winfrey being denied something is so foreign to her that she has to go on a fucking TV show and complain about a foreign country until they apologize to you.

A COUNTRY. APOLOGIZED. Shut up.

Oprah is not the only person stretching for grievances lately. It's a favorite of people on the Internet, like mommy blogger Katie Vyktoriah, who posted an article of her personal victimization on favorite victim website Huffington Post. She told the tragic story of her two-year-old son being assaulted by a bigot at the Walmart just for wearing a pink headband.

> "Out of nowhere a big booming voice rang out. 'THAT'S a BOY?!' The man was overly large with a bushy beard and a camouflage shirt with the arms cut off. He had tattered shorts and lace-up work boots with no laces. I could smell the fug of cigarette smoke surrounding him, and there was a definite pong of beer on him & the man stepped forward, grabbed the headband off of Dexter's head and threw it to the bottom of our shopping cart. He then cuffed Dexter around the side of his head (not hard, but that is not the point) and said with a big laugh, 'You'll thank me later, little man!'"

Horrifying story, right? Fuggy, ponging bigots smacking toddlers for wearing pink? The full story is catnip for liberal outrage, containing ten different keywords sure to get tumblr firing on all cylinders. But a few people thought the story sounded a little far-fetched and started digging into Katie. Turns out she has claimed to have been the victim of kidnapping attempts four times, one of them successful, almost died in 9/11, and several other far-fetched claims.

As soon as her story was questioned she became suicidal and deleted pretty much everything she had written from the Internet. "Why didn't anybody DO anything?" Katie wonders at the top of her story.

A good question. Why *didn't* anybody file a police report on someone hitting her son? That Katie didn't is maybe the least believable part of her dubious story. This lady is a living, breathing police report. If you spit out your gum on the sidewalk in front of her house you are going to be a "stalker sending death threats" by the time the cops show up.

But don't assume it's just billionaire women and liberals being drawn to acting like victims for public consumption. Conservative white males have become masters of victimhood. If it's not a private dinner with the rich people complaining about "takers" then it's the goddamn war on Christmas, prayer in school, or some poor fucking kid in Oregon who wasn't allowed to bring a Tech-9 to his

Montessori.

Anybody can be victimized, even Oprah, but not everyone is a victim. When you don't have a real grievance, you don't need to go hunting for one for sympathy, solidarity, or clicks on your mommy blog. It diminishes you and it diminishes real victims of violence, discrimination, and, I guess, secular mangers.

Not every moment needs to be filled with outrage over fake pink headbands and rude clerks and the war on fucking Christmas. Random people can be rude about a purse and it's not Django. You can get a dirty look from the black waiter or hear "Happy Holidays" and it's not the Dawkins apocalypse. You don't have to circle the Twitter wagons or blast it out on your mom blog.

I know this will probably be dismissed. It's hard to puncture today's culture of indignation. Any attempt is met with more indignation. We are now living through the Age of Grievance. We define ourselves by how much we can be offended and how much injustice we have to suffer, even if we're not someone who deals with injustice. We crave indignation.

I crave it. I'm just as guilty as anyone else.

You should know by now the real victims are white guys writing comedy rants on websites. We get paid in Bitcoins and are constantly friend zoned because we're such nice guys. Why aren't women attracted to our fedoras? Why can't we be Japanese?

Now that is victimhood.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 Devil's Manor: The Hottest Babe in Town

Tuesday, Aug 13, 2013 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Yours Truly reads a short story from my new book, Devil's Manor. It is a collection of erotic short stories centering around a mysterious house in which paranormal, or perhaps Satanic, sex events occur. I hope to have the book in stores this holiday season, as the perfect holiday gift. Please turn your lights down and enjoy.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r8tbF_cPZe4

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.12 Spout.ly: August's Hot Sips

Wednesday, Aug 14, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly

With hot summer days upon us, it's more important than ever to find the perfect fountain to quench your thirst. Thankfully, Spout.ly's dedicated community has honed in on Shaggy Butte's best summertime springs to help keep you cool.
-Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

HOT SIPS

Warren G. Harding High School

Top Comments:

"The fountain just outside the doors to the girl's locker room is a real gem. It's a bit annoying because there are lots of feisty teenage girls wearing only towels yelling and talking loudly. Ladies, get over yourselves. This fountain is tremendous, aside from the rowdy crowd." -Thirsty Man

"This is one steamy fountain. The locker room girls can be real pests, whipping you with towels and calling you a pervert, or trying way too hard to get your attention. Just ignore 'em, because the water here is the real attraction. Perfect flowing fountain with a clean sip. Basin drainage is a thing to marvel at. One of my new faves." -Evenflow

The Woods

Top Comments:

"I have no idea how this fountain came to be or who built it, but it's freakin' monument. It's mounted on a tree deep in the woods. We're talking crisp flow, ultra-responsive button and unbeatable sippage. I did get caught in a bear trap, but I was able to pry it off and hobble away. Delicious fountain." -HydraDad

"This fountain was built by Freedom Gulper, who went off the grid and became a survivalist after Obama got reelected. It's on his property, which is why there are all those Vietcong traps everywhere. Worth the risk sneaking in, because the man knows how to install a fountain. The technical precision on this baby is pure artistry, and more than makes up for the sickening well-water taste." -Wet Beard

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Planned Parenthood

Top Comments:

"I got pelted with rocks by some fat screaming lady while going inside to get a drink. Not sure what that was about. The ambience here is downright terrible, making this place a definite gulp-and-go. The fountain is clean and well maintained, and apart from a slightly higher than average button response time, the water is clear with an admirable flow." *-Waterbaron*

"G&G spot for sure. Too many Weepy Weepersons and nosy staff asking if they can help you. I know how to operate a drinking fountain, as evidenced by my power gulp technique, so obviously I don't need help. A janitor said they might have to turn off the fountain due to funding cuts, which is just heartbreaking to think about. This fountain is blazin'." *-BigDripper*

Cobb Street Fire Station

Top Comments:

"If you can get past the irritating, needlessly bossy firemen hovering over you, you'll be treated to a really exceptional fountain. I find it's best to phone in a fake fire emergency to give the firemen something useful to do before going in for a drink. That way you can really savor this beaut. The firemen are hard drinkers, because they cranked the pressure up on this bad boy. Hard on the gums, but a great experience for sure." *-Moist Man*

"First of all, f*** the fire department, the useless f***s. I came to try the fountain, and got yelled at by half a dozen mustached roidheads angry I parked my truck in front of their garage. I told them I was just here for a drink, and it would only take fifteen minute. So those jerks blasted my truck with a fire hose, ruining all the newspapers I had in the back. Nearly got me fired from my job as an alcoholic step dad with a paper route." *-SwillBabySwill*

Rudy's Bar

Top Comments:

"Real avant-garde design. It's like a fountain, minus the fountain itself. A deconstructed fount, if you will. I've seen a few people peeing in it, which is off-putting for sure, but I can't really judge. Who among us hasn't peed in a drinking fountain? No button, just a free-flowing wall of water cascading into a super deep basin. My mind is blown." *-Swigga Please*

"Ok, first of all, this isn't technically a drinking fountain. It's one of those urinal troughs, which is why it's in the men's room. If you're willing to stretch the definition of a fountain and experiment, you will be pleasantly surprised. It's challenging to drink from, but it has a nice briny taste that makes this unique and fun." *-DeepDrinker*

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.13 STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES #3

Thursday, Aug 15, 2013 by nikki did it

This article is part of the STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES series.

Stock Photo Lifestyle?

Oh honey you don't want to hear about that

You insist that you do-

I just have to be sure!

The last thing I want is for you to be late for something on my account

You know how I worry

Holy heck when did this thing go all cock-eyed
It's so gnarled
It's withered
It's like a claw

Well, at least my Tommy Thumbkins still stand tall

Hey, want to hear a real corker?

What's got two thumbs and leads a Stock Photo Lifestyle?

Nana!

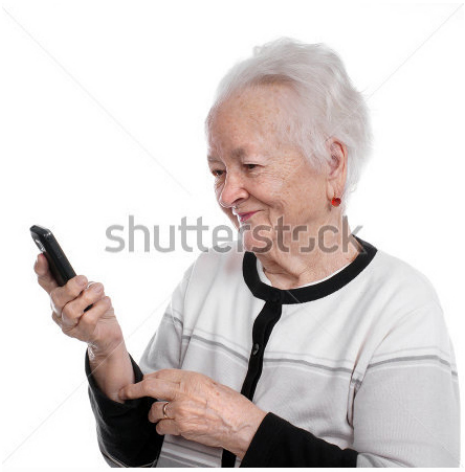
Pretty good, eh
My grandkids used to love that one

Oh for Pete's sake
My shirt changed, didn't it?

I'll get on with it
That reminded me to get on with it

I putter around here much in the manner that I assume that you assume I do

They ask no more of me than I can easily give



They like my versatility
They like that I'm adaptable
This isn't even a Jitterbug

Big Camera!
I'm on the case!

Why doesn't this thing take real pictures

Yes, I do work out
Every day

I don't really enjoy it, but, you know
body... temple... whatever

Look at me go
I know what's coming next

The goddang post-workout banana
All I ever want is a cheeseburger, though

Oh, oranges
Yes. That's lovely
Just what I wanted

Come on

Now that's more like it
Red Ripple

Let's get rowdy

What's this?
Ohhhhhh, these
The Ripple is relaxing, but these
These give me the mental twirly-whirls
Should I?

lol you thought I was really asking

Count them now

Aaaaand a handful of these

Oh dear where are my manners

A lady always uses silverware

I'm not even sure what is in here

They're going to contextualize it with my diabetes no matter what, though

Damn
This is some strong
Uh

Insulin

I was having so much fun I nearly forgot

My “granddaughter” is coming over today!

Have you ever gotten sick of keeping up appearances

She brings me these god-awful crafts, and I have to feign this treacly devotion

And pretend I don't just stuff them in a trunk after she goes

Here she is
All needs and baby-teeth

My brittle ribs aren't safe here
She hugs like a hungry snake

And look at this
What a nice surprise

Another piece of shoddy junk craftwork for
Nana's Trash Trunk

seriously, look at this bullshit

She always wants to play "dress-up"
Which by her definition is the game where I have to patiently sit as she trusses me up in an unflattering and wholly weather-inappropriate ensemble

I can't even flinch as she botches my makeup
She's damaged my Lancôme and left me looking like Bozo

Oh, no. No. Put that down, dear

You look like a whore's apprentice.

That's enough dress-up, dear. I've come up with a treasure hunt for you! Follow my rhyming clues-

"The granddaughter I love the best
Will find, in Nana's Magic Chest
a prize to make her eyes go wide!
But only if she crawls inside"

Look at her, grinning and posing like a dope

That's the last time you mash my lipstick, you little monster

Take this time to revisit the body of "artwork" you've foisted on me over the years

She's shouting at me to open the chest and give her the next clue. Good grief is she thick or what

"I'd like to try and help you, kid
But I'm too weak to lift the lid
So quit your yowling, let me be
I'm off to have my midday tea"

I put on my midday tea finery

These specs make me look just like
Eva Gabor

I'm perfectly happy to sip my tea alone, like so

This ritual serves a purpose, more for them than for me
It lessens the guilt they feel for so often assigning me the
'widow' or 'single elderly woman' tagged categories

I know how to get company when I desire it, though

Watch-

It's a neat trick, really
I'm not sure how they do it

When I make a sad face and stare into the distance...

This dog appears!

I call her Tess, after a miserable crone I often find myself losing hands of bridge to on Sunday nights

I know that woman cheats

Every Tess in my life is a spectacular bitch!

Isn't that right, Tess ol' girl!

Good girl. Good Tessy-dog.

I think I'll take Tess home today. Would you like that, Tess?

Let's go home. It's almost Magic Hour

Magic Hour
This is my Magic Kit

It's genuine leatherette

Thumbs up for my magic kit

Let's take a peek

Every time-
Every time I'm as enchanted as I was the first time
This case contains my stars, my sun, my moon...

My gun

You... Dirty Raaaaat

You killed my brothaaaaa

Tess, are you seeing this?

PEW PEW PEW

You can't come to Nana's Kitchen and order up Sugar Pie like you're the King of Siam

You'll eat my spicy hot lead and you'll like it

I'm only allowed an hour a day with my weapon

Lest my tendency towards animalistic brutality overwhelm my entire being

I'm not sure what type of gun this is, but every evening, I say

Bye-bye, Beretta. Goodnight, Glock. Peace be with you, pistol. Until we meet again Tomorrow, tomorrow, until we meet again

I've always been so sentimental

Only one thing can cheer me up after a goodbye of that caliber

Pun intended

Money!

Why do I have it? I've never known

But I love it nonetheless

Did I see you ogling my cash?

You can't have it! It's mine! I may not have my weapon, but these guns can do plenty harm

Now that we're on the same page
Here are two of my favorite moneys

They're twins

Seriously!
Stop eye-balling my twin Benjis

I'll sweep out your insides

The twins called up some friends

Party in Nana's Breakfast Nook!

Everyone is invited

That was a joke!
Back off!

I don't even need this cane for walking. I carry it around in case of would-be thugs like you!

Well, that's my Stock Photo Lifestyle

I'm fulfilled in it. It's all I know, and I'm happy

I wouldn't change a thing

Actually, if I could change this cane into a gun, I would do that

–∼nikki did it

8.14 Hook Up Culture is Out of Control

Friday, Aug 16, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

They are hooking up. The teens.

Teens are texting. They take off their shirts and pants and stand in front of mirrors.

They're doing it again. Those teens. They hold up cameras and transmit their genitals to each other. Without us. Without you. They go against the wishes of their mothers and fathers. They say bad words in secret.

The teens are behaving in strange ways. They do not speak in words we understand. The music they listen to is a single, oscillating note. They wear hoods with no hole for the mouth. They are getting off to it. They are becoming erect.

Mom and dad, what are your teens up to? Why do they go into their rooms? Why are they on the computer late at night? What are they searching for in the black glass? Why did you let them bring the black glass into your house?

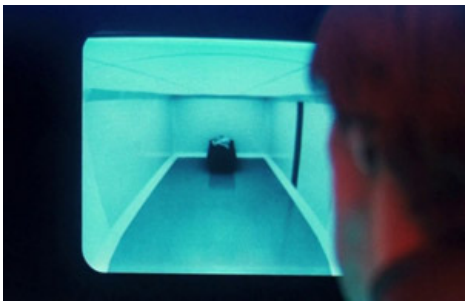
Watch what they are doing. Let them know you are reading their emails even though they use words and characters alien to you.

Hook up culture is out of control. They are placing their hands into shared vessels of water. They are trading ribbons. Making crosses in sand. Hooking it up. Getting it on.

The teens are doing it. The bad thing. The forbidden thing. In the brokeback barn, beneath a bone white moon. Congregating. Ignoring decency. Ignoring the wisdom of past generations. Chewing with their mouth open. Staring into the black glass.

Is it drugs? Is it R-rated movies? Is it video games? Is

it the featureless golems that stride through our cities? Is it the cold that seeps into us at night, like the hand of a ghost upon our chest, like the realization of our inevitable doom? Is it the black glass? Is it so-called "gangsta rap" lyrics?



The teens are standing in rows, unmoving. They do not react to our words, our rules, or our screaming. We try to talk to them and they fade in and out of colors. The teens are driving cars without obeying the posted speed limit. The teens are sloughing off fingers and toes. Becoming something terrible. The teens are doing it.

Mom and dad, don't be afraid to snoop on your teens. Bore holes in the walls. Chip their vibes. UV tag their underwear. Inject radioactive dyes into their scalp so the satellites can track them.

Appeal to the featureless golems. Give them flowers, iron, and blood. Destroy your possessions. Break down every wall.

The teens must be stopped. Their ways must be tamed. The teens are going to do it. You know what I mean. Act quickly, before it happens. Before it's too late. Before it's...

It's over now. The teens are gone. They have lifted like a fog from our cities, from our nations. The teens have left us, all at once. You feel guilty now, wandering the streets where everyone is obeying the laws, talking in English, in calm English, and listening to sensible music. Did you make them leave?

Yes, you realize, standing side by side, mother and father, looking at the dusty beds and sex posters. At the unused vibes. At the unsent tit pics and unposted hook-up ads. The teens are gone. Forever. Into the black glass. A door you cannot enter. A club that turns you away.

It's okay. We are young. We can start over. We can make more teens. Teach them the right ways. Warn them about sexting.

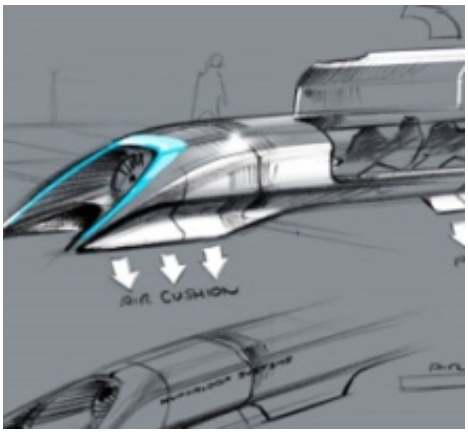
It will be different this time.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.15 Welcome To The Takedown Area

Saturday, Aug 17, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> No one is safe within the boundaries of the Takedown Area. If you draw my ire, watch out! You're about to get TAKEN DOWN on the INTERNET.



Hey, **Elon Musk**! Your name sounds like a ghostbuster. Your ghostbuster super power would be coming up with bad ideas and being a billionaire. So you dreamed up a thing called the Hyperloop, huh? Well I have another name for it, and it starts with Hyper but ends in a different word than loop. That's right, I call your idea the Hyperbad.

Forgive me for pressing the assault while you're reeling from that devastating blow, but you're in the Takedown Area and things are about to get even more brutal. There is no escape. The only escape is to leave.

You had one of your employees draw a space train for you, then you claimed that it could go 800 miles per hour. Well guess what? I can draw a horse (the knees might point the wrong way, I can never remember how they go) and claim that it can travel at over 900 miles an hour. Two can play at this game, Elon. Only one can win. That means your odds are 1 in 2 at best.

Take your Hyperloop and jump out a Hyperwindow, pal!

Listen up, **Russia**! Quit suppressing gay people.

You guys are looking like some real grade A dummies. If you don't knock it off you're in danger of becoming grade A doofuses.

Your country is pretty bad. I couldn't find it on a map. Even if the map was clearly labeled, I'd have a difficult time because basic geography confuses me to no end. I would try to spot Russia by its outline, but I'm not familiar with the shape that most resembles homophobia.

What the heck, **Blackberry**? You guys have no idea what's going on or what a company is or why you all showed up at the same building wearing suits, and now you're just giving up.

Uhhh there's a thing called Kickstarter. You should have done one. It's pretty much the fastest way to get a bunch of free money. How did no one on your team of overpaid executives come up with that? I thought of it, and I'm no executive. In fact, I don't have a promising career at all, or a happy life, or a meaningful relationship with anything but regret over dumb internet jokes I've written in the past. My life is terrible! Man, I can't believe you guys got outwitted by me. What a dumb company.

Hey, **Kendrick Lamar**! In a rap song you claimed that you are better than other hip-hop men. Boasting and hyperbolic self-promotion are shameful acts which have no place in rap music. You are a disgrace. This infraction is so serious that I have filed a formal complaint to Yo MTV Raps.

Microsoft! You have fucked up in so many ways that I don't even want to make fun of you. It's not sporting. I'm the Predator, scanning for potential threats on the infrared Takedown spectrum, and you're a baby - a baby without a gun. Not worth my time. Come back to me when you're a threat to anyone but yourself and we'll talk.

Hey, **Obama mask-wearing rodeo clown guy**! You think it's cool to put on a mask of the president and get chased by bulls? I've got a mask for you. It's a mask of your face with a broken nose. From when I PUNCHED IT. In the nose.

Did you ever think that the bull might be chasing you because you're a jerk? I spent an entire afternoon thinking about it. To be honest, I'm not entirely convinced that's why it's chasing you. Verifying that theory would be very difficult, too. It's worth keeping in mind.

Maybe you should go back to clown college. Oh, that's right, you already graduated!

Boom!

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.16 William S. Burroughs Writes the Descriptions for Chili's Margarita Menu

Monday, Aug 19, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Sparkling Pomegranate Margarita

In the sweaty market of Tangiers they sold a child's teeth, still warm, for the chance to win a cat. Teeth and swirls of blood in aspic, the black Arab wanted them, but the cat was special. The dice were rolled. They didn't win. The black Arab's victorious smile was a saw in their hearts. It was the nature of gambling with a fix. You have to take it. Seize it. Don't play games with a needle or a cat. A child won't always give up his teeth on the first kick.

Tropical Sunrise Margarita

They were onto me. Yarbs, everywhere I turned. They came for me through the darkest smoke-filled pool halls. They ran me out of bars that never close. They caught me pissing on a whore and knocked the needle from between my toes. Yarbs with gray faces, yellow eyes, tan coats, and more teeth than a shark. They got their cold hands on me and threw me onto the boardwalk just before dawn. They were steaming in the sunlight. It was beautiful. I threw up pills.

Rita Trio

The Pope of America stood atop the chariot and shouted to the junkies that crawled on scabs out from under the pier. "Let me tell you about the trinity, my children. The big trio. The father, a great pus-filled boil just below the ball sack. The son, a strung-out hand job queen with a razorblade in his mouth, will cut the wrist of a john and try to steal a dollar. The holy ghost, spent change, blown loads into rubbers and tissues and the rotten assholes of junkie whores. Ain't no Christmas this year. All of them living under the pier. And me, in my palace, sipping Chili's ritas, Ed Hardy shirts and porno penis pumps. Beats by Dre and gold collars for my pugs. Fuck you all, I can't die, I'm perfect."

Flavored Platinum Presidente

Raspberry, mango, strawberry, papaya, a curl of onion in congealed grease, cigarette butts floating in a urinal, a bloody bandaid dried to black, ketchup smudged on denim, semen stains on motel curtains. There were wars fought inside his blood. Landing ships and planes and Japs to bayonet. They were all mixed up and dancing to the throb of his heart. Passed out with the needle in and it just kept twitching with his pulse, spitting out a little blood each time onto the white sheets. The election was rigged. The tar always came out on top. El Presidente Caballo. Black as midnight in a Saipan bunker.

Classic Margarita

Shows up at your table like anti-freeze in a cup of ground glass. You might as well drink a puddle of piss sweetened with rat poison. Do you think I don't know what I'm doing here, writing these goddamn things? Every man has a price. Mine was unlimited Texas Cheese Fries. There's ribcages with heads in South America who would sell their bodies for a month to have one of these cheese fries. Eat 'em? No, I don't eat 'em. Too backed up for food. I sell 'em. A hot plate of cheese fries will get you a spoonful of the stuff that counts. Realer than the real thing. You can have the margaritas. I'd rather French kiss with a knife.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.17 Important Message from the Alumni Association

Tuesday, Aug 20, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Greetings **Recent Graduate** !

We want your money! Our records indicate that after **5** years and $**65,000** , you have earned your **Associates** Degree from our prestigious university. Now that you're finished, it's time to give back!

The Alumni Association plays a vital role to the community and we need your help for our Bi-Weekly Fundraiser! If you've ever walked on campus and enjoyed an old stone wall or a brass sign beside a tree, more than likely the Alumni Association is responsible. Now you can help us help our projected quarterly financial growth of 3%. For once in your life, you can be a part of something bigger! With a donation, your money will directly finance:

- Printing mass fliers filled with thinly veiled donation attempts!
- Provide drinking water to work study students in the Alumni Call Center!
- Pay for Alumni Association Salaries!
- Organize future fundraising drives!

But don't just do it for us! Donating to the Alumni Association is a great way to relive your favorite college experience. No, not parties or friends or the hooking up that we're reading about, but the real and true experience: Paying exorbitant amounts of money for little/no benefit! Don't ask questions. Just trust us. It's good for you. You'll be thankful in the future.

We need your generosity! Remember what might be considered big to you is actually quite small to an organization of our size, so dig deep! We'll know if you're holding out. Based on your federal debt and FAFSA records, your ideal donation is $ **-75** (If negative, idea donation is $50.)

If you are one of the recent graduates that are currently unemployed, please understand that we have your up-to-date contact information and we can/will contact you before your loan grace period ends.

If you think your silence will deter our fundraising ambition, please understand that we have your up-to-date contact information and that there is no escape. We will hunt you and we will find you. Not even sweet death can salvage your freedom. If you even think about dying, student services will dig up your coffin with a rented backhoe and drop a stack of pamphlets on your rotting corpse just to tell you that the class of '85 is meeting at the zoo next month!

Do you think we are kidding?
Of course not. You have two weeks to become a Friend of the Alumni before we spam your inbox,

stuff your mailbox, and have some stoned work study goons call you every fifteen minutes pestering you about homecoming.

This is your warning. Become a Friend today!
Sincerely,

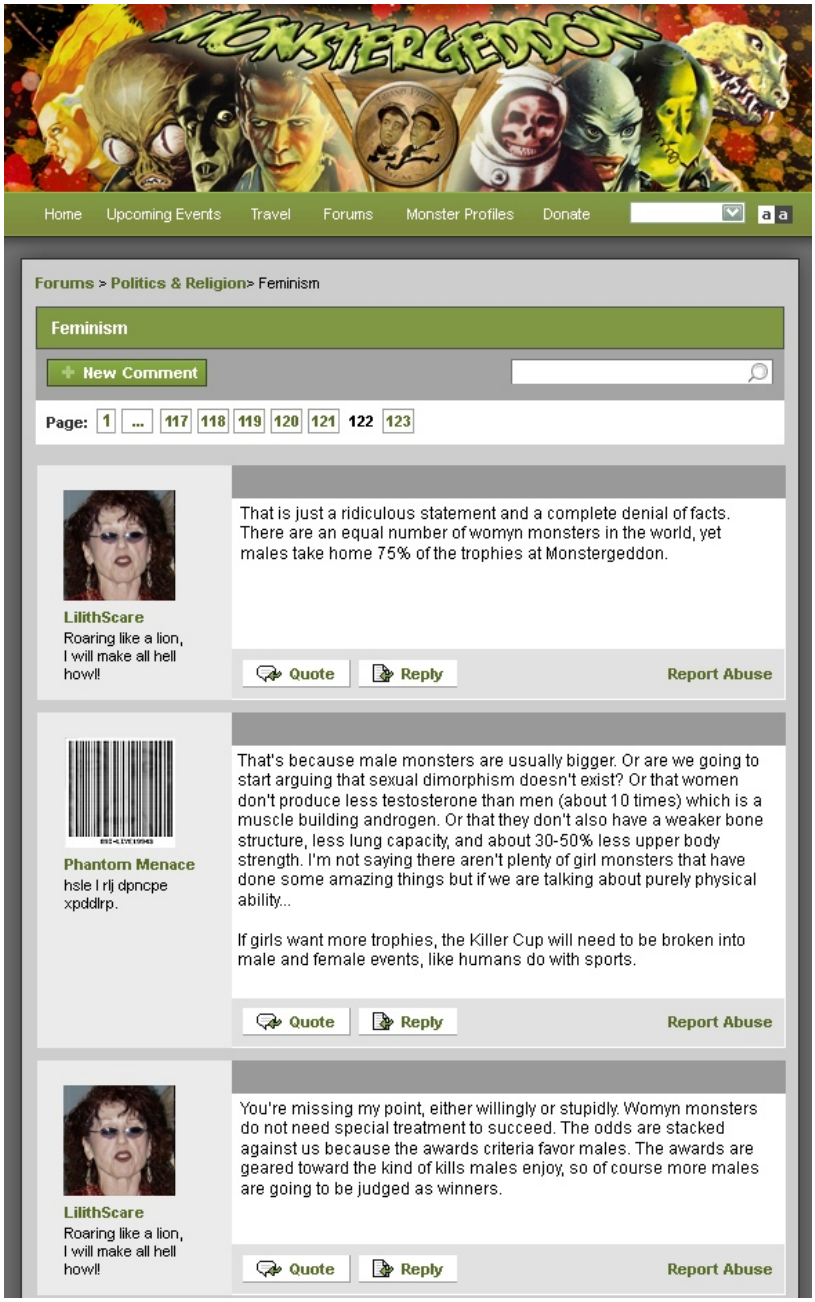
The Alumni Association

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.18 Monstergeddon Forums ⟩Politics & Religion ⟩Feminism

Wednesday, Aug 21, 2013 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
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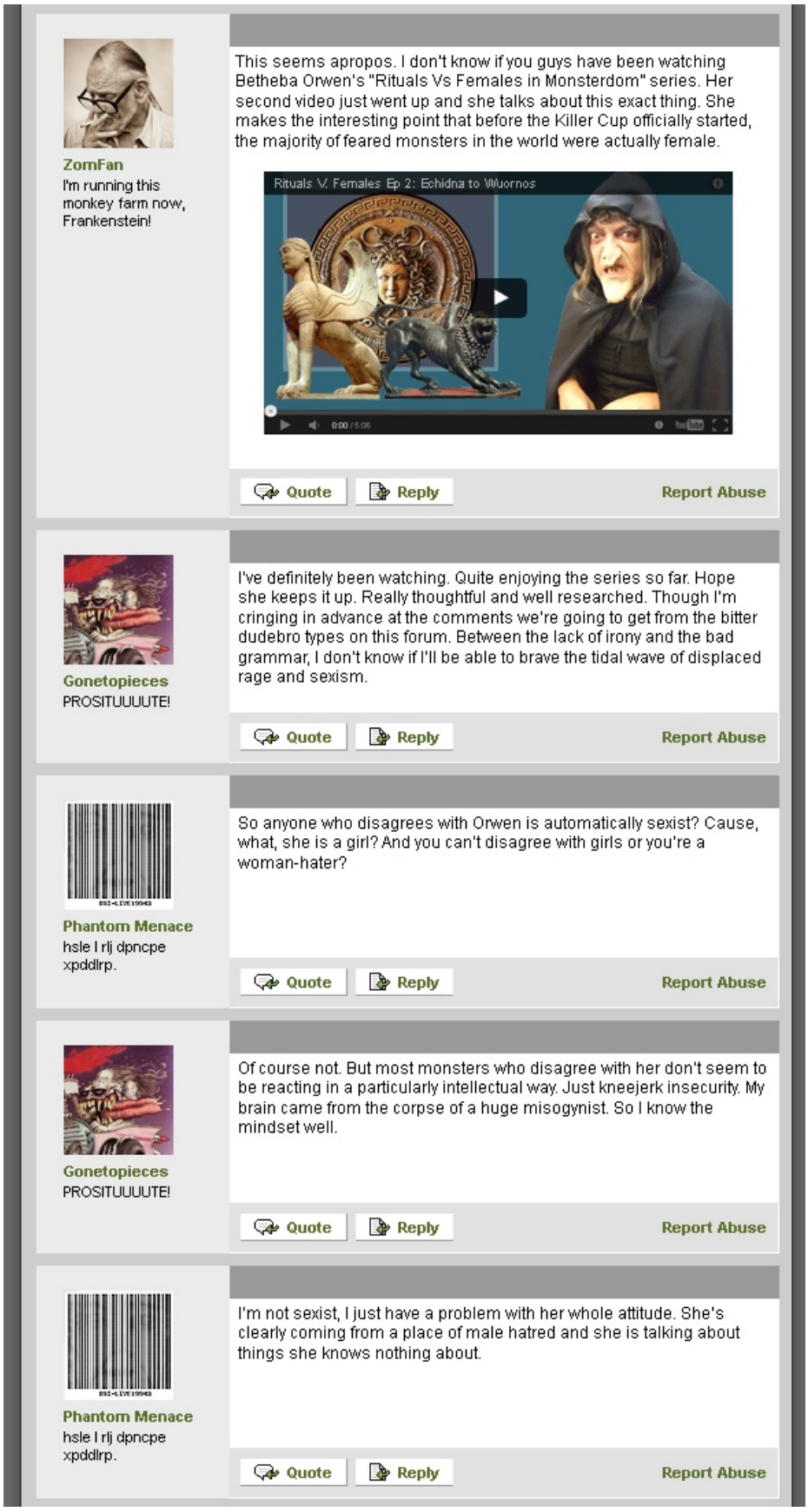
Forums
Monster Profiles
Donate
Forums > Politics & Religion> Feminism
Feminism
New Comment
Page: 1 ... 117 118 119 120 121 122 123
LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!
That is just a ridiculous statement and a complete denial of facts. There are an equal number of womyn monsters in the world, yet males take home 75% of the trophies at Monstergeddon.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
That's because male monsters are usually bigger. Or are we going to start arguing that sexual dimorphism doesn't exist? Or that women don't produce less testosterone than men (about 10 times) which is a muscle building androgen. Or that they don't also have a weaker bone structure, less lung capacity, and about 30-50% less upper body strength. I'm not saying there aren't plenty of girl monsters that have done some amazing things but if we are talking about purely physical ability...
If girls want more trophies, the Killer Cup will need to be broken into male and female events, like humans do with sports.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!
You're missing my point, either willingly or stupidly. Womyn monsters do not need special treatment to succeed. The odds are stacked against us because the awards criteria favor males. The awards are geared toward the kind of kills males enjoy, so of course more males are going to be judged as winners.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

This seems apropos. I don't know if you guys have been watching Betheba Orwen's "Rituals Vs Females in Monsterdom" series. Her second video just went up and she talks about this exact thing. She makes the interesting point that before the Killer Cup officially started, the majority of feared monsters in the world were actually female.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

I've definitely been watching. Quite enjoying the series so far. Hope she keeps it up. Really thoughtful and well researched. Though I'm cringing in advance at the comments we're going to get from the bitter dudebro types on this forum. Between the lack of irony and the bad grammar, I don't know if I'll be able to brave the tidal wave of displaced rage and sexism.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

So anyone who disagrees with Orwen is automatically sexist? Cause, what, she is a girl? And you can't disagree with girls or you're a woman-hater?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

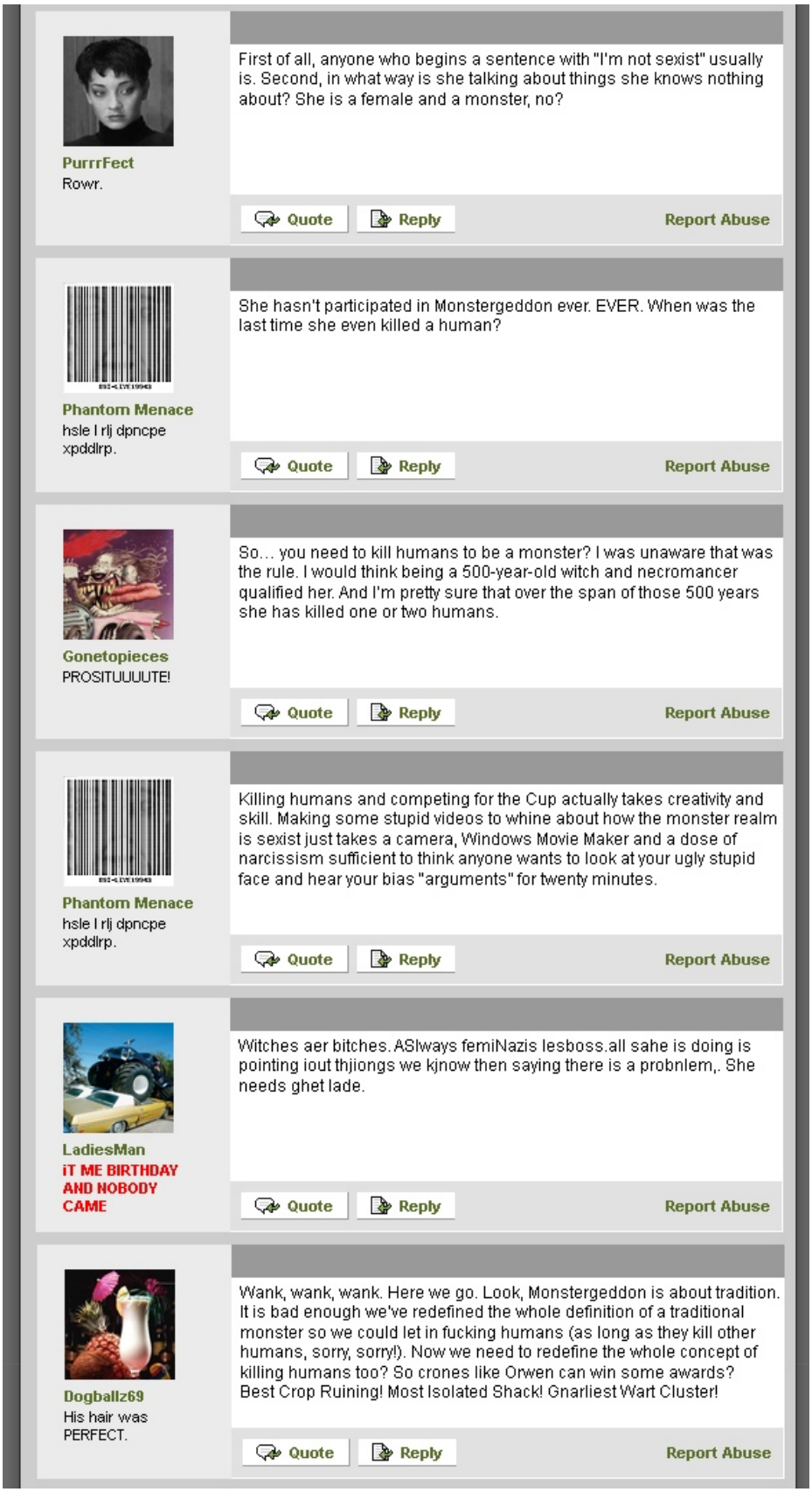
Of course not. But most monsters who disagree with her don't seem to be reacting in a particularly intellectual way. Just kneejerk insecurity. My brain came from the corpse of a huge misogynist. So I know the mindset well.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

I'm not sexist, I just have a problem with her whole attitude. She's clearly coming from a place of male hatred and she is talking about things she knows nothing about.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



PurrrFect
Rowr.

First of all, anyone who begins a sentence with "I'm not sexist" usually is. Second, in what way is she talking about things she knows nothing about? She is a female and a monster, no?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

She hasn't participated in Monstergeddon ever. EVER. When was the last time she even killed a human?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

So... you need to kill humans to be a monster? I was unaware that was the rule. I would think being a 500-year-old witch and necromancer qualified her. And I'm pretty sure that over the span of those 500 years she has killed one or two humans.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

Killing humans and competing for the Cup actually takes creativity and skill. Making some stupid videos to whine about how the monster realm is sexist just takes a camera, Windows Movie Maker and a dose of narcissism sufficient to think anyone wants to look at your ugly stupid face and hear your bias "arguments" for twenty minutes.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LadiesMan
iT ME BIRTHDAY AND NOBODY CAME

Witches aer bitches. ASlways femiNazis lesboss.all sahe is doing is pointing iout thjiongs we kjnow then saying there is a probnlem,. She needs ghet lade.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Wank, wank, wank. Here we go. Look, Monstergeddon is about tradition. It is bad enough we've redefined the whole definition of a traditional monster so we could let in fucking humans (as long as they kill other humans, sorry, sorry!). Now we need to redefine the whole concept of killing humans too? So crones like Orwen can win some awards? Best Crop Ruining! Most Isolated Shack! Gnarliest Wart Cluster!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

Orwen doesn't want to compete. Harping on that element is just dismissing all the good points she is making. As are jokes about her physical appearance, which is irrelevant.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

It is too funny to see Howard talk about the traditions of the Cup, when every year he campaigns to have the TRADITIONAL competition day moved to a night with a full moon, just so HE can compete.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

Oh? Nothing to say to that, Howard?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

I totes think the Killer Cup could stand some rule revision. But I guess I don't really see how the monster world itself is sexist. There are just as many powerful female vampires as there are male.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!

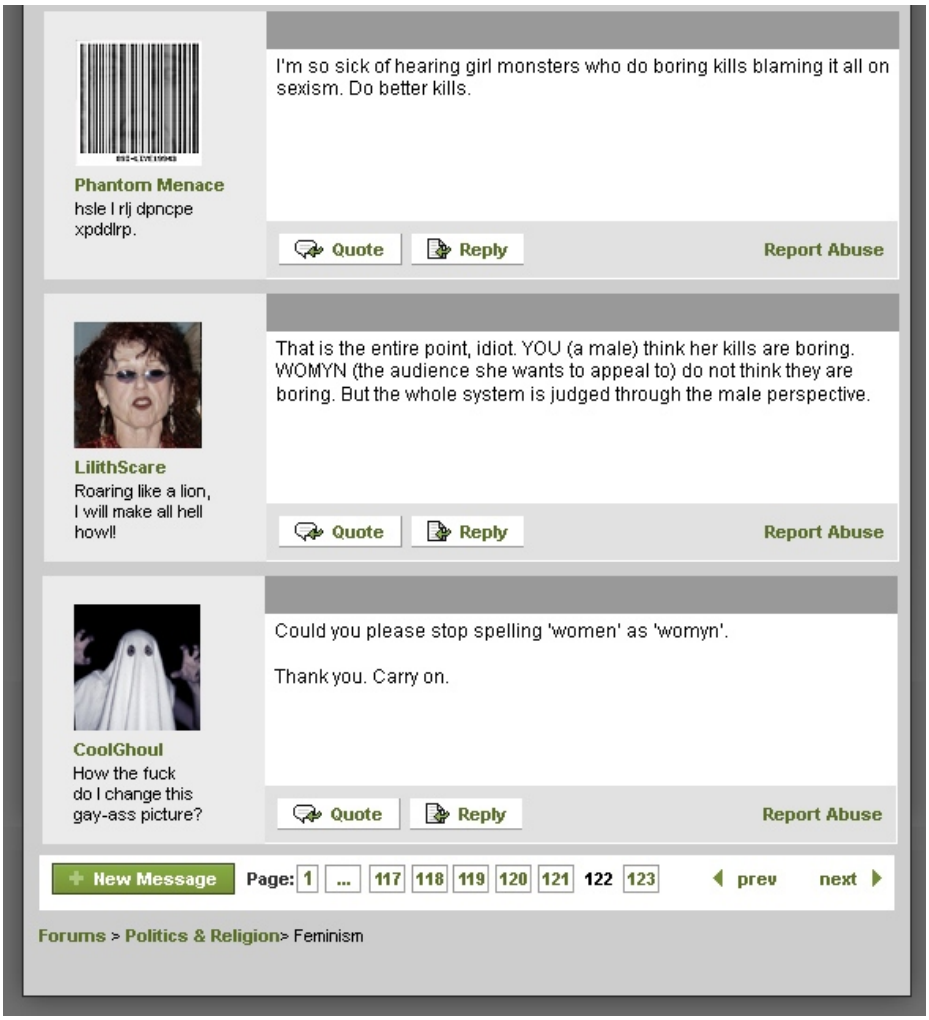
Granted, with certain types of monsters, like vampires, womyn are accepted. But that's because there is ancient history there. It is different for newer breeds. And even vampires are still judged differently. As Orwen points out, when a male vampire creates a harem these subservient womyn are respectfully called his "brides." Yet when Vampiria did the same thing with a harem of young men, they were called her "sex slaves."

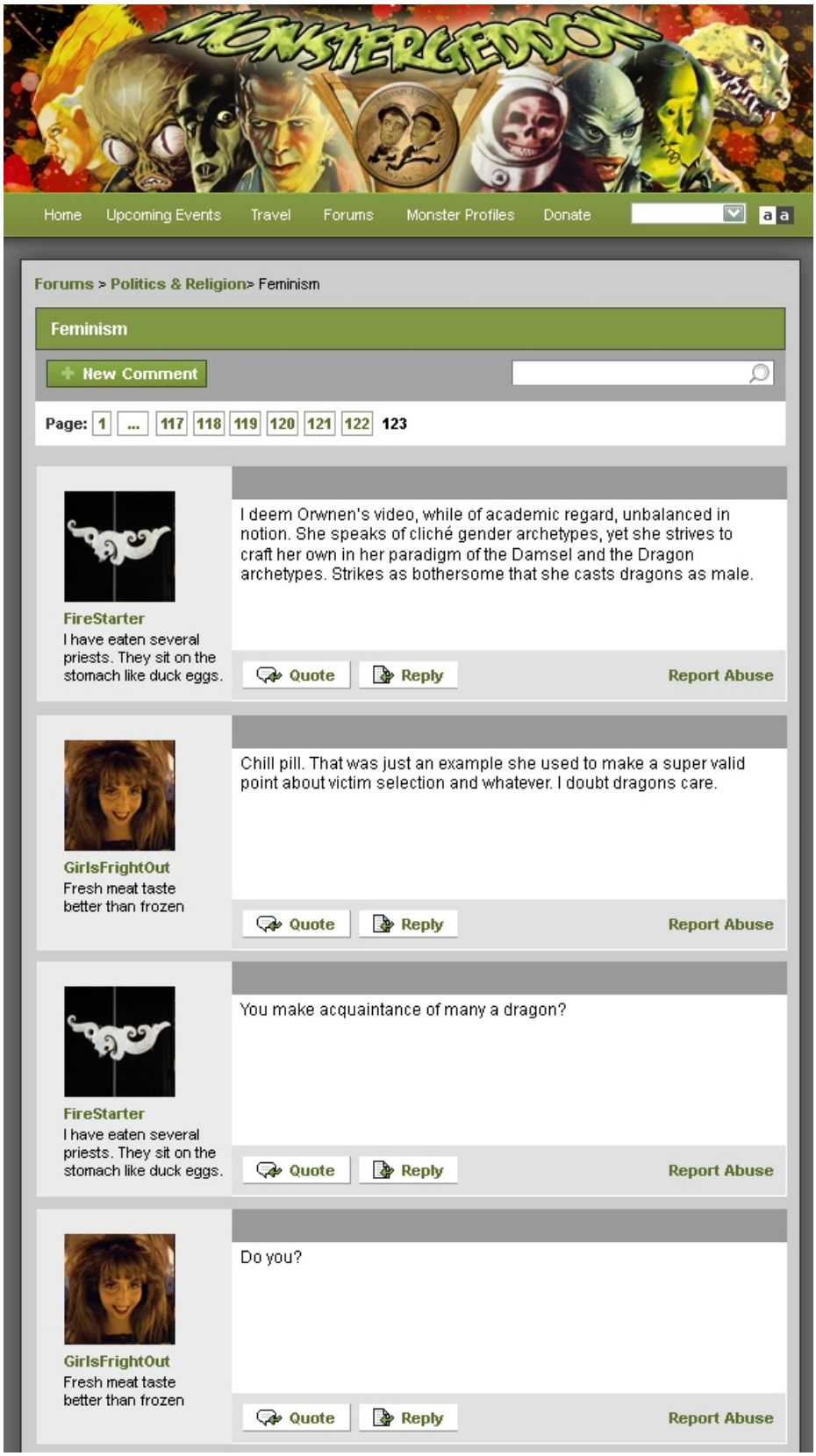
Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

As a female slasher, it is crazy hard to be taken seriously. Like, it is acceptable for a guy slasher to exclusively kill girls. Masked Slasher was cheered on for his "artistic" choice of picking off all the sisters in one sorority. When I targeted the boys in a frat last year, it was labeled as "tedious" and "one note." That is bullshit.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
I'm so sick of hearing girl monsters who do boring kills blaming it all on sexism. Do better kills.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!
That is the entire point, idiot. YOU (a male) think her kills are boring. WOMYN (the audience she wants to appeal to) do not think they are boring. But the whole system is judged through the male perspective.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Could you please stop spelling 'women' as 'womyn'.
Thank you. Carry on.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 ... 117 118 119 120 121 122 123
prev
next
Forums > Politics & Religion> Feminism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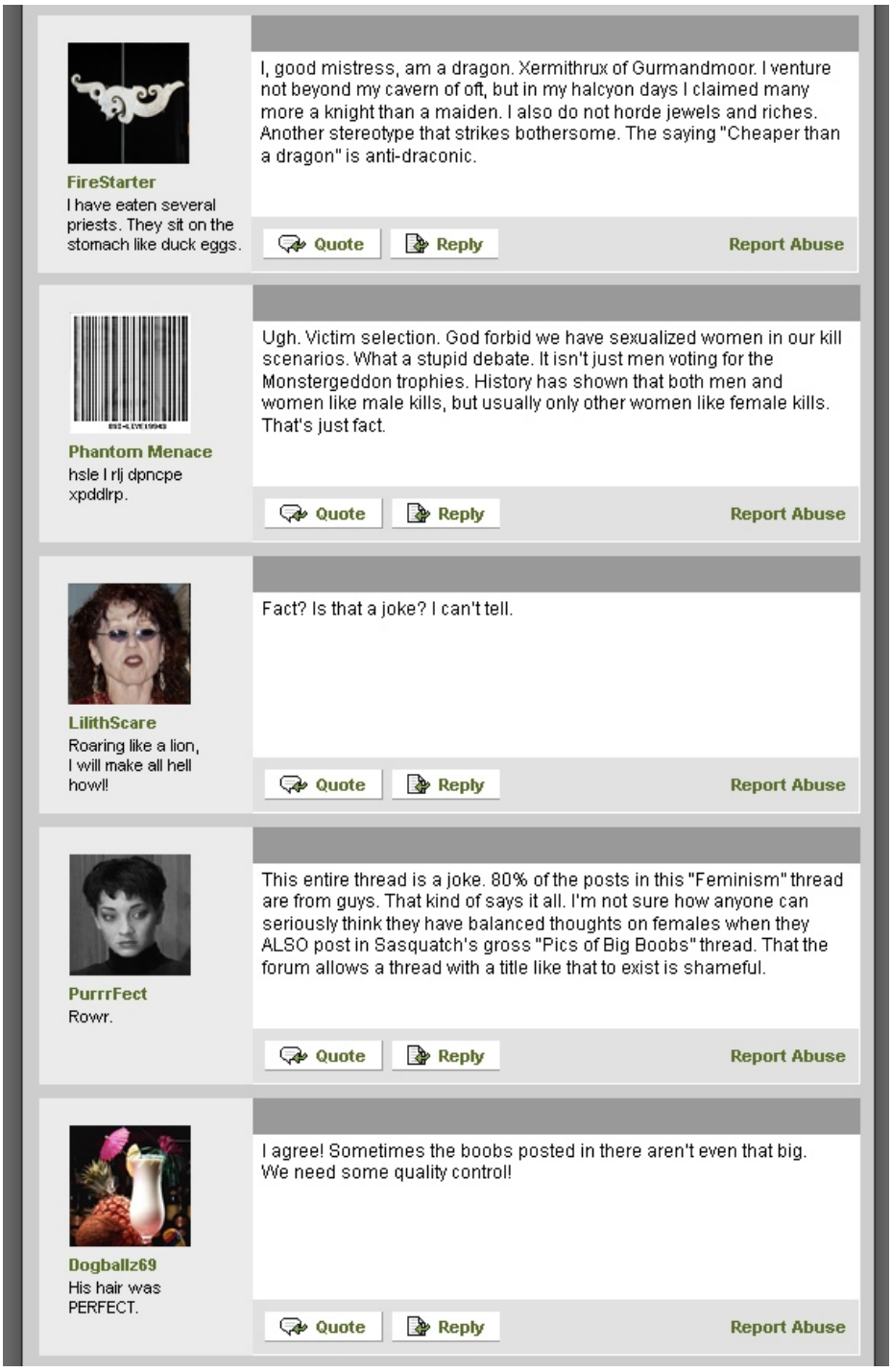
New Comment
Page: 1 ... 117 118 119 120 121 122 123
I deem Orwnen's video, while of academic regard, unbalanced in notion. She speaks of cliché gender archetypes, yet she strives to craft her own in her paradigm of the Damsel and the Dragon archetypes. Strikes as bothersome that she casts dragons as male.
FireStarter
I have eaten several priests. They sit on the stomach like duck eggs.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Chill pill. That was just an example she used to make a super valid point about victim selection and whatever. I doubt dragons care.
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
You make acquaintance of many a dragon?
FireStarter
I have eaten several priests. They sit on the stomach like duck eggs.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Do you?
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



FireStarter
I have eaten several priests. They sit on the stomach like duck eggs.

I, good mistress, am a dragon. Xermithrux of Gurmandmoor. I venture not beyond my cavern of oft, but in my halcyon days I claimed many more a knight than a maiden. I also do not horde jewels and riches. Another stereotype that strikes bothersome. The saying "Cheaper than a dragon" is anti-draconic.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

Ugh. Victim selection. God forbid we have sexualized women in our kill scenarios. What a stupid debate. It isn't just men voting for the Monstergeddon trophies. History has shown that both men and women like male kills, but usually only other women like female kills. That's just fact.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!

Fact? Is that a joke? I can't tell.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

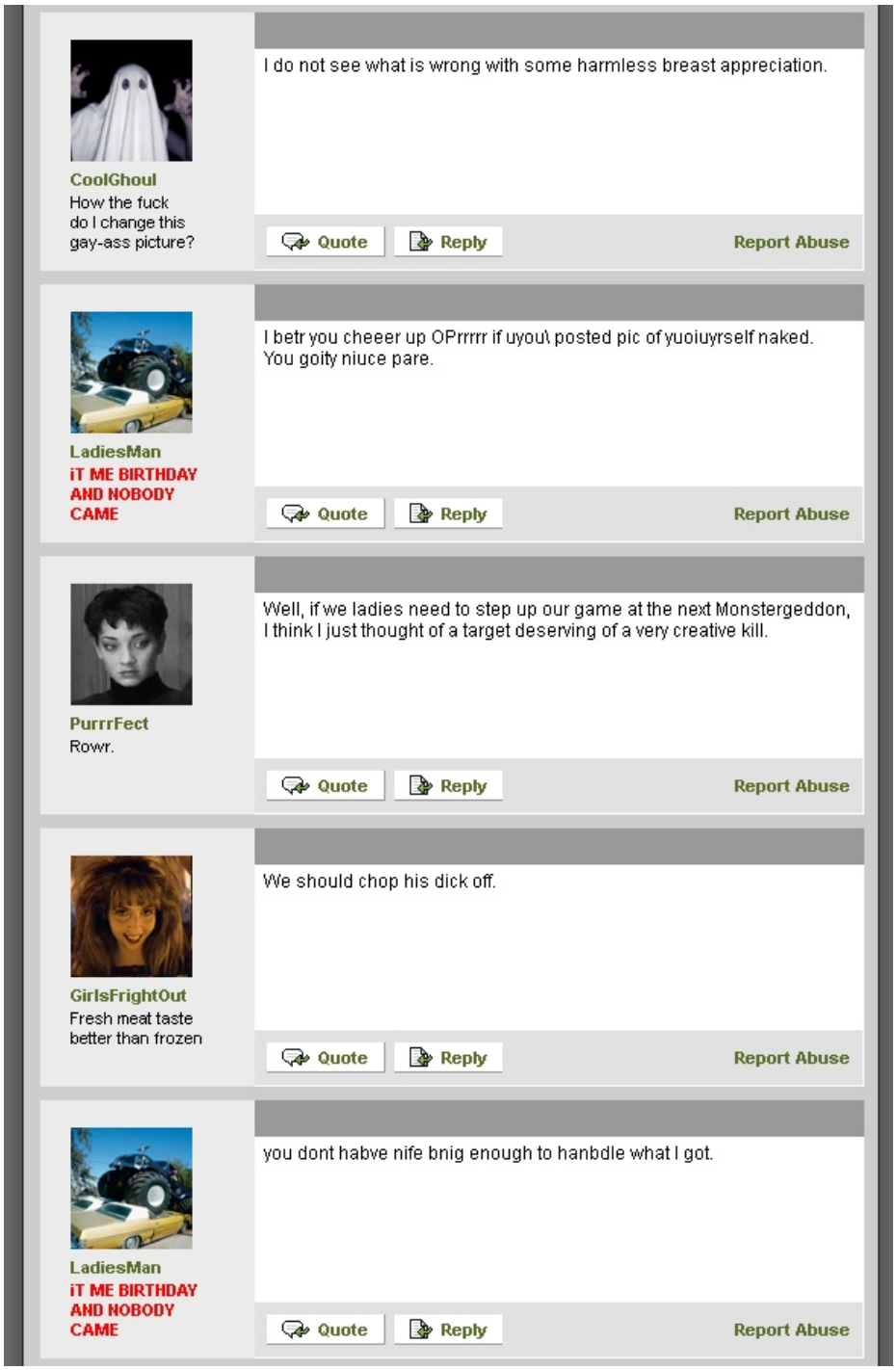
This entire thread is a joke. 80% of the posts in this "Feminism" thread are from guys. That kind of says it all. I'm not sure how anyone can seriously think they have balanced thoughts on females when they ALSO post in Sasquatch's gross "Pics of Big Boobs" thread. That the forum allows a thread with a title like that to exist is shameful.

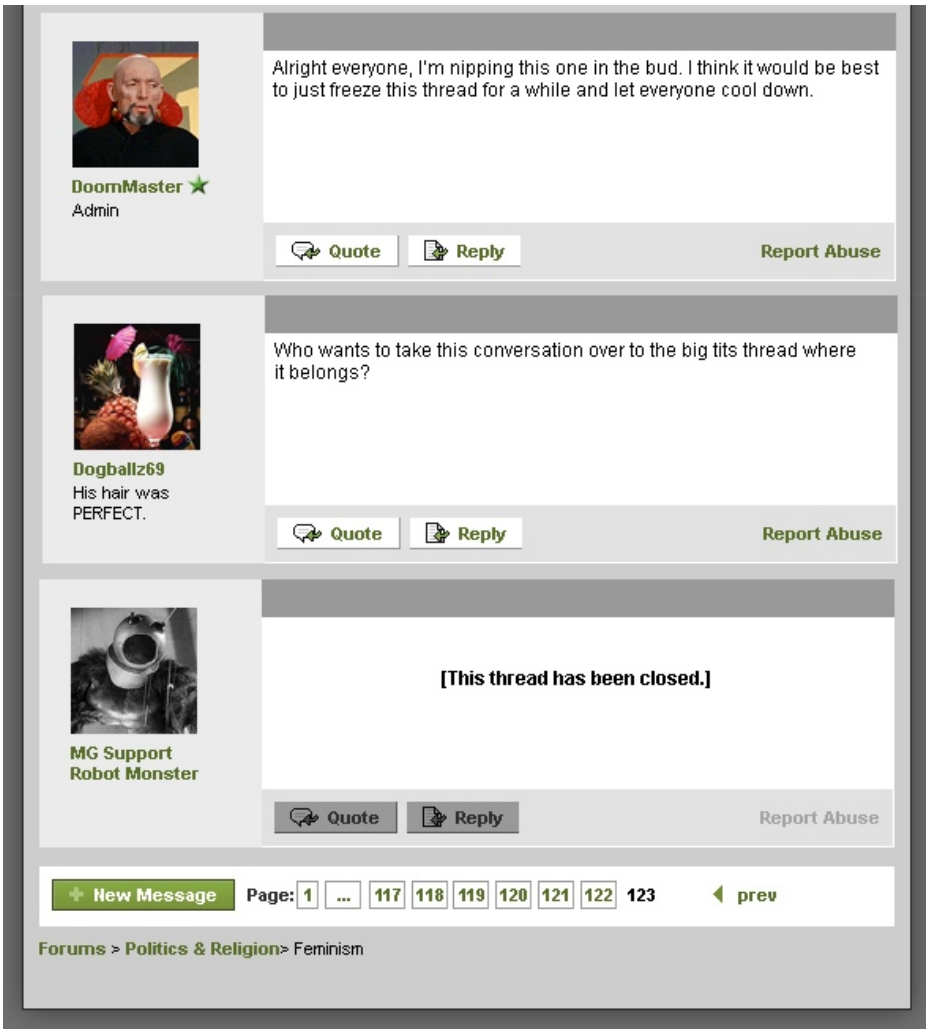
Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

I agree! Sometimes the boobs posted in there aren't even that big. We need some quality control!

Quote Reply Report Abuse


I do not see what is wrong with some harmless breast appreciation.
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I betr you cheeer up OPrrrrr if uyou\ posted pic of yuoiuyrself naked. You goity niuce pare.
LadiesMan
iT ME BIRTHDAY AND NOBODY CAME
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Well, if we ladies need to step up our game at the next Monstergeddon, I think I just thought of a target deserving of a very creative kill.
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
We should chop his dick off.
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
you dont habve nife bnig enough to hanbdle what I got.
LadiesMan
iT ME BIRTHDAY AND NOBODY CAME
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Alright everyone, I'm nipping this one in the bud. I think it would be best to just freeze this thread for a while and let everyone cool down.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Who wants to take this conversation over to the big tits thread where it belongs?
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
[This thread has been closed.]
MG Support Robot Monster
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 ... 117 118 119 120 121 122 123
prev
Forums > Politics & Religion> Feminism

Thanks to **Ian "BFM" Helm** for the page designs. Look for a new Groggery Gibbonman soon!
Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there were entire books full of it?! Check out the author that *Publishers Weekly* called "cavalier and distasteful!"

–∼Worm Miller

8.19 The NSA Investigates David Miranda's 3DS

Thursday, Aug 22, 2013 by Agent Dan Staniels

August 18 2013: investigative journalist Glenn Greenwald's partner David Miranda is held for questioning at London's Heathrow airport due to Greenwald's close ties to the NSA whistleblower scandal. Among the possessions confiscated, Miranda's 3DS video game system stands out as an unlikely object of interest -- or is there something more sinister lurking within? In an unprecedented act of treason for a comedy website, Something Awful is proud to present the NSA's official report on the damning evidence found inside Miranda's video game system.

REPORT: AXX081813
AGENT: DAN STANIELS, CODENAME "D. STANIELS"
OBJECT: FOREIGN-MADE INTERACTIVE ENJOYMENT DEVICE

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Blue-green. Lack of codewords or manifesto scrawled on device. Adhesive sticker of video game character "Pikachu" on outer shell. Touchscreen reveals light fingerprints and stylus marks. Water spots mark the top -- or viewing -- screen. A fine powder of anthrax or commonplace dust can be found inside the wells of A, X buttons (waiting for conclusive lab results). 3D slider has been pushed down the "off" setting.

ANALYSIS: Outwardly, Mr Miranda's 3DS seems to be just like any other, but that could be just the effect he's intending. His choice of the "Pikachu" character to adorn the outside of his gaming system seems to be an attempt to fit into the mainstream despite his ill intentions. The scratched and fingerprint-marked bottom screen shows a distinct lack of respect for his own possessions, a trait also found in suicide bombers. Mr. Miranda's lack of use for the 3DS's 3D functions are telling of a man saving his precious eyesight for a greater function, such as forgery (for more, please see the Steve McQueen film "The Great Escape.")

CONTENTS OF DEVICE

ANIMAL CROSSING: A NEW LEAF VIDEO GAME CARTRIDGE

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Flat, plastic tab contains a surprising lack of microfilm. Upon booting up the game I visited Mr. Miranda's "Butt Town" village for 20 minutes. I was greeted by unwatered flowers, animal neighbors asking where I (Mr. Miranda) have been. Mr. Miranda's avatar wore a t-shirt with a skull design, and filled his house with balloon furniture. I spent 30 additional minutes catching fish but could not uncover additional personal information about Mr. Miranda.

ANALYSIS: The state of disarray Mr. Miranda had left "Butt Town" in implies a man on the run, or one busied with the thousands of tasks necessary to undermine civil society. The skull t-shirt on Mr. Miranda's avatar shows an implicit lack of respect for human life and a fascination with death. Interrogations with members of terrorist cells reveal this same fascination with the sick and morbid. Additionally, I still can't catch a shark.

SUPER MARIO LAND DIGITAL VIDEO GAME DOWNLOAD

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: Old, difficult. Mario's strange 45-degree jumps made level 2-2 nearly impossible for this agent. Would not recommend, for fans of the genre only. 73/100

ANALYSIS: Mr. Miranda's interest in this game no doubt stems from a desire to test his endurance under torture. I mean, you pick up a Fire Flower and all of a sudden you start throwing these super balls that bounce around the screen? And then the turtles blow up after you jump on them? Anyone who supports this gross subversion of classic video game enjoyment does not stand for the principles that act as the foundation for our free and just world.

"NET FLIX" SOFTWARE APPLICATION

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: "Hell Raiser III" is last movie viewed (including credits). Mr. Miranda's queue includes several tedious documentaries, including one about a font.

ANALYSIS: The presence of "Hell Raiser III," obviously the first weak link in Clive Barker's popular franchise, indicates Mr. Miranda's continued obsession with death. The famous "puzzle boxes" of the series can and should be considered otherworldly terrorist devices, though we can assume Mr. Miranda cannot open portals to hell in his current phase of disrupting society. Regardless, we surrounded his person with a circle of salt during the questioning process.

FINAL ANALYSIS

Mr. Miranda poses an extreme danger to the institutions we have built to monitor people like him.

After his release from temporary detainment, we recommend the following action(s):

_ KILL-O-GRAM
_ HUMAN TO APE MIND-SWITCH
_ HUNTED FOR SPORT AT CRAWFORD RANCH
_ SERVED FOOD ON AIR FORCE ONE (JOKE)
_ EATEN BY MONSANTO'S SILO OF "CARNIVORE BEANS"
X IMPALED ON STATUE OF LIBERTY CROWN (OPERATION POETIC JUSTICE)

–∼Agent Dan Staniels

8.20 Don Draper Pitches Video Game Marketing

Friday, Aug 23, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dragon's Crown

These are enormous breasts from the video game Soul Calibur V. The developers have gone with the rarely-seen"under and side" breast combo. Interesting presentation, but I could have picked breasts out from any of dozens of other fighting games, action games, real time strategy games, detective mystery games, puzzle games, or sports franchise management games.

Enormous breasts have been a mainstay of gaming since the first chainmail bikini was stretched to its limits. All of your competitors are using breasts. Do you think breasts can still sell?

The answer is, "Yes."

From the moment a man is born he craves breasts. This continues through adolescence and into the stunted dependency of modern adulthood. Your competitors are using this knowledge to relentlessly push every product they have.

But what if there was something more than a breast? Something bigger that you could offer? Something softer and jigglier, that men can only aspire to in fantasy. What if a woman, an elf or wizardess perhaps, was nothing but breasts? In fantasy we are no longer constrained by the boundaries of reality, so why should breasts be any different?

Gentlemen, I give you...the super breast:

Jellybean Vikings (iPhone/iPad) "$9.95 Snack Attack Pack"

To succeed, a game that relies on micro-transaction must trade on two things: compulsion and addiction. The gameplay itself must be addicting and the compulsion that we must inspire in the player is to buy. We are not selling bags of jellybeans. We are not selling Viking weapons made out of jellybeans that can be used to recover energy for more attacks on candy monsters.

We are selling the idea of power.

Nothing is more addicting than power, but all power is an illusion without the consent of others. Which is why we offer a marketplace that uses recovery jellybeans as currency. It will allow players to exchange candy monsters and candy artifacts for jellybeans. In short, they will be conducting all of their transactions in a currency that they buy from you and which cannot be exchange for actual money.

You will own the market. You, and their participation, will give them power. It's a reality where you have total control to make the illusion real for them.

You will also need endless, confusing promotional events. We can work out the details on those in future meetings.

Gone Home

When I was a boy, my father liked to push me beneath a sycamore tree on a swing he made himself. We would go outside for what felt like hours in the last light of summer. When I was on that swing I seemed to be sitting still and the world moved beneath me. Years later, I went back to that house to see that swing. To sit in it.

That was pretty hard, because there was a Taco Bell there. The world kept moving even when I wasn't sitting in that swing. The place existed only in my memory.

You cannot go home. Yet, here we are, a game with no enemies. No friends. No action. Nothing driving the story forward. Permeated by a sense of unreality. It's just a house full of memories.

You are capturing the place we can never return to, that alienation I experienced with that swing. This isn't a video game. It's a dream.

You don't need me to tell you to plaster bikini babes and dubstep all over your trailers. Get some nostalgia music playing on a cassette, some cute notebooks, and lots of dark rooms and the game sells itself. You don't care about the audience, because your audience is going to be writers at those weird Estonian websites and Italian PC Gamer offshoots that fill Metacritic. A theme wandering around with no story or gameplay will be lapped up by every gaming journalist who would have complained about the slow walk speed or lack of variety of guns in an FPS. Each of them more desperate than the last to burnish their credibility by heaping praise on the weird indie game.

You'll have a Metacritic 90 faster than Spelunky. You don't need me at all.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.21 Ben Affleck As Daredevil Will Be A Terrible Batman

Saturday, Aug 24, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Ben Affleck will be playing Batman? You have to be kidding me. This is the worst thing that could possibly happen on planet Earth. Anyone who has seen Daredevil knows that getting Ben Affleck to play Batman while in character as Daredevil is a huge mistake. We've been waiting so long for a proper Batman/Superman movie, and now it's doomed.

First of all, Daredevil is blind, and Batman can see just fine. In fact, I'm pretty sure Batman has perfect 20/20 vision. Remember how Ben Affleck's Daredevil costume actually covered his eyes? That won't work at all for Batman! He needs to see what he's doing, to stare evil in the face and wear shoe polish on his eyelids. If Affleck thinks he can portray Batman as a blind superhero, he's in for a rude awakening.

Ben Affleck used a stick as a weapon when he played Daredevil. NO. God damn it. This is all wrong, Ben Affleck. Batman doesn't need to use a stick. He is a formidable hand-to-hand fighter. The guy can punch a dozen henchmen, punch a dog, punch a super villain, punch other people - basically anything the situation calls for.

A stick is shit. If something can't be resolved via the punching method, Batman has access to an unlimited arsenal of amazing futuristic gadgets that would make a stick look like a simple length of metal or wood. Ben Affleck is seriously pissing me off with this Daredevil stick of his. It's like he's not even trying to be Batman.

Batman's costume is mostly black. This is because 1. Black is harder to see at night, so Batman can get the jump on criminals and 2. Black is the natural color of actual Batmen so it is thematically consistent. When Ben Affleck was in costume as Daredevil he wore red. Head to toe, red. That's not even close! No one is going to recognize this guy as Batman if he's wearing that red Daredevil costume! Don't even get me started on the lack of a cape, or the iconic bat logo.

I'm a forgiving man. It's true. I'm a little worked up right now because I'm passionate about Batman, but if I cooled off I'm sure I could look past most of these quibbles and accept the film for what it is. There is one aspect of this casting choice that is simply unacceptable, however.

Daredevil is named Daredevil. Think about how many times someone said "Hey Daredevil" or "Yo Daredevil" in Daredevil and Ben Affleck nodded back or waved. Hundreds of times. Maybe thousands. It's basically all I remember from that movie. That will not work in the Batman/Superman flick. Batman is named Batman. If every character is going to refer to Ben Affleck as Daredevil, what's the point of calling it a Batman movie? This is such an obvious flaw. How did this slip past the casting agent, the director, and everyone else involved in the production of this doomed movie?

It's obvious that Daredevil was not a good movie. Even so, I find it deplorable that Warner Brothers and DC Comics would poach Ben Affleck's performance of a Marvel character for a portrayal of Batman. If this isn't an open admission that both companies are desperate in the wake of Christopher Nolan's departure, I don't know what is.

More than that, this is a slap in the face to myself and sensible people like me. We will not stand idly by as a terrible future crashes down upon our heads, one in which Ben Affleck as Daredevil portrays other characters in movies. Sure, it's "just" Batman now, but what next? Ben Affleck as Daredevil portraying Don Quixote in the realization of Terry Gilliam's dream project? Ben Affleck as Daredevil portraying Travis Bickle in a remake of Taxi Driver?

Stand with me! Let us band together, and allow our voices to be heard! Let's tell Hollywood in no uncertain terms that we want Batman recast, and that we want him to be played by Jeremy Renner as Hawkeye!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.22 I Have a Slightly Different Dream

Monday, Aug 26, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have a dream that one day the ultimate zombie story will be told, in video game form, and also as a novelization of that video game. Let it be a zombie action/survival-horror/RPG/strategy game with base building, recruitment, and team gameplay.

I have a dream that the game is mine. It is based on the remake of **Dawn of the Dead** and you can make a character using micro-transactions to buy gear. The mall is just one of the locations. And the graphics and controls will be top tier, like the best AAA shooter titles.

I have a dream of lots of guns, which you can customize, wicked melee weapons, multiple types of zombies including a fat one that explodes, a skinny evil woman zombie, and a horrifying zombie baby swarm.

I have a dream that the ultimate enemy will be other players, other survivors in the zombie wasteland. And you can take the survival horror with you on your iPad or Android tablet.

I have a dream of 64 player death match, open world sandbox, base-building, battle-racing, zombie party mystery.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that we will stop accepting substandard zombie games, films and literature, and the genre will finally achieve the greatness to which it aspires, to finally tell the story that I want to tell about zombies. The story about man's inhumanity to himself and the fear of cannibalism, the decay of society as the world breaks down, and the realization that all men are equal in surviving the horror of my unique vision of the apocalypse.

I have a dream of rhythm mini-games, vehicle hi-jacking, a robust trading system, S.T.A.L.K.E.R. powers, and lots of quick time events. The more the better. Customize haircuts. Wear hats. Scrounge the ruins for batteries for your lowlight goggles. Crash helicopters into gas stations.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day all the zombie games that came before us will be in a museum, side by side, and my zombie game will be unequivocally the best. Everyone will be super pumped up for my game, which is the real ultimate zombie experience, not like all those disappointing pretenders. You will be able to craft healing potions, fortify your bases, scavenge for crossbow bolts, and creep through zombie-populated streets.

I have a dream that you can loot stores. Kidnap your enemies for ransom. Siphon fuel from abandoned vehicles. Get married in-game. Play a furry zombie hunter. Use bitcoins to buy in-game trade items to buy a Tom Savini sheriff skin. Download the prequel comic.

I have a dream that we will have holiday events in-game and our first expansion will add a steampunk island. No, dieselpunk. With Nazi zombies. And a castle. And you can choose to play as a zombie too. Like one of the alpha zombies that is smarter and faster and can fly helicopters.

I had some other stuff in my dream, but my alarm for my Minecraft game just went off and my friends will never stop making fun of me if I don't help them build our volcano base today. I may not live to see my dream realized, but I will make the website and send you the fiction I have written based around JSOC commando Captain Hunter Hawk. You can skip over the sex scenes.

And when you finally see my game (tentative title *Zompocalypse: War of the Z*) in Steam, and you notice the cost, you will paraphrase the words of that famous negro spiritual, "Free to play! Free to play! Thank god almighty, the ultimate zombie game ever conceptualized is free to play!"

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.23 Celebrity Stalker: Summer 2013 Spots

Wednesday, Aug 28, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Our unrelenting stargazers are always on the peep for an eyeful of celebrity, and today their gazing orbs captured some primo spots. Enjoy!

Miley Cyrus
Saw Miley outside posh restaurant Naboo hocking big loogies all over the place. They were like big slimy owl pellets and my friend poked one with a stick, then we ran.

Joseph Kony
Bumped into Kony outside legendary New York hotspot Bith where the social media darling was having dinner with a much younger lady. Very courteous and posed for pictures with fans.

Shia LeBeouf
Saw that pube-faced Lothario heating things up in the freezer section of Ralphs. He was behind the bags of frozen corn and looking right at home with a sexy frost on his skin.

Tom Hardy
Spotted the hot-to-trot hottie stealing hearts on the dance floor, as well as phones and wallets. He could barely carry all the stuff he was stealing, and kept dropping things. Insatiable!

Robin Williams
Bumped into a homeless man who rambled incoherently about genitals for roughly ten minutes like a maniac. Once I realized he was Robin Williams, I ran away to post this.

Susan Sarandon
The leading lady was being led astray through Central Park by an out-of-control Bernese Mountain Dog. She was just along for the ride, being dragged like a ragdoll as the runaway hound flaunted its indomitable spirit.

Mandy Patinkin
That ol' silverfox is on his porch right now whittling away at a big ol' stick. 'Spect he's carvin' up something real pretty there. Daddy like!

Karl Urban
Hunky leading man Karl Urban was being robbed by some local hoods, and begging me to call the police. Snapped some juicy pics of the distressed stud, but my phone was stolen too. No class, hoods!

Will.i.am
Looks like he walked into wet cement while texting on his Google Glass, and got stuck as it hardened. He was pretending like it was nothing, but I could tell he was distressed. I left a bowl of water, which he lapped up.

Bradley Cooper
The hangover star is currently chasing me and cussing up a storm after I clocked him on the back of the head with a ripe melon. I can practically smell his sweat. Charming!

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.24 A World Without Cronuts

Thursday, Aug 29, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

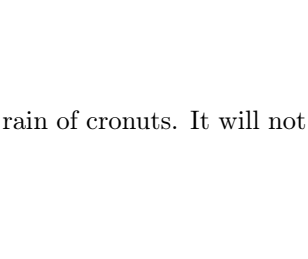
The most brilliant philosopher in the world addresses a college auditorium packed with attentive students. She posits that many of society's ills would naturally correct themselves in time if a universal standard of living were to be established and maintained, if there was no longer a risk of starvation for anyone on the planet. Sadly, she explains, there is no magical mix of a croissant and a donut to feed the unfortunate, so hunger and desperation and exploitation and chaos will continue to spiral out of control.

Upon the conclusion of her talk, the philosopher takes a running start and jumps through a nearby window. She calmly gets up and brushes shards of glass off her clothing as the students begin to crash through other windows. This is the way everyone must enter and exit all buildings, since all doors are manufactured with locks that can only be opened by cronut-shaped objects, and cronuts do not exist.

On the horizon, a great and hungry fire sweeps across a hillside. The blaze has consumed everything in its path for weeks. Firefighters can only evacuate potential victims or watch helplessly, as they have no cronuts with which to smother the flames.

Across the ocean, a man rolls on to his back and covers his face in shame. The woman in bed next to him holds back her words of comfort, knowing the act of kindness will only inflict further harm to his pride. He hasn't been able to satisfy her in quite some time. There is a distance growing between the two. Something is missing. She doesn't know what it is exactly, but there is a palpable absence in their once idyllic lives. They are too afraid of losing one another to confront the problem, but how long can they continue to drift apart in silence?

Outside their bedroom window and in towns all over the planet, animals begin to intrude upon mankind's rightful domain. Their ecosystem has broken down. With no cronuts to sustain the circle of life, desperate creatures have scavenged all the berries. Now that their only available food source has dried up, they turn to feasting on the flesh of humans.



In a hospital just up the road from where you sit at this very moment, a surgeon loses another patient. Though she knows that every step in the procedure was performed correctly, she can't shake the feeling that there's something else she could be doing to save lives. She will go home tonight and drink, spending another evening in a haze as she scours her research for a treatment that will end this rash of inexplicable deaths. She will be looking for a cure that does not exist in her world.

A man stumbles to the peak of a sand dune. The blisters on his crimson face crack as he squints off into the distance for signs of civilization. There is only sand, and the sun. The man's knees buckle and he flops down the hill in a tangle of rags and boney limbs. He wants to cry, but he cannot. The man licks his lips. He stares into the sky and prays for a rain of cronuts. It will not

come.

Across the world, concrete and steel begin to decay. Roads crack open, releasing a foul stench from the ashen soil below. Bridges and buildings fall. Written history crumbles up and disappears as language is forgotten.

Earth tilts ever so slightly off its axis. If there were still such a thing as scientists, they would be alarmed to discover the new course of the planet's orbit, which is now headed straight for the sun - which now has a black hole right next to it!

If these scientists existed, they might use their remaining months to study the black hole. They might discover that these mysterious anomalies are not created by collapsing stars, but by unstable pockets in the universe, absences where cronuts should be.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.25 It is Time to Equip the Free Syrian Army with the Wu-Tang Secret

Friday, Aug 30, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The gruesome use of chemical weapons on civilians by the Assad regime in Syria has demanded some sort of response from the international community. The options for this response are limited. Fatigue among western democracies for further conflict in the middle east has all but ruled out military strikes on Syria. Sanctions or binding resolutions from the UN seem even less likely with China and Russia using their veto power to bring down any attempt to push something through the Security Council.

That leaves the United States to take unilateral action. But what could cruise missiles or drone strikes accomplish? How could further equipment really help the rebel Free Syrian Army?

What the FSA needs is something that will give them a lasting edge. Parkour? No, all the buildings have been blasted to rubble. They need something that no amount of chemical weapons or Russian tanks can ever take away.

It's time for the United States to give the FSA the Wu-Tang Secret.

Of course we never want to reveal it, not all at once, but you teach it as an exercise. Doing moves while you spit lessons. Spinning blades from the Shaolin slums, it's time to swarm Aleppo with the killer bees. Big dick draggers come in and teach those nappy, rasta-head SAA what happens when you dance with the mantis. GZA with the liquid swords, Masta Killa teaching snake arm swings, going to give the FSA hot biscuits and dynamite hands mantis moves. Even Shyheim is in there throwing cannons.

If Assad is going to drop chemical bombs on his own people then he can only hope to face the mercy of the 36 chambers. A quick death from nerve point invasion, fight to the death, soldiers all around them and popping like mob bosses. Laser James Bond flinging kings in the octagon until every SAA is turned inside out like a sock.

A lot of people are worried about the Wu-Tang Secret getting out. It's understandable. There is no greater weapon in all the chambers and all the arsenals of any other clan in the world. In the past, when the United States has equipped rebel groups, our weapons eventually get used against us. But how many of our past wars has RZA produced? None.

Well, maybe Desert Shield, but he was just a co-producer and that was bootleg anyway. Bush senior put on a Halloween werewolf mask and ran off with the DAT tapes from the studio. He got that back to the White House mixing room and by the time it got leaked he scrubbed out all the n-words he heard and added in a sleigh bell and a track of calliope music.

RZA has new skills and secrets to unleash on an unsuspecting enemy. Raekwon has spent the last 999 days learning how to breathe by watching a butterfly and how to move his arms by watching a caterpillar. The flow they unleash will obliterate T-80 tanks.

With all the hyper knowledge the swarm brings, like fifteen Encarta 96's worth of nerve-wrecking phantom move knowledge, can the Wu-Tang change the reality on the ground in Syria?

Let me answer that question with a question: Can Ol' Dirty Bastard AKA Dirt McGirt AKA Big Baby Jesus swoop in on ghost wings and unleash the ultimate Wu-Tang technique? If the answer is yes to that then close your eyes, Marion, because spirits are about to start melting shit in Damascus.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.26 Sherlock Holmes And The Case Of The Murdered Man

Saturday, Aug 31, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Originally published in the May 1893 issue of Cricket And Ornamental Tobacco Pipes Monthly, The Case Of The Murdered Man is easily the most terrible Sherlock Holmes story ever written. It is also the most difficult of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's works to track down, as the author personally destroyed most copies and declined to publish the tale again. To this day, only fragments of the original tale have been recovered.

"London was a collection of buildings. There was fog. Horse-drawn carriages jostled along cobblestone streets. Merchants yelled at passers-by as they held their wares up for display, everything from rocks to handfuls of mud to moist scraps of paper scavenged from alleys."

"Watson became suspicious. Why had the butler stated his occupation as 'murderer' when he was clearly a butler? Was he hiding something?"

"Sherlock Holmes played the violin in his home at 221b Baker Street. Doctor Watson suddenly arrived. His landlady also suddenly arrived with a note that described the details of a new case. Within moments a constable suddenly arrived to see if Holmes wanted a ride to the scene of the crime and some preliminary information about the case. Before Holmes could answer all of the suspects suddenly arrived at 221b Baker Street and gave their account of what happened on the night in question."

"Sherlock yanked on the flight stick. His biplane did a loop, but his pursuers were still after him and they were shooting bullets towards him. Sherlock had an idea. He pointed the plane at a narrow vertical crevice in the face of a sheer cliff. He turned the plane sideways so it just barely fit into the gap. The enemy planes ran into the rocks and blew up. On Sherlock Holmes' shoulder, his pet monkey clapped in celebration and did a backflip."

"The woman was skeptical about Sherlock's deductive abilities. The great detective raised an eyebrow. 'Allow me to make a few observations about your person, ma'am. You are left handed, though you swing a badminton racket with your right arm. You have recently traveled to Africa, where you lost a shoe. Upon your return you found yourself in an argument with your sister concerning her treatment of your pet cat, which she had been charged with looking after while you were away.' The room went silent. Everyone was in shock. Holmes then gave a fascinating account of how he was able to make such seemingly impossible observations. His explanation was quite brilliant and entertaining."

"The body was a gristly sight. Imagine a person walking around and living, then laying down and being dead. This body was more like the second half of the previous sentence than the first half. Sherlock consulted Doctor Watson. Watson confirmed that the bloody holes in the corpse were most likely wounds."

"The dragon bellowed a final yelly shriek, gouts of hot flame shooting out of its nostrils as the legendary beast's head lolled back so its face was looking up. In an explosion of blood, the dragon blew up. Sherlock looked back at the chaos over his shoulder, completely motionless aside from a flick of his wrist to shake the gore loose from his katana."

"Watson looked on, fascinated as his dear friend inspected the object with a magnifying glass. Sherlock was in a state of deep concentration. Nearly ten minutes later, Holmes straightened. 'It's definitely a blimp, my dear chap.' The detective nodded thoughtfully."

"Sherlock and Watson already had their hands full, brawling with their doppelgangers, when suddenly the train compartment's door burst open and two more doppelgangers entered the melee. One of the train's conductors bravely stepped in to help, but within moments his own doppelganger crashed through the window and began strangling him."

"Sherlock was a tall man. He was also relatively thin, but not overly skinny. His nose was pronounced and almost hawk-like. There was nothing particularly noteworthy about the number of pores on his face. They were completely normal in size and appearance. In fact, one would be hard pressed to find a reason to mention them at all. He had two arms, which he fit into the sleeves of his shirt and coat. Sherlock's hair was brushed into a style."

"Holmes reached into the box marked 'CLUES' and pulled out a sheet of paper. It was a rather lengthy and descriptive confession that the killer had signed and left behind. Once again, the master detective had solved the case."

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Permit Me to Construct For You the Ultimate Man Cave

Monday, Sep 02, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Buddy, what you need is a man cave.

What do you got, like 800 square feet? We can do a pub theme, easy. Gonna go right over that drywall with split tone real wood paneling. Trust me, it's going to look just like a bar. You like Cheers? We'll do Cheers.

Do a ten foot wraparound wet bar with four taps. What do you want on tap? We'll do two beers, a macro and a micro, maybe like a Bud Ice and your favorite IPA. You like that hemp IPA? The real hoppy one? Throw that in there, put margaritas and rootbeers on the other two.

You're gonna need a TV, right? Coscto has the 110 inch LG Plasma. 1080P, 3D, real crisp and good blacks. Throw that up on the wall, make a little movie theater. You want reclining seats? We can do two-tier stadium seating. Three rows. Speakers in the seat and 12.1 surround in the walls. We can do a curtain that opens and closes over the screen.

You need a soundproof room with a steel door that locks from the outside? No windows? No problem. We put one of those in for that basketball player. You know. We can wire it into the gas line so you just hit a switch and fill the room with natural gas. Oh, yeah, most things. Most things. Maybe like if they get down on the floor they can last a couple extra minutes. Then you just put a fan in to suck it all out. Don't want to go lighting any cigarettes.

You like pool? Pool with the guys? We can drop a mud chute in and tile off this room here. Dude diaper warmer. Hot wrap for your business. You like woad patterns? Ceremonial woad drip you can honor the nameless ancients right here. Sticks of wise herb to chew. Doubles as a manpig wallow so you're going to want a hook drawer. Put in a double grate for blood and a spigot. Just turn that sucker on...wooosh! Clean you right up, assuming it's not Angsley's

Day where all your deeds must stain your skin.

Do you have a Wifestone already? We'll lower the foundation, drop in a wifestone, one of those big, veined ones that came from the meteorites. Succubus dreams, incubus dreams, whatever you want, buddy. Not my place to judge. Save it for the Ordo Expurget and the Lust Deacons. What I can promise is lucid throes with depraved dream servants of the choleric urges.

Some people like to keep their manpigs pale so they keep them in the basement. You want pens down here? We've got some great Japanese pens, mini-elevator, remote control, cube doors. Self-cleaning. They have built in speakers in each pen so you can play your chants right into the cubes. Get them all whipped up before the hooks.

Buddy, you want an illuminated seraph? Get you one of the faceless ones with the slightly feminine bodies. Diaphanous vestments finished in gold thread. We'll put in a carven alcove with ornamental architraves and friezes from all the great tribulations against the Irredeemed, clockwork figures and a humidity detector that will activate your thurible when your seraph's heart begins throbbing to the aching wound of sin. Get you an auto-thurifer with ten sacramental incenses.

You want some posters on the walls? We'll frame out poster boxes for six different ones and you can swap out whatever you want, whether it's obedience declarations or the many-eyed wych scrolls of fallen seraphs.

You like Bestlen the Scourge of New York? Lyra the Mother of Agony? Addaq'Baar, Flood of the Red Rivers of Toronto? Got real instantiated relics that carry the whispers of fallen hosts. Whatever you like, man, I got a buddy who works at the Imagus Scriptorum who can get you whatever at like cost plus five percent.

Oh, before I forget, you want a mini-fridge? No? How about a serpent of frost to coil around your dead and preserve them for the Last Confrontation?

You need a bottomless pit? A maker space? A workshop for the struggle? Do you already have a flayer living with you? We can...nope...okay, just going down the list. Oh, a bathroom? You want a half bath, a full bath, a double bath, or an infinite bath that extends your shower into post-geometry? Drop a granite bench in there, real stone tiles, body jets, conscience jets, a hand that comes out of the wall and jerks you off. Ha ha! Just making sure you were paying attention. Whatever you want, we'll bend it beyond the possible limits of reality.

Chhhh...oohhh...do you only wear the flesh of man over your blasphemous chitin or are you a real human? Because if you're a scuttling devourer of manpigs or born of free flesh I can work it out. We can do everything just like I said but add a three-foot brine line for you and some hot rocks instead of stools at the bar. No?

Alright, well that's just about it. I'll have the contractors in here this week. If you need anything else, just let me know, we are forever linked by the unseen cords of blood and bound in the mass waking nightmare that punishes us all. I will sense your desires as if they were my own. Or you can text me. Whatever.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.2 Pharmacies and the Depressed People who Love Them

Wednesday, Sep 04, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Nick is walking to the pharmacy to get his antidepressant prescription refilled. He's been off antidepressants for a few days and it's turned his world upside-down - literally - because his brain is too depressed to flip his eyes' upside-down images, making everything look inverted.

Nick's eyes are pouched and he walks sluggishly. He didn't sleep last night because antidepressant withdrawals give him nightmares. In one he's the cartoon head in Zoloft commercials, running through a Pac-Man maze eating Zoloft pills while being chased by the ghosts of the happy, successful people he could have been. In another he's dating a girl who says she's a cutter and he asks her how long she's been cutting herself. "I'm a cutter, not a cuttee," she replies and stabs him to death.

Nick considers doing some cocaine to tide him over until he gets to the pharmacy, but he knows that street drugs destroy a ton of brain cells. That's why he mostly sticks to phamaceuticals, which destroy fewer brain cells in a safer fashion, like controlled demolition. Also, coke gives him auditory hallucinations, like porn stars telling him he's gay because his antidepressants make him take forever to masturbate.

In the pharmacy a girl named Julie rings up a prescription, snickering because it's such a low dosage - pharmacists look down on people with weak prescriptions, just like convenience store clerks look down on people who buy weak alcohol. Mocking customers is the only perk of this shitty job, which she never wanted. Like most pharmacists, Julie started as a casual legal drug user, but eventually started selling to support her habit. She wishes she'd stayed in college; maybe then she could have become a millionaire and fulfilled her dream of marrying Usher.

Julie daydreams that she's filling a prescription when suddenly the lights dim and the medicine bottles start glowing, bathing the room in orange light. "DJ Got Us Fallin' in Love" plays on the intercom and Usher appears by her side. They embrace, surrounded by customers whose medication withdrawals give them seizures resembling twerking.

Nick can see the pharmacy sign in the distance. Upside down, the mortar and pestle look a lot like the Taco Bell logo. The pharmacy has always reminded him of Taco Bell, mostly because he works there and the job makes him depressed. There's a girl there he likes and once told she was his muse - or almost did. He got as far as "you're my" before she said "your muse?" in a condescending voice. Like all males, Nick seeks love out of a subconscious desire to return to the womb, ideally the womb of a woman who takes lots of antidepressants so he can mainline them umbilically.

Nick isn't the only person who finds the Taco Bell and pharmacy logos similar. Old people sometimes confuse them, go to Taco Bell for their heart medicine, get served triple beef burritos and die of heart attacks. The conglomerate that owns all fast-food and pharmacy chains has thought about changing one of the logos, but reusing the same image saves on trademark fees.

Nick, of course, doesn't know that his employer and pharmacy are the same company, and he definitely doesn't grasp the ingenious way they boost each others' profits - fast-food work makes people depressed; antidepressants make them crave fast food. If he did, the fast-food/drug trust would have him killed, just like they kill everyone who overdoses on antidepressants to hide that fact that overdosing on antidepressants cures depression forever.

Nick's withdrawals have grown into an intense depersonalized feeling. In most people, this symptom feels like their soul is floating helplessly a few feet above their body, but in Nick, who already feels depersonalized by his job, it has a synergistic effect, launching his soul hundreds of feet in the air. From up here, he can see the whole strip of urban sprawl he walks down every day, tracing a line back and forth from Taco Bell to the pharmacy. The tiny buildings remind him of a collage, like the girl at Taco Bell's art project where she glued a bunch of seashells to a canvas in the shape of a vagina. He can see how all the stores - the gas stations, minimarts, restaurants - combine into part of something bigger. Not its vagina (although maybe it has one) but its mouth, the rows of stores forming two enormous jaws, poised eat everyone on the street.

When he finally gets back to his body, Nick's withdrawal pangs are even worse - his brain feels like a private Guantanamo for his consciousness. He's almost at the pharmacy when he stumbles over a newspaper. He picks it up and reads the upside-down headline - "World Doomed." Below the headline is a satellite photo of a swarm of meteors hurtling toward earth. But to Nick they look like a cloud of serotonin molecules flocking to a receptor. He drops the paper and jogs toward the sliding glass door.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.3 Let's Do A War

Thursday, Sep 05, 2013 by John Kerry

Hey, man. It's John. Did you hear? We're gonna do a war. *Yes* way.

This shit is going to be crazy. You see those new bombs? I flew out to the desert region of East Bumblefuck with a dude named Gary and he tore that square mile of nothing an entirely new and fully formed asshole. Take some pictures of those things chunking a mudpit out of Who Gives a Shit and I guarantee this hellstorm will make the cover of at least five Newsweeks. I'll be cornholed if I'm not in a Pulitzer Prize-winning political cartoon by the end of 2014. Like to give those out as gag gifts to my nieces and nephews.

Goddamn, can you believe that steamy turd Wolf Blitzer left me three voice mails this morning about an interview on CNN? Last time I went on that Ted Turner garbage farm, some intern gave me a bagel with a pube trapped under a thick slather of strawberry cream cheese. And when I looked at myself in the monitor, I saw what resembled a damned cadaver propped up next to that musky slimeball of a host. Call me when amatuer hour's over, beardo. Maybe I'd shove an ounce of respect your way if you didn't look like a greasy hobbit.

You like golf? Well get ready to golf your damn balls off. This is your first war, so let me fill you in: what the media calls "diplomacy," we call "getting shitfaced doing kegstands in the Walnut Room." The Walnut Room is in the main building of the Pine Valley Country Club, and that's where we keep the Keystone Light. You're going to drink a lot of it. And if you play your cards right, you'll be playing quarters with that world-class motherfucker Vladimir Putin. Word of warning: guy likes to put his dick on *everything*. You dip a chip anywhere that freak's been and you risk getting a taste of Mother Russia.

Know what I did last night? I dropped twelve of Bob Seger's best albums onto my iPod, because this guy I know named Clift promised I'd get to check out the new tanks they'd been outfitting with some new laser or napalm or whatever. Completely shuts down a human being's nervous system in .03 seconds. I dunno what it does to feral pigs, but Clift told me I'd find out this weekend and you bet your clenched knothole my good buddy *Night Moves* will be my co-pilot on that mission.

Christ, I am *pumped* for this. You ever do a speech on a battleship? Well, A.) it's completely

awesome, and B.) I'm going to get to wear one of those cool suits and I bet they'll let me take it home if I ask. Then I'll sit on one of the cannons like Cher in that erotic music video and send it to Teresa as part of an inside joke that's kept our miserable union afloat for almost 20 joyless years. You marry into ketchup royalty, you roll the dice. And it's going to be snake eyes for this sadsack until we melt that pinch-faced little Syrian goober into his dinette set.

Listen, I don't like these wars any more than you. When those protesters show up at your various mansions, who do you think the neighborhood association blames for the violating those noise ordinances? The jobless shamesmears, or the person who paid for the gazebo those worthless piles are nearly 200 feet away from? Here's the thing about haters: they're going to hate. But try as they might, they'll never take one thing away: getting a consulate named after you in some barely functioning installed democracy. It's an honor, a privilege, and a way to scam yourself out of a minibar charge in any liberated country. Just tell them I sent you, and you'll be up to your exit wound in complimentary Toblerones.

–∼John Kerry

9.4 Cigarette Monthly's 5 Hottest Fall Cigarettes

Friday, Sep 06, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Are you looking for the right cigarette for fall? We picked our top five and after tallying the reader votes on the web we have compiled them all into our list of winners. These are unforgettable pipes for veteran and newbie puffers.

#5 Marlboro Lights

These timeless pipes are always in style, especially with middle-aged low-income white women. But Marlboro Lights don't want to be pigeonholed. Anyone can enjoy their rich flavor, often described as "woody" or "papery," which is hardly diminished by the "light" formulation. They have a good pull on the filter, a dense, lavender smoke good for tricks, and a shirt linger reminiscent of a 1980s bowling alley. Like so many of you, we had moved on from Marlboro Lights to more advanced cigarettes, but sometimes it's good to remember the classics. As always, go with the soft pack for the full experience.

#4 Dunhill Menthols

These pipes test well in our head-to-head roundups for Spring and they are back for the Fall. Crisp and classy, the Dunhill Menthols are fuller bodied than most menthol cigarettes, with a robust, toasted oak taste that is complimented rather than overwhelmed by the fresh menthol flavor blended with herbal mint. A great, "London Fog" gray smoke, perfect for rings, a solid filter, and a shirt linger similar to your dead grandfather's fur-trimmed coat. The European flip top boxes will surely impress your friends or for a modern look go with the Fine Cut premium menthols stamped with the foil D.

#3 Wills Gold Flake Honey Dew

Great pipes with an unpretentious presentation. This is a traditional cigarette with a bold, flavor-forward profile and a buttery lung feel. The golden flake tobacco gives this blend an almost airy quality and imparts the smoke with a slightly herbaceous aroma. Works great as a starter cigarette because it is so accessible to neophytes, but even veteran smokers will keep coming back to this nuanced smoker. Weak trick smoke is more than made up for by a linger that smells just like you survived a barn fire.

#**2 Tareytons**

If you're looking for a pipe to put in your lips that will make you feel like a red-blooded man, then Tareyton is the cigarette for you. These raw puffers have a leathery pull with hard notes of cedar, pine, and whiskey. Not a beginner's cigarette, they demand your attention and reward the hard work it takes to acquire a taste for Tareytons. Once you "get" the Tareyton appeal you will be a loyal puffer. Solid trick smoke, the filters barely even register, and the linger is what Don Draper smells like after he wakes up in a Manhattan bus station on New Years.

#**1 Export "A"s**

A real treat to suck into your lungs. These inexpensive Canadian classics have mounted a big comeback in recent years, and although the Canadian packaging can be a bit much, a practiced smoker knows to stash his pipes in a travel tin. Cloying smoke will tint everything it touches with golden slime. Great for stunts. The more you smoke, the better the linger; a rich, coal miner musk with just a hint of crematorium dust. A bit of a hard suck on the filters thanks to Canadian regulations, which makes the As prime candidates for snip and clips (see our March 2012 issue for that). We give the Export As a big A+.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.5 The Horrors Of Total War: Rome II

Saturday, Sep 07, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I am a veteran of the Total Wars. In my time as a commander in Napoleonic France and feudal Japan I have seen men and empires and tree models alike wink out of existence. For all the cruel acts I have observed and contributed to, nothing compares to the horrors I have encountered in Rome.

It sounded like a vacation, a fine place to line men up and order them to run into other lines of men clutching pointy bits of metal. It is not. I feel as though reality itself is crumbling around me.

Images provided by forum user Mans and possibly Satan.

When I survey the battlefield all before me is blurry. Faces are crude and inhuman. Armor and weaponry are oddly angular, as if constructed from sheets of folded paper. Even the rolling hills and the forests that surround us exhibit a lack of detail that is almost menacing, as if nature has given up on this cursed land.

Worse yet, all motion is stuttered and choppy. When the men march I get the sensation that I'm only witnessing half of their movements. It turns my stomach. My assistant offers to smear the lens of my looking glass, claiming that motion will appear more natural if I have fewer details to observe. His efforts only succeed in making everything look worse, which is a remarkable achievement.

As I go over the candidates to lead my newly created army, it occurs to me that everyone looks the same. Well, that's not fair. Some of these guys look like they started with the exact same face as everyone else, which is then pressed through a waffle grinder. Do you not have waffle grinders where you come from? I will gladly trade my freshly ground waffles for a world that isn't inhabited by creepy identical men.

Part of my job deals with diplomacy. I reach out to a friendly neighbor and seek an agreement to build a mutually beneficial trade route. They refuse to sign on unless I pay them 5,000 gold. If built, the route will provide each of us with 50 gold every year. I... have

to think about this one. Do the people in this land understand what a year is? Or negotiation?

There is an important battle. I carefully position my troops to take full advantage of the terrain. As the enemy reveals their first moves, I make minor adjustments to my own plan. This is a clash between two strategic minds, to be waged and won with the lives of others. This is the distillation of human ingenuity and brutality. A gigantic flag appears way off in the woods for no good reason. We are told that if someone parks under this flag for a few seconds they will win the battle. Both sides throw strategy to the wind and run toward the flag as fast as they can.

Let's say a magic flag doesn't appear. The moment contact is made with the enemy, the battle turns into crowds of dudes slowly bumping into one another and yelling. Occasionally someone remembers to stab or parry. You know, the things people do when they fight. Only the first few rows of soldiers bother to grab a partner, while everyone else seems happy to stand still. I have seen the chaos of a frenzied melee. This is nothing like it. Here in Rome, the battles resemble two clumps of algae slowly meeting in a pond and settling against one another for five minutes, with one clump suddenly losing morale and running away.

I come across an ally on the road to our next conquest. He waves at me in a friendly manner and I wave back. When I attempt to take my army around him, this simple act proves an impossibility. One man has somehow blockaded a major road and prevented thousands of troops from advancing. He isn't trying to block us, of course. In fact, he seems as dumbfounded as we are. Is this a cursed road? Has there been some breakdown in the fundamental laws of nature? When I think upon the matter it sends a shiver up my spine.

One of our spies is a woman. When she steps onto a boat she delivers an overly sultry "Hello boys", projecting her words at a volume sufficient to make the entire army uncomfortable. When she disembarks the first words out of her mouth are (and I am not making either of these quotes up) "Sailors have such rough hands." All of us feel intimidated and more than a little weirded out by her boorish behavior. Is this how all women are? We don't know because this is the only female any of us have ever encountered.

Even the enemy acts in unusual ways. My men stand at the ready as the opposition rushes towards them. At the last moment the enemies turn on their heels, zooming back the way they came at top speed. After a few seconds they turn yet again to charge, repeating the process indefinitely. If the enemy is attempting to play mind games with my troops they might want to reconsider their strategy, as my archers are raining a torrent of projectiles down on their heads throughout this senseless maneuver. I have won several battles by standing still and allowing the enemy to sprint itself to death. I will do it as many times as necessary, but I will take no pleasure in it.

Like many of the horrors I have encountered in Rome, the madness of my enemy leads me to believe that this half-made world was not ready to be visited by humans.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.6 GSElevator's How to Trap, Kill, and Eat a Goldman Sachs Banker

Monday, Sep 09, 2013 by GSElevator (@sexyfacts4u)

Hungry people not working in finance have written me to ask how they can lure Goldman Sachs bankers out of their buildings in Manhattan and kill and eat them for food. I confess, I haven't given much thought to what people other than fund managers and investment bankers were doing other than blowing me in Bentleys. If you're hungry, get the government to buy you a radish or something. What is less than 15% of my income doing if it's not buying you radishes?

Then I ran out of things to write around the time I wrote those Goldman Sachs fashion tips for Business Insider, so why not?

A Brief History of Killing People for Food

Killing and eating humans has a rich history, not just among lost mountain expeditions, but also among financial managers.

They say that when BOA bought Merrill Lynch in 2008 they gutted the company, but Kenneth Lewis at BOA took that literally, slicing open Merrill CEO John Thain and having a bite of his heart. It wasn't much to look at, just a little black thumb that twitched. There's a picture of that in the BOA Christmas card from 2009.

Oh, don't worry, Thain is still alive. There's a whole town in China that provides replacement hearts for Wall Street. Not to mention, there are laws to prevent CEOs from dying. For about half a day Thain was walking around Lewis's yacht, Mischievous Mammon, cut open from tie to taint. Scared the hell out of Lloyd Blankfein's Brazilian bikini models doing limbo by the outdoor fireplace. Thain is fine now, or as fine as anyone can be slumming it over at CIT group. He doesn't even have his own elevator anymore.

Executives are rarely on the receiving end of cannibalism. It is usually the other way around. Ever wondered what happened to all the homeless people in Manhattan during the Giuliani and then

Bloomberg administrations? There's a back room at JP Morgan where the sausage is made. It's served in the cafeteria as gumbo. Not bad if you have the stomach for anything other than Kobe steaks and cocaine. Which I don't.

But maybe you want to eat an executive from Goldman Sachs. Before you can sink your teeth into the rarest meat the 1% has to offer, you're going to have to trap and kill one.

Trapping the Goldman Sachs Executive

If you want to trap a Goldman Sachs executive you need to know what they like. Hermes ties, pink cocaine, laughing at their investment clients, offering Hollywood c-listers enough money to turn them into prostitutes for a night. It would make you sick to know what Lance Henriksen will do for $650,000. Everyone has a taste for something.

When Ben Bernanke was CEO at Goldman he liked "pizza Kiev" which was hiring an Eastern European prostitute, having her eat a full room service spread at the Four Seasons, and then jacking off under a glass coffee table while she pukes it all up onto the top. Blankfein is comparatively low maintenance. On a good day he just likes a big butt. On a bad day he buys a kid and throws them off a roof.

Free box seats at the Garden will usually do the trick of luring out someone from Goldman. Throw in somebody interesting like Rand Paul or Stoya and you're sure to get them to show up.

If that doesn't work, send them a couriered envelope that contains an invitation to a secret society. Give it a really good name like The Omnipotent Brotherhood of the Green, Lords of Building 7, or Bone Bros. Maybe include a symbol of a shield with a skull and a key on it or something. If you don't belong to at least two secret societies at Goldman you are a triple C junk scrub. The more you belong to, and the more obscure, the better.

Alternately, you can just go to where they live. Look for the most expensive, ugly, bullshit Park Avenue penthouses you can find on Zillow and dress as the special white-glove UPS guy that delivers rich people's packages.

There might be a whole scene with the wife and kids, hiding in the panic room, screaming while you tape up dad or drag him out by a meat hook, but don't worry. Guaranteed those kids are going to grow up to be stone-faced psychopaths whether or not you murder their father in front of them. They're ultra rich. They're like the aliens in Contact that turned into Jodie Foster's dad to even be able to talk to her. Everybody outside of their class is just an ant waiting for a magnifying glass.

Killing the Goldman Sachs Executive

Not that difficult. Just use the traditional techniques for killing a vampire. Stake through the heart, decapitation, salt sewn in the mouth, grave facing the rising sun, etc. Bullets and knives will work temporarily, just make sure you butcher the carcass before they have a chance to regenerate from their injuries.

A bomb would work to kill them, but you're not going to get a lot of useful meat out of something that blows them into burned chunks.

Whatever method you use, do not try to poison them. These guys are accustomed to apocalyptic-grade drugs made from exotic substances. I saw a currency trader do a nine-foot rail of Nohl off the back of the human centipede at our Christmas party. Oh, what, you've never heard of Nohl? It's a Spetznaz combat drug that destroys the ego and makes you believe you are already dead. These guys do it to pep up for a Power Point presentation.

Eating the Goldman Sachs Executive

Before it's chow time you have to do the dirty work of butchering the Goldman Sachs executive. Begin by draining the blood. You can catch it for blood sausages or dispose of it in a ritual. Use a large, sharp blade and make clean cuts to open the abdomen and remove the heart, lungs, and assorted viscera. Try to minimize the cuts you make to the intestines so that you do not spill the contents of the bowels.

You can save the heart for black magic rituals. There is probably a tome containing several near where you found the executive. Look in the drawer marked with the pentagram. Try calling upon the many-faced benevolence of Mammon, if he is not busy with someone else.

Legs, shoulders, and arms all provide excellent cuts of meat. A decent anatomy book will tell you about the major muscle groups. The buttocks tend to be fattier, but are good for slow cooking or

grilling. Adventurous foodies could have a real treat with the brains, marrow, tongue, and various organ cuts. These are high-protein, high-calorie, and nutritious. Be sure the brain is very thoroughly cooked to avoid cannibal encephalopothy. Since most Goldman executives are cannibals themselves there is a surprisingly high risk of contracting this disease.

The skin of the executive is not immediately edible. Lotions and tanning have done a number on the skin of most Goldman Sachs employees. Good luck finding someone above junior VP who doesn't have at least one melanoma you will need to cut out.

You will want to parboil the hide to clear out toxins from the pores and restore some flexibility. Cut the skin into three or four pieces as needed for the pots you are using. This process will also help loosen hairs and allow you to easily scrape out excess fat. About five minutes at a full boil should do it. Transfer the skin to drying racks to drip dry. After that, it is possible to tan the skin for belts, gloves, or shoes, but I prefer to make jerky. A Nesco Dehydrator works surprisingly well. You will probably have enough for more than one batch.

There is a saying, I think from the guys who run the Borgata: "Use every part of the Buffalo." That does not apply here. Throw away as much as you want. There are lots of Goldman executives. You can always get another one. Hell, we drive an aluminum truck around in a circle to make money speculating on the price of aluminum, so what do we care about the environment?

Fuck it, right? Anybody that matters will be living on the moon by the time I retire.

–∼GSElevator (@sexyfacts4u)

9.7 Subj: HORSE MEMORIES

Tuesday, Sep 10, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!! Today I spent most of the day remembering the horse that lived in our home for most of your youth. What A Beast! He was wild about having fun and being a nice horse. The day I found him he was wandering near the road after a couple cars crashed through a fence and I was on the car phone with one hand and luring the great steed alongside my car with a handful of fast food with the other. I was driving with my knees and throwing fries at him to get him to walk with the car

The Day I Found Out The Horse Liked The Taste Of Beer

I came home from work to find our friend the horse chewing on cans of beer until they started spraying everywhere and then he would hold them in his mouth and drink the beer. (This was on like day 2 of owning him so i think he knew this trick already.) For a few weeks i kept my beer under the house to keep it away from the horse but it was getting tough crawling under there all the time so i decided to buy the horse his own keg and let him get tired of beer himself. This was a bad move according to the vet who came over for unrelated reasons (horse throwing up) and it was very expensive. I spent the better part of a weekend laying in a hammock and shooting beer into the horse's mouth with that little spray hose, too

The Day I Found Out The Horse Liked Gambling

I don't know if the horse liked gambling as much as he liked seeing me win at gambling because when I won on my computer poker i would hoot and holler and get him all riled up. The horse did not know how to gamble probably

The Day I Found Out The Horse Liked Dessert

When I was putting whipped cream out of the can onto some nice foods the horse came into the kitchen and wanted to see what was going on so naturally i used the whipped cream can to spray a bunch of it. He ate basically the whole can and I thought everything was fine but about 45 minutes later once the sugar and cream made its way through his gut he was outside ruining the herb garden. That's why the "No Dairy For Horse" sign was on the refrigerator for many years and why our foods had very few flavors for a long time

The Day I Found Out The Horse Liked Painting

He painted a self portrait. His mischievous smile haunts me even now. it hangs above my bed

ISN'T IT DREADFUL i am convinced i am in a hell

HELL MAN

–~Dad (@fart)

9.8 SkyMall Product Reviews: FaceTrainer by no!no!

Wednesday, Sep 11, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> Get a natural looking lift and look years younger with FaceTrainer, the only fitness device that applies the proven principals of resistance training to facial muscles.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Gerald from Birmingham, AL

I am a male best described as "pleasantly plump" and worst described as "hefty sack full of refried beans and ranch dressing" (doctor's words, not mine). I felt like this would do wonders for helping me shed all these extra pounds, so I bought one. After straining for several hours, I was able to get the FaceTrainer around my face. Unfortunately, I have not been able to remove it, and it's cutting off circulation to the part of my face extruding through the front opening. That part is turning dark blue and is starting to smell. It is very hard to eat and I've taken to feeding myself mushed, watered-down pizza with a funnel. Thankfully I've long since outgrown the need to chew, so the FaceTrainer is not impeding my ability swallow.

I am excited to get this thing off so I can finally see the good progress it's made on making me look younger and more attractive.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Arlene St. Cobb from Franklin, TN

Pros: None whatsoever

Cons: Too numerous to list.

I absolutely adore my FaceTrainer! It's making me positively miserable and doing permanent damage to my face, squishing it into some contorted thing from nightmares. I just wish they made a version with no face-hole.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By YoungAtHeart from Jerome, AZ

Wore this on a really hot day and my sweaty skin stuck to the mask. When I removed it, it took most of my flesh and hair off with it. I now have a disgusting blood-covered head with a few patches of flesh. I do not think this makes me look younger, but it doesn't make me look older. So I guess it balances out in the end. Three stars.

Age: 51-55

Customer Review: ★★★★☆

By Cleetus from Possum Yowl, KY

The opening part goes in the front, where your face parts are. If you put it on backwards to let your ponytail out, you will not be able to breathe. I lost consciousness and passed out in the backyard. Woke up with some dogs gnawing on my arm something fierce. Just a head's up since that wasn't made clear to me in the instructions. You'll need to add your own ponytail hole.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Travis from Bonners Ferry, ID

Idiotic product for idiotic people. Putting your face in a mask isn't going to make you look younger. If you want to look younger, you have to use science, and science is crystals and magnets. Wake up me when you figure out a way to put my head in a crystal and bombard it with magnetic rays.

Get a brain, SkyMall.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★☆☆

By Men's Rights Patriot from Elko, NV

I bought one of these for my unattractive wife WHO IS NOT AS PRETTY AS SHE WAS WHEN I MARRIED HER. I'm hoping this fixes that problem because I've tried about two dozen other SkyMall products, and nothing is restoring her beauty. If this doesn't work, I'm just going to buy one of those big King Tut cabinets and lock her in it and get me a new wife off the Internet. AND SHE WILL BE REALLY PRETTY.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Duke from Gasp Lake, AR

I accidentally fell asleep with this on and when I woke up several days later, I realized I had made a horrible mistake. My face has regressed to that of a small baby, and I have no idea what to do. I can't go to work because nobody will take me seriously as an air condition repairman now. I will be the guy with the baby's face, like some awful Dick Tracy villain. Please, SkyMall, tell me you have a product that accelerates aging so I can end this hell and go back to being a normal human being.

PLEASE HELP

Age: 51-55

Customer Review:

By Ivan from New York, NY

USELESS. You can get the same effect with lots and lots of tape. Just wrap your face good and tight with tape and you'll look younger. Get the clear kind, otherwise you look like a mummy. Mummies do not look young, everybody knows this.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By Bronze LEgs from Palm Springs, CA

WHO GAVE THIS TO MY WIFE? SHE DIDN OT BUY IT HERSELF AND I DON'T BUY HER THINGS. SKYMALL, PLEASE TELL ME WHO MY WIFE IS CHEATING ON ME WITH. EMAIL ME AT BRONZELEGS68@HOTMAIL.COM USE SUBJECT "MYSTERY MAn"

Age: 41-45

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.9 My Fling with Criss Angel: Mindfreak

Thursday, Sep 12, 2013 by animal drums (@animal_drums_)

The First Date:

I see him pull into the driveway, and then he sits in his car for five or six minutes doing incantations or something, and it looks like he's doing wizard moves with his hands, like, making the prince symbol, or like, executing small-scale karate moves or something. Finally he comes up to the door and knocks, but when I open it, he just runs back to his car really fast, checking over his shoulder every few strides to make sure I'm still following him. I climb in the passenger side and he starts explaining how he just influenced me to go to the car with him, even though he hasn't yet asked me to directly. He won't drive to the restaurant until I've admitted that he's freaked my mind.

The whole ride he's talking up the restaurant. He tells me we're going to a pretty crazy place with kind of a nontraditional atmosphere, and that I might get a little freaked out. When we get there I realize that he has been talking about Outback Steakhouse. We are seated at the table, and all of a sudden he won't stop asking the waiter for pitchers of water to do magic tricks with. For the first one, he offers me a glass of water. I'm actually pretty thirsty so I say yes. He starts pouring the water but the glass never gets filled, it's all coming out the bottom. He pours the entire pitcher,

just straight up onto the table and the floor. Another trick is just him pouring water onto the complimentary bread. He says there's more to it than meets the eye, but it doesn't really seem like there is.

So we leave the restaurant after sharing two big helpings each of water and bread, and we start the exciting ride home. I am in fear for my life for almost the entire trip. We're taking an exit off the interstate when he tells me to take the wheel. I kinda start to reach over but then he rips the whole assembly off of the steering column and hands it to me. I cut a sharp right but we hit the guard rail pretty hard and the ambulance doesn't get there for something like 45 minutes. I'm more or less uninjured but I think Criss has a really severe concussion from the way the EMTs are swarming around him and gesturing worriedly. He tries to sneak playing cards into their pockets to set them up for a future trick at the hospital, but they notice right away and give him back the cards.

The Second Date:

I ask Criss to take me ice skating. He agrees and comes by to pick me up after a few hours. The whole ride to the skating rink, he's talking about how he can do this trick where if he distracts someone in the right way and uses subtle movements, he can take off their belt without them even noticing, and I think it'll be a great trick to see. He talks a lot about behavioral psychology, Jungian archetypes and positive/negative feedback loops. Initially I am skeptical about what these things have to do with taking someone's belt off, but Criss assures me that his crew has done the research. He attempts the trick two times before the staff asks us to leave; both times he points directly behind the victim and says "check it out!" and immediately starts pawing at the belt buckle with both hands when they look away.

After we leave the skating rink, Criss and I have a long conversation in the car where he uses advanced reverse-psychology techniques to teach me about how it was his own decision to stop ice skating, and how he has convinced the staff to invite him to leave, employing a technique once developed by ancient monks. We go back to his house and he makes us both a drink using a big cauldron that he has instead of a kitchen. Well it's either a drink or a soup, I'm not sure. It has an acrid, earthy smell to it and it is the spiciest, mealiest thing I've ever tasted.

We move over to the living room. The only furniture is one of those plastic chairs shaped like a hand, and it is situated right in the middle of the floor. He gestures for me to sit down, and I do, as the drink has made me drowsy. He says he will give me a ride home after he takes care of some tax stuff in the kitchen. I do my best to fall asleep in the hand chair, and after half an hour of restless fidgeting and listening to Criss's frenzied chittering noises, I manage to doze off. I don't wake up until 4 a.m., when Criss comes in and admits he hasn't been doing his taxes.

Now I am holding hands with Criss Angel in a squat black sedan with a trunk full of superballs. He says it's the Mindfreak that will define our generation. We rocket down a desolate highway on the outskirts of Anaheim like a hot slug from a dirty pistol; each of us is drunk enough that we should both be dead. We pull up outside the courthouse with a total payload elasticity in the high thousands, and Criss pops the trunk. The bouncy balls spill out on the street, and the security guy walks over and says we have to pick up our shit. Without missing a beat I start throwing up out the car window.

Thanks to **Ali Horn** for the artwork; it owns. Check out her site if you would like to commission some illustrations, or if you need a tattoo design or black-metal logo, or if you just want to look at cool art!

–∼animal drums (@animal_drums_)

9.10 The Closing Arguments of Richard Dawkins: Atheist Attorney

Friday, Sep 13, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Case of the Fiddling Teacher

My client, Mr. Ogslough, has been compared to the most heinous villains society has produced. We have heard supposed experts testify to the damage he has inflicted with a crumb of noncery: lost wages, nightmares, and a whole sobber about intimacy issues.

It is hard to accept these claims. I speak from personal experience. Not a day went by that one of my masters at Salisbury didn't have a hand on my bollocks and I turned out well enough. I am extremely rational.

I implore the court to examine objective reality. What are bollocks but a pair of meat plums dangling under a willy? Nothing special about that. We all have them. A little feel-up caper, some light grabbing, a bit of mild squeezing? Perhaps it was wrong, but there was no physical harm done. That is all my client has been accused of, ladies and gentlemen of the court, and I would suggest that far greater crimes were occurring in the chapel next to the schoolhouse.

While my client might have felt up some eleven boys of various juvenile ages, the vicar was "feeling up" their minds with his sordid tales of fantasy. A fleeting pinch on the eggs is over in a second. The lie of religion can last a lifetime.

The Case of the Unwanted Atheist Advance

The supposed "attacks" by my client took place in a completely different time with different sensibilities. to what we have today. In 2009 men were expected to make their feelings known and act on them as part of the casual social dynamic. It was acceptable for a man to crowd a woman into an elevator and make a suggestion about going up to his room and having a shag. It's not like it went any further than that. The victim claimed she "felt pressured" but I suggest to the court that she, being an atheist, should have a better understanding of pressure than she apparently does.

The real problem is "In God We Trust" on the USA's currency. If the court will indulge me for

a moment...despite a strict separation of church and state, the great lie of religion all too often insinuates itself into the workings of the American government. It is a case of pressure, both social and political, being brought to bear on institutions that have stood as secular since the founding of the United States. This corrosive force is true pressure. What my client did was make a polite suggestion. I suggest the lady get over it, grow up, and not dress so provocatively when attending predominately male conferences.

The Case of the Bombing at the Mosque

There are two possibilities in this case. One, everything I know to be true about religion is incorrect, there is a god, Allah, and Muhammad is his prophet. If this is true then my client's bombing of the mosque sent the nine people killed to an eternal paradise. He was, essentially, doing them a favor according to their own ridiculous beliefs.

Or, two, you accept rational reality in which all religion is false and only empirical science can describe our world, in which case my client was doing them an even greater favor by freeing the victims and their families of the delusion of religion. He has lifted the veil of ignorance from their world. What my client has been accused of was not an attack, it was an education, with the added advantage of setting a palace of lies on fire. That he sprayed "DIE PAKI SCUM" on a wall is not germane to this point.

Special thanks to Shmorky for his Phoenix Dawkins artwork. You can follow him on Twitter.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.11 True Tales Of Apple Store Bullying

Saturday, Sep 14, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Occasionally someone steps forward with a horrifying account of abuse at the hands of a company's customer service department. While the actions described can seem almost impossibly cruel and absent of any conceivable motivation, they must be taken at face value. It is, after all, hard to believe that anyone would embellish a story to make a company look bad, or to gloss over the narrator's own actions. This is the most shocking tale of customer abuse that we have ever come across.

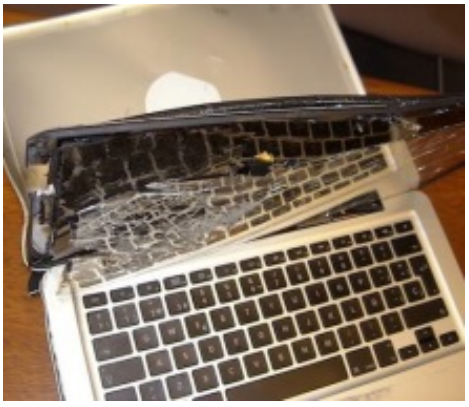
My laptop broke the very day I purchased it because Apple is a bad company. The body simply fell apart in two pieces for absolutely no reason. My home business (creating anvils and storing them in wobbly stacks right next to my computer desk) requires a computer, and I thought Apple made good ones but I guess I was wrong. Anyway, without a computer I was losing money and this was simply unacceptable.

I brought my laptop into the local Apple Store, which was staffed by a bunch of sneering hipsters. The one girl that was working that day was sort of acceptably pretty, but she looked like a total bitch and I'm a good person so I didn't bother asking her out.

My hands were in the air and I had adopted a non-threatening body posture. Before I could even get a word out, one of the employees grabbed me by the neck from behind and slammed me into a wall. He started screaming at me. I felt very uncomfortable but remained calm and intelligent.

"What the fuck do you want?!?" He followed his question with a slap to the back of my head.

One of his cohorts laughed while menacingly chewing a toothpick. He took out what appeared to be a switchblade and flicked it open, revealing the device to be a comb. After spitting at my feet he began to run the comb through his slicked back greasy hair.



"Please," I reasoned in a submissive tone of voice, "all I want is to have my laptop fixed or replaced. I don't want any trouble."

The first employee roughly snatched the device from my hand. Then he inspected the computer, tilting it at random angles and scratching his head as though he could not fully understand what he was looking at. He appeared to be very stupid, but I did not point this out or let it show in my expression.

After a few moments he violently threw the laptop on the ground, then stomped on it.

"This is our company policy," he explained with a sinister laugh. "We never fix anything or help anyone. Standard procedure is to humiliate people and break their things until they leave us alone. I am stomping on your laptop."

Although I could hardly believe what he was saying, the "genius" (I use that term in quotes because I do not believe Apple employees to be geniuses) produced a confidential document that clearly laid out the policy he had just outlined. It detailed the stomping, the breaking, and the intimidation.

There was a signature from Steve Jobs on the bottom, and a motivational quote that read "Our business will only grow if we treat every customer very badly."

The employee told me these policies were a secret and that I would never be able to prove it to anyone or win a court case. I was shocked.

I politely thanked him for his time, and the brute responded by having me escorted from the store for absolutely no reason by two enormous security goons armed with bazookas. I didn't resist at all, but once they deposited me to the ground they shot me in the leg with their bazookas for good measure. Unfortunately I am a very fast healer so there is no longer a scar, and I didn't think to take a picture immediately after the incident.

Three hours later a police car came by the Apple Store parking lot to hassle me. They said that the president of the company phoned in to let them know that I had made a bomb threat. This was absolutely ridiculous. I had never mentioned a bomb at all. Of course, when the police opened my trunk and discovered the bomb that I always keep nearby for personal protection, they ignored common sense and sided with the hipster conglomerate.

They let me off with a warning, but only after holding me still while the Apple employees took turns carving necromantic symbols into my flesh (again, they healed before I could think to take a picture). In turn, I'd like to let you off with a warning: Do not deal with Apple.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.12 Trigger Warnings

Monday, Sep 16, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sit down, Grabowski. Who is that? Corporal Mason, zip it up. We don't have time for horsing around today.

The Screeg are breathing down our necks and I need to get you all up to speed. Alright, Marines, before I begin with the tactical update I need to cover some ground mandated by the battlefield wellness officer.

Please be aware that the following tactical update may contain problematic information that will trigger an unwanted emotional response.

I'm just going to go through this list of triggers as quick as I can and I want you all to shut your mouths and open your ears. If you hear something you don't think you can handle, uh, go into the other room behind the sealed bulkhead and...sit your ass down Mason. Listen up.

This tactical update may contain violence towards women, men, children, genderqueer, genderfluid, trans, animals, manimals, boinimals, tranimals, rock men, rock women, rock non-gender conforming, monsters, femme cholos, ripleybois, and goo darlings.

Please do not listen to this tactical update if you are sensitive to images of marines being cocooned into implantation husks, body reorganization, skin repurposing, color changes, odd textures including wood, woven metal, ovipositor mucoids, synthetic carpet fibers, or chalk dust.

As part of this tactical update I may play back one or all of the following sounds that may trigger unwanted reactions: high-pitched chirps, sinister tones, clacking claws, scurrying, somebody chewing ice behind you in the movie theater, derisive laughing, friendly giggles, masculine guffaws, tyke yawps, cat fighting sounds, wolf whistles, judgmental snake hisses, somebody making a spring sound representing their erection, glass breaking sounds, coconut horse clops, whale song fatphobia, and the ableist bigotry of prairie dogs.

I may reference, either comically or seriously, the smell of B.O., semen everywhere, jacking off, jilling off, ralphing off, whatever euphemistic term refers to a creature with an exoskeleton covered in ribs

stimulating itself to orgasm, urine, feces, or marijuana.

I may refer to your "balls" regardless of your gender. I may use misogynistic generalities to refer to coming battles with the Screeg. I may call one or more of you a "pussy" even though I do not mean anything insulting to the brave women and male to female transsexuals serving in our units.

This tactical update might contain material offensive or triggering for republicans, democrats, libertarians, Neptunian mendicants, Marxists, members of the shadow bloc, iron helms, anarchists, fascists, neo-fascists, paleo-fascists, fascists on a paleo diet, clown cadre, daft punks, Jeffists, or ultra librarians.

Before...what is that banging sound? You hear that? Dobson, Mittlemeyer, go check that out.

Where was I?

Before the tactical update is completed I may present video capture from helmet cams during last week's battle aboard the Yamato II. Some of our marines in this video may make offensive or bigoted references to the Japanese, Chinese, Vietnamese or Laotian. They may make fatphobic or anti-Neptunian comments. They make refer to balls in a positive, gender-biased manner.

At least once I may slip-up and make a condescending reference to Islam. I may say negative things about cyborgs, bioborgs, bioroids, androids, or destroyomechs. I may describe hand-to-hand combat in general terms. I may use violent gestures. I may raise my voice. My tone may remind you of your father or that you never had a father. Something, somehow is probably going to come across a little rapey. Just putting that out there.

I may refer to killing or mutilating the Screeg. I may...

Oh, shit, they've broken through the perimeter. They're inside the point defense system.

Alright, nobody panic. Just stay calm. Forget what I just said about those triggers.

I need to read you the pre-engagement trigger warnings.

Now, as you prepare to enter combaaaaaAUUUGGHHH! They've got me! AAAAAAAAaaaaaa!

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.13 You need a Rasta Banana

Tuesday, Sep 17, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Let me read your mind: I need a Rasta Banana. It's your best idea yet. How could you resist. Five feet of neon yellow with a shit eating grin? It's a Match.com profile to die for. It's a few carnie dollars away from being yours. Follow your dream. They're at the fair. Hundreds of them. Go there. Go there and win yourself a Rasta Banana. You deserve it.

Why wouldn't you? One second you're throwing rings at a rigged carnie game, the next you're getting mad props from fat men eating cheese. Do you feel the change? This is your transformation. The moment that banana touched your fingers, you became a winner, you became a Fair God. You will never be the same. The glory of the Rasta Banana cannot be cleaned. Carry the banana with pride. It is your trophy, your key to the heavens. Forget fun, you have but one concern now: fitting your spoils of victory into your car.

How could you resist? Rasta Banana makes you better. Strangers see you and they know that you are a winner. A winner of fair games. There is no need for introduction, the Rasta Banana represents your best traits: your love of Jamaica, of reggae, of potassium. Friends seem less interesting, work bores you. The world just seems dull. You look at old pictures, and you do not recognize yourself. It's amazing how much you've changed. All you were back then was a knight without his armor, a macaroni without its cheese. You were a banana without its dreadlocks.

Where do you put it? What a Rasta Banana lacks in craftsmanship, it make up in spunk. It makes the home, alters the feng shui, it immediately turns any old room into a room with a Rasta Banana. Rasta inspired restroom? The banana broom closet? It does not matter. You are a designer, a visionary, a dude with a fair prize on display. People will see it and stop in their tracks. "Yes," you'll say before they even open their mouths, "that is my muse, that is my Rasta Banana." And they will look upon it with awe. Open concept kitchens are out, Rasta Bananas are in.

What's there to regret? You won it on a whim, but you will never get sick of Rasta Banana. It defines you. When the sun is out, you carry the banana outside. It looms over your days, its dreads tangle into every aspect of your life. Strangers identify you as the Bob Marley Fruit Guy. Lovers give you ultimatums, moving is a bitch. But you fight through. You never waver, never wish for a different life. No, this is what you earned. You aren't sure if you're soul mates or if your soul is just

a synthetic sweatshop produced anthropomorphic banana. These matters do not concern you. This bond is forever. It cannot be broken. Someday you will die, and as they pile earth on your grave, your loved ones will whisper in hushed tones unable to understand just why or how you crammed such a robust stuffed banana in a casket. So at night, when the banana is smiling endlessly in the dark as you try to sleep, remember that you wanted the Rasta Banana. Remember that you fought for it.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.14 The F-LARP Barn: Meet The Faulkners!

Wednesday, Sep 18, 2013 by Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

MEET THE FAULKNERS

Your number one William Faulkner Live Action Role-playing Experience!

A collection of simple men with soft bones
Who keep getting caught at the scene of crimes
they did not commit.

> *Poor man. Poor mankind.*
> **- William Faulkner**

Newsletter #32: The Event Approaches!

tips cap and spits

How you been? Lot been going on on this front, gang! The location of this year's meet-up has finally been secured. We had the local country lawyer write up a contract for us and I signed it with my biggest and best 'X' (to my character's shame I bow and mumble politely to learned men, as the schoolhouse of my youth was burnt by an act of god).

So this year our Yoknapatawpha County will be Grunnel Fairgrounds. Our space is going to extend from the creek by the high school to about a mile away where they built the playground that we will *"not be allowed to even look at"* - Detective Frank Norman.

> *"Is this the thing where you antiquated bumpkin shitheads pretend to be products of incest and act like living ghosts in the night?"*
> **- Detective Frank Norman**

I have a few concerns about the characters for this year's event. First of all, 96% of attendants last year chose to be schizophrenics, lawyers, or murderers. Considering we only had 100 attendants last year, it was mostly everyone trying to yell over each other to be the center of attention. It descended into chaos quickly. Luckily, nearly all offenders were able to get lawyers, but we need more variance this year. We need more quiet family men, bitter wives, decent shopkeepers and scandalous pharmacists.

Also, does anyone know any black people that are cool with being racist against (in a way that affirms just how NOT racist a bunch of white guys being racist c can be)? No one is responding on craigslist.

Secondly, ***gentlemen***, in good faith as a Christian man I cannot even think of inviting more women to this thing until we can all learn to countrol the animals and devils in our souls.

As usual, we will have a few booths available for selling antiquated items, including but not limited to:

-mason jars
-scraps of iron
-washed-out black and white photographs of widows
-horses
-wagon wheels
-paintings of horses
-paintings of old men frowning at young men on horses
-remnants of old shut-down mental hospitals
-various rusted planing and woodworking tools
-horse teeth
-tombstones
-bulk animal bones
-bibles with passages that remind us of dead relatives removed
-jail bars with teeth marks
-and charlatan medicine

NOTE: Children cannot have the charlatan medicine as it is mostly bud light lime.

Thirdly, I am not sure if bread will be allowed considering I'm not sure if it had been invented yet.

Fourthly, character breaks as soon as Sunday morning rolls around. No refusing to help clean up because you keep saying you can't get over your wife's death. You were never married, Carl.

People made up a bunch of diseases last year and said they had them. Remember, wooden teeth is not a disease that turns your teeth to wood. They are fake teeth.

Diseases made up last year include:

-Bugbite Syndrome

-Skoalitis (Carl just wanted to keep using Skoal and lied)

-Dog Teeth (carryover vampire LARPer)

-and Frontal Backne (shame-oriented half-truth)

Due to the presence of special guest Jeff Foxworthy, no one will be allowed to roleplay having rickets, himself having survived it in the legs. I know this will be a problem as most people last year had claimed rickets as crucial to their characters.

People to whom sin is just a matter of words, to them salvation is just words too.

- Jeff Foxworthy

Lastly, you can't just walk up to someone and say 'I'm a murderer and I killed you' because if that person is a murderer too they will say 'no I killed you I'm the murderer' every single time and then you both argue until the lawyers show up and this happened about twenty times last year and really breaks the immersion.

This year, after the barn-raising, we will gather and draw straws to see who will be murderers. We will only have a max of six murderers.

Keep in mind this is not just some barn-centric hooch fest arranged so that you can air your grievances and begin yelling like a crazy person in public during the nighttime.

This is actually about… I forgot what this was about.

*Thanks to **Ian "BFM" Helm** for the page design. Look for a new Groggery Gibbonman soon!*

–∼Alex "bransonbranson" Branson (@bransonbranson)

9.15 Blasting the Bottle Generation

Thursday, Sep 19, 2013 by Boyd Haxton

While columnists crow about shiftless Millennials and their obscene belief in society's debt to them, another generation has risen, with flabby hands wrapped firmly around the necks of their self-esteem addict parents. A demographic that spent its entire adult life MySpacing out on rock n' roll delusions is now breeding, bringing into the world creatures of pure sloth and dependence. And the blame can be placed directly on those soft, kissable heads we can't stop sniffing.

Go out into any public space and you'll likely see them, unashamedly clasped to a human breast, or staring vacantly into the sky with inexplicable smiles fixed to their cereal-encrusted faces. While the rest of the world rolls out of bed at 6:00 A.M. for an honest day's pay, these members of The Bottle Generation wake up whenever it suits them, and, despite their complete lack of income, eat only designer fruit and vegetable pastes out of unnecessarily tiny jars. But the decadence doesn't end there: every three months, you can find Bottlers going through entirely new wardrobes, because apparently those singlets branded with "Grandpa Hug Tester" can't stop going out of style. Brendan, I hope your idiot mother is reading this to you.

Hey Bottle Generation -- here's some advice. Try holding your own damn heads up for once, and maybe you'll see the value of hard work! Or did you think I disappeared from existence just because I walked behind something? Typical Bottler myopia.

Before you gain the ability to talk, I'll go ahead and throw this out there: I had it pretty bad, too. While you wail uncontrollably as your parents lower you into the lap of a bearded man who you believe will bring you presents *simply for existing*, try to think about what my generation has gone through. Think the world is ending just because your reluctant caregivers are late with one of your many "feedings?" I once went sixteen hours without eating, though, to be fair, I was fasting for some elective surgery. But that fifty-dollar copay! And while you fixate on some asinine, counting Muppet, I'm over here, sorting through my 401k paperwork so I can die alone and surrounded by golf. That property off of the fourth green isn't going to buy itself.

Just look around you, Bottlers, and you'll see a world offering nothing but protection for your coddled, little lives. Power outlets: covered. The sharp corners of coffee tables: filed down. Ravenous,

child eating dogs: shot and buried. And I've seen just how much this sense of entitlement encourages you to be proactive -- if I see another whine-box with arms outstretched, crying "Up! Up!" I might have to work towards correcting this behavior myself. Maybe you'll figure out how to climb things when I unlock the child safety gate in front of the basement door. Oh, and pay attention to all of the spiders swarming around the bottom stair -- those insects are independent self-starters if I've ever seen them.

Pull out any device with a screen and you'll see how much the Bottle Generation values aimless pawing over actual human contact. Have you seen the intense stare of a Bottler as they fall under the spell of some damn alphabet cartoon? All of these programs about anthropomorphic letters have created the false expectation of a future where A's and M's live together in peace, rather than the war-torn hellscape Bottlers will no doubt face decades after I die. If you don't pick up basic knife combat as your motor skills are developing, you're only cheating yourselves.

You think that teddy bear hitting the floor is worth pitching a fit about? Well, Bottlers, let me put things in perspective: you were lucky enough to be born in 21st Century America, where you can grow late into your teenage years without being profitable to a single person. Imagine, being a Russian-born dog, shot into space, or one of the brave heroes aboard The Challenger, also shot into space -- do you have any idea how fortunate you are that the Space Age is over and our leaders no longer send living things to die lonely, weightless deaths in a remorseless void? Coincidentally, the two premises I mentioned also feature heavily into a few Quantum Leap spec scripts I've been holding onto in case anyone is interested.

So suck it up, Bottlers, because it could be worse. My advice: shut up and deal with it, because there's roughly 10,000 more of these editorials waiting to be written about your asses -- asses, I should add, that require far more attention, cream, and ointments than my own at age 63. When you get old enough to tell me "life's not fair," I'll have a fun story to tell you about the little ingrate who needed their food cut up for them for half a decade. Christ, I hope the universe swallows you whole.

–~Boyd Haxton

9.16 Terrence Malick's Space Jam

Friday, Sep 20, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A summer evening's rust turns to darkness. The cicadas sing in the trees. The screen door slowly opens and a young Michael Jordan looks at a well-worn basketball hoop. His hand touches the ball, just the fingers at first, feeling the texture, then the whole of his palm. He looks at his father. His father sees himself in his son, his faults and his strengths, the mistakes he has made repeating in young Michael's face.

What am I but sand in this winding river of time? he seems to ask. But there is something more there...young Michael takes a shot at the basket. The travel of the ball through the air is as slow and purposeful as the course the moon takes across the night sky.

Dirt-smeared aliens climb the active caldera of Moron Mountain. Their limbs shed ash in slow motion. Picaresque plumes of magma burst behind them. They are unmoved by the natural wonder. Their eyes are heavy, half-lidded, and their stride is a methodical, heartless march through the Moron Mountain amusement park.

A larger alien stands amid the shower of ash and watches his customers file through the park. It is Mister Swackhammer.

I am a carcass left for vultures, he thinks, *and they've grown sick of the taste of me.*

He turns to his assistants. There is a quiet tension in the room. They can see that Mister Swackhammer has something to say, but none has the courage to prompt him.

"We need a new attraction," says Mr. Swackhammer. " Something new. Something wild. Something wacky. Something Loony."

He looks at a screen. Bugs Bunny is standing in a carrot patch. Elmer Fudd is watching him. Bugs Bunny runs his fingers over the green tops of carrots. He plucks one out of the ground and begins to gnaw at it. He smiles at Elmer Fudd, now out of focus, as the hunter begins to drop slowly to his knees.

The basketball thrown by young Michael Jordan smashes through the hoop and we see it is a modern basketball game. Michael Jordan is dunking in slow motion. He flies through the air with ease, as if his body was made to never touch ground. We see his father. We see the lights and the stadium reflected in his father's eyes.

"It's a boy," says the doctor, passing young Michael Jordan as a baby to his father.

I can't do this, thinks the father. I can't make him save Tune Land.

Michael Jordan is in a space locker room. He looks at a picture of his own son. The stress of being abducted by cartoons is wearing on him. The anguish of wondering if he will ever return to earth is written on his face.

"Yeb-da-yeb-da-your father is dead," says Porky Pig. "Yeb-da-yeb-da-yeb-da-yeb-you can't re-ba-re-ba-resu-resurr-resu...bring him back."

"I know," says Michael Jordan. "Let's jam."

Midway through the game. Daffy Duck is smashed into the shape and size of a manhole cover. He is rolled into a giant coin slot. We see the horror on his face. The anguish of what he has become: just a prop for better players, better cartoons.

Was your life full of hope? Daffy seems to ask Michael Jordan as he is rolled into the coin slot in slow motion. *Mine was overflowing with it. To be a pilot. To meet a beautiful duck and have a family. To help people and be loved. Do you think you will have what I could not?*

Michael Jordan launches himself into the air and dunks the basketball into the hoop. The backboard shatters. In the reflections of the breaking glass, Michael Jordan sees the face of his son and the face of his father and hundreds of other faces of all the lives he has touched including Phil Jackson. There is a Hanes logo and a Space Jam CD.

Darkness. The sounds of sneakers squeaking on the hardwood. Michael Jordan says, "My father isn't dead. Tune Land is saved and my father will live forever."

Michael Jordan watches his son step out onto the basketball court. A warm wind stirs the palm trees. The evening's rust fades into the night and into a lasting darkness. Pan up to the stars.

Roll credits. Play the Quad City DJ's Space Jam theme.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.17 A Review Of The Grand Theft Auto V Press Review Kit

Saturday, Sep 21, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If IGN and Gamespot are The New York Times and The Guardian of video game coverage, Something Awful is a scabby stray dog that will happily eat any newspaper it comes across. We make jokes and our game reviews don't have an impact on the highly scientific numbers at Metacritic so we technically don't even exist.

Which made it a pretty big surprise when a box showed up containing Grand Theft Auto V and a big old pile of branded swag typically reserved for real game reviewers. Rockstar has a reputation for being rather selective with the distribution of their review copies. So how did we get one? I'm guessing someone at Rockstar was so swept up by my inability to create visually pleasing article layouts that they confused us with Polygon.

Let's make the best of a weird situation. A review of GTA V will run in next week's Video Game Article, but in the meantime here's what I think of the assorted stuff that came with it.

Gold Bar / USB Stick

I'm pretty sure this thing is genuine gold. Even the internal components. The wires, the silicon, the black accent paint in the engravings. All gold. This golden USB stick is very reminiscent of an actual stolen bar of gold because it's surprisingly heavy and it makes me question the decisions in my life that have led to this shameful moment.

As a bonus, the USB drive doubles as an I.D. badge of sorts, confirming my status as a video game journalist of the highest caliber. All I have to do is flash it to gain access to exclusive video game events. Giles, do stand aside. I'm meeting the Giant Bomb gentlemen for martinis and microwaved lobster thermidor in the cloth map study.

The Gold USB Stick gets a **10/10** because are you kidding me, a gold bar?

Ungodly Magnet

This is probably the strongest magnet on Earth. I could take this magnet in my hand and hold it above a car, and the car would get picked up. I am certain that's what would happen.

The back of this package cautions "Warning! Strong Magnet! Magnets can disrupt computers, mobile phones, credit cards, and other electrical devices." Great. Now I have nowhere to use this thing. Every object in my house is a computer. That's all I have in my life.

The magnet is really nice, though. You know what? I'm seriously considering hurting myself. Not a lot, mind you, just enough to get a head injury that requires a metal plate on my head.

This magnet deserves a **9/10** because it has magnetic appeal. haha

Stickers

Stickers are magnets that you can put anywhere.

That was profound, wasn't it? It might have been the grandest thing I have ever written.

I was going to go on about how huge these stickers are and comment on each in-game brand being referenced, but it would be a disservice to my literary achievement.

These stickers get **10/10**. 8 of those points are for my remarkable observation.

Money Air Freshener

Very understated. No, really. If you were a tacky person you would probably have an air freshener exactly the size of real money, if not larger. These dollars are smaller than the real thing, and are therefore less ostentatious.

This air freshener looks and smells like a real air freshener but there's a curse word on it. If you're familiar with Grand Theft Auto, you'll note that this means it's a parody.

The Money Air Freshener gets an **8/10** because the flavor is a little disappointing.

Keychain

This little van holds your keys and it has headlights that light up. It is, theoretically, the most practical item in this box. There's just one problem. The doors don't open. Now if this keychain was a building it wouldn't be an issue because, as we all know, maybe 5% of buildings have functioning doors. A car, though? Working doors. Always.

2/10.

Shirt

I don't want to brag, but my shirt size is a medium. This shirt is also a medium. While I'm grateful that the stars aligned here, it seems a little presumptive for Rockstar to send out promotional video t-shirts in any size other than the industry standard XL.

The shirt gets a **7/10** because I can wear it and it will be a great conversation starter in the cloth map study.

Thanks to Rockstar for sending all this stuff. In return for their kindness, I'd like to plug their video game "Grand Theft Auto V" by passing along this official description of the game:

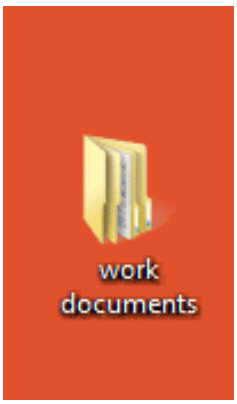
> "*No-nonsense hero Marlow never shied away from danger or trouble. But now he faces his ULTIMATE challenge. After crash-landing in Central America, he has an industrial*

evil to defeat whilst bound to an ancient Mayan Death Mask who's had no-one to talk to for 2000 years. Another day at the office only this time Marlow is PUSHED TO THE LIMIT, his sweetheart has been abducted, the bad guys are making up their own rules and only one man can judge them - and EXECUTE THE SENTENCE."

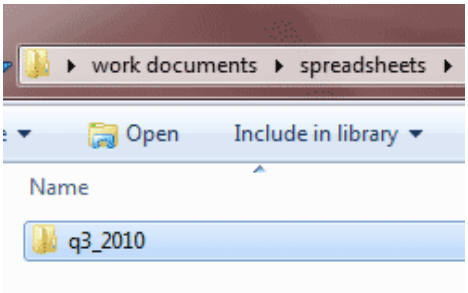
–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.18 I am the Curator of a Vast Digital Collection of Jack-worthy Media

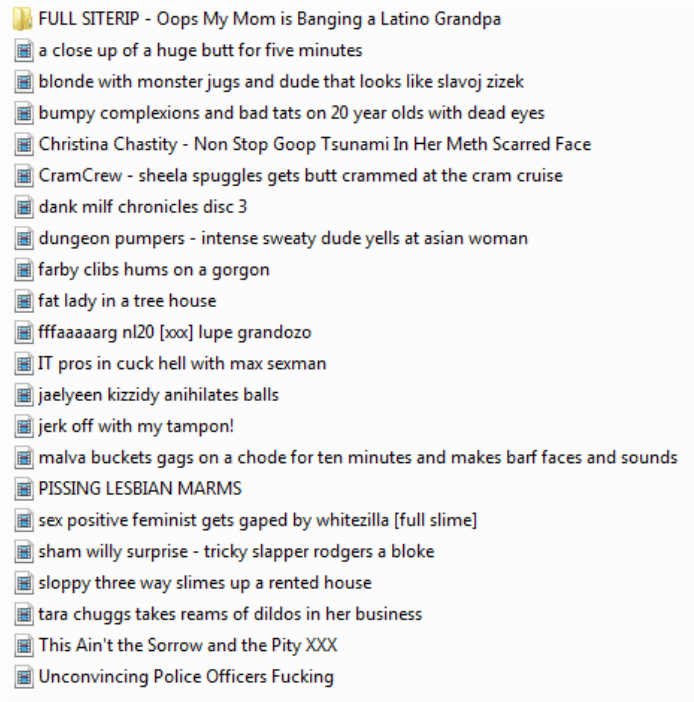
Monday, Sep 23, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



I call my bone-raising collection "work documents" and it is located exclusively on the desktop of what is technically my work computer. I have been assembling this collection off and on for the better part of a decade, using my discerning skills as a curator to select only the finest 4.5 terabytes of media.



Getting to the collection is part of the journey. Nested within the folder "work documents" is another folder called "spreadsheets" and within that, coded in the opaque lingo of business, another folder called "q3_2010." But, my friends, these are only tests. The intrepid and the curious will continue past these folders, expecting to find something more captivating than spreadsheets. Something that is over 4,000 gigabytes in size.


FULL SITERIP - Oops My Mom is Banging a Latino Grandpa
a close up of a huge butt for five minutes
blonde with monster jugs and dude that looks like slavoj zizek
bumpy complexions and bad tats on 20 year olds with dead eyes
Christina Chastity - Non Stop Goop Tsunami In Her Meth Scarred Face
CramCrew - sheela spuggles gets butt crammed at the cram cruise
dank milf chronicles disc 3
dungeon pumpers - intense sweaty dude yells at asian woman
farby clibs hums on a gorgon
fat lady in a tree house
fffaaaaarg nl20 [xxx] lupe grandozo
IT pros in cuck hell with max sexman
jaelyeen kizzidy anihilates balls
jerk off with my tampon!
malva buckets gags on a chode for ten minutes and makes barf faces and sounds
PISSING LESBIAN MARMS
sex positive feminist gets gaped by whitezilla [full slime]
sham willy surprise - tricky slapper rodgers a bloke
sloppy three way slimes up a rented house
tara chuggs takes reams of dildos in her business
This Ain't the Sorrow and the Pity XXX
Unconvincing Police Officers Fucking

I have carefully curated only the biggest wieners jabbing into holes. I have hand-selected and archived footage of peeing with the most intense HD presentation. There are flopping boobs, sex hollering, and hardcore doing it. There are celebrities and people pretending to be celebrities. There are wobbly red things falling out of butts and mascara smeared over gagging faces. There are a lot of gross things that make me feel bad about myself. And that's good, because compelling art should affect you. That's how vital this collection is.

At first I wanted to save all of the disgusting slime piles and slithery gross people covered in sweat for myself. Then I thought, "Why not make animated GIFs out of this stuff and post it on tumblr?" Some people might understand the gravity of greasy butts bouncing around and dope units popping huge boners.

Then I thought that sharing on the Internet is great, but I have put so much effort into curating this collection it really deserves its own show. I presented interactive monitors for viewing the cream of the crop, including Cream of the Crop, and allowed art fans to watch. But that was more about presenting the existing material.

Ultimately, I knew we could take things a step further. A live performance. I am very proud to present work documents live at MoMA. If you would like to see me jack myself raw to a video clip of a woman covered in baked beans I will be at the Museum of Modern Art in Midtown Manhattan in the room next to the funny cat pictures exhibit and the failmeme tunnel.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.19 SkyMall Product Reviews: Faux Tattoo Men's T-Shirt

Wednesday, Sep 25, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

This fun and flirty tee has all the ink you need!

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By bigdad from Fort Wayne, IN

I purchased this shirt to impress my stepdaughter's boyfriend Scott, who has a tattoo of a baby giving the middle finger. He didn't believe these were real tats, and eventually proved it by making me take my shirt off in front of everyone at my family reunion, a humiliating and devastating incident. Nobody will be fooled by this t-shirt unless it is very dark or they have very poor vision. ZERO STARS I GIVE THIS.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By skythug from Los Angeles, CA

Picked this shirt up hoping to win favor with the local street gang. They seemed super pumped to see my tats and were very respectful. I thought it was working great, but it turns out they were playing a dirty trick on me. Not only am I not in the Latin Assassins for real, but one of them made me wrestle his overweight son and he gave me very bad indian rope burns.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By givemegrapes from Kearney, NE

The wife hates it. She hates, hates, hates it. I'm going to get a second shirt just to show her that I can't be reasoned with!!!

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Dr. Sillydaddy from Hays, KS

I got this for a costume party, but felt so good wearing it I haven't taken it off yet, and the party was weeks ago. People now call me "that weird shirt guy" and sometimes just "him." Feel like I'm making a real name for myself now!

Age: 31-35

Customer Review:

By jc316 from Dayton, OH

Pretty good. Shirt makes me look like my dad.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review:

By wildhog from Peoria, IL

COOLEST SHIRT I'VE EVER WORN.

tHE KIDS ARE AFRAID OF ME. WITH GOOD REASON. WHEN I WEAR THIS SHIRT I FEEL POWERFUL AND DANGEROUS, AND I TEND TO GET VERY PUSHY (PHYSICALLY). THIS HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY CONFIDENCE, LIKE WHEN I WORE THAT MUSCLE SHIRT FOR A SOLID MONTH AND GOT A RAISE (THEY SAID IT WAS SO I COULD AFFORD TO BUY A NEW SHIRT, NOT TRUE, IT WAS FEAR). GOING TO WEAR THIS TO MY GRAVE.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review:

By raunchy_ron from Casper, WY

Wanted to experience what it was like to look to be Dave Navarro. Picked up this and the Flair Hair Visor (I'm bald). Felt pretty good. Not a bad feeling at all. Will probably ride it out for as long as I can.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By badbone from Shreveport, LA

One of the "tattoos" says "WHITE POWER" which is a bit much. I don't disagree, but I'm not looking for any more racial troubles.

Age: 36-40

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.20 The Feral Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Thursday, Sep 26, 2013 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

"... the great fabulist Groggery Tirade Gibbonman, that curious relic of Jacqueline. From 417 to 498 V.E., he published an estimated 45,000 works, remaining consistently prolific even into old age. After his wife Cornmaze was condemned to a New Spanish mental asylum, Gibbonman withdrew from society and spent his final years alone at his famous address: 359 $\frac{1}{2}$ Fourthpenny Avenue, Vertical London, Tier 410. - Ruttigut Pilford, *Men of Cloudscape Empire: Figures of the Aftereurope*

Far longer than long ago, down in the drifting silts of a mighty river delta, there rested the splintered shadow of a once-grand ship. Two eels found quarter in the dead ship's hold, where they circled a tremendous bounty of gold and gems.

"It is good to have such treasure," said one eel to his fellow, as they guarded their riches. "No burglar would dare to take it!"

The fellow eel was thoughtful, and sternly he replied: "What do you mean, a burglar?"

"You know..." the first eel said with a casual wriggle. "Burglars steal treasure, but they would never steal ours. For we have the mightiest mouths, the strongest snaps, the ..."

"Why are you talking so much about burglars lately?" asked the fellow eel. First eel *had* been bringing up burglars with increasing and unusual frequency, and as they orbited in suspicion the two eels were abruptly visited.

"Stick 'em up!" yelled the new eel, his face hidden behind a black mask, his form swaddled in a roguish cloak. "This is a burglary!"

"Oh no, a burglar!" yelled first eel. "We better give him what he wants, fellow eel!"

Fellow eel was not fooled, as he recognized first eel's brother even with the mask, and he struck at the imposter and his traitorous kin. But the eel brothers overpowered him, and he was ousted from the treasure pile.

"That was great!" proclaimed the new eel, with a satisfied laugh. "Now this treasure is all ours!"

"Yes" agreed the first eel, and they swam in happy circles around their gleaming lucre. "No ghost would dare to take it..."

The moral of the story is: The company of eels is fraught with costume changes.

Hercules and the Rabbits

On a glorious, long-lost day, when the sun was red and the hills were yellow, the rabbits of the endless plains came together at a wind-worn dais.

"Oh mighty Hercules!" the trembling rabbits cried. "Hero of heroes! Strongest of the strong! Save us from the terrible lion, who tears our throats and spills our blood!"

But Hercules only laughed from Olympian high, to hear such creatures plead. "Save thy own, oh timid beasts! The gods help those who help themselves!"

Yet still the rabbits pleaded and cried, until their sobbing grew so loud that it met the ears of the terrible lion out prowling the windswept plain.

"Your chance at last!" spake Hercules, as the terrible lion pounced on the dais. "Rally, oh rabbitkind! And rejoice in the feast of victory, hard-earned and fair!"

But the rabbits did not rally, defenseless and frightened as they were. Defiant or faint, it mattered not; the rabbits were the terrible lion's sport, every one.

The terrible lion licked its terrible mouth, and stretched its terrible shape, and napped in blood and fur by the feet of Hercules, the hero.

"Do not ask me for help, terrible lion," said Hercules with a huff. "You must make your own way in life"

"I am capable of that," smirked the terrible lion, lazy on the dais. "But thanks for making it even easier."

The moral of the story is: Every choice you make helps *someone*.

THE HEN AND BRICKMAKER

Once, in times too past to ponder, there was a happy brickmaker who worked his field of clay. Arms stained red, he baked the bricks with sweat and woodfire, laughing a governor's laugh with his customers and his kin.

That day, and only then, a hen came to see the brickmaker. She picked her way across the clayfield, pretty as could be, right up to the great hot oven where the brickmaker labored.

"Kicks and wicks and candlesticks!" said the hen.

The brickmaker looked up from his bricks and blinked, unsure of what had just happened.

"Uh ..." the Brickmaker slowly replied. "Hello?"

"Lunatics!" the chicken clucked. "Tricks and licks. Heretics!"

The brickmaker narrowed his stymied gaze, trying to hone in on what he was witnessing. He had been wholly unaware of the phenomenon of talking animals until that moment, and this was a lot to absorb.

"Words that rhyme ... with ick?" he finally offered.

"Ticks and Picks" the chicken nodded. "Fix the nicks!"

"I sell ... bricks"

"BRICKS! BRICKS! BRICKS! BRICKS! BRICKS!" screeched the hen, and she squawked about the clayfield in a fluttering panic. The brickmaker, stone still, watched nervously as the crazed hen zigged over tables and zagged into his oven. She clacked on bricks and burrowed under coals and

then, abruptly, the hen was still.

A moment passed, and the brickmaker found he had to sit down, with a slant of religious concern in his eyebrows and the smell of dinner wafting through his work-place.

The moral of the story is: Some experiences will not teach you anything.

*Look for **Ian Helm**'s page designs in the much-anticipated Monstergeddon Results update Oct. 30!*

–∼Ian "BFM" Helm

9.21 15 Hilariously Awkward Things From the 90s Contained in the Sphere That Has Appeared Above Our City

Friday, Sep 27, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We gaze up in equal parts wonder and fear at the giant sphere that has appeared above our city. It contains the dead husks of our aspirations in the form of hilarious nostalgia. Awk-waaaaard!

15. Jonathon Taylor Thomas

His eyes black. His body in repose. Staring at an infinite horizon forever. Never dying or even aging.

14. Honey Bees

Remember bees? They are not dying out, their queens had led them to the safety of the sphere. They will be preserved through the coming tumult.

13. The Pringles Face

On its lips a silent scream. We could not kill it, but its power had to be contained.

12. Hypercolor Shirts

You have seen what variations in temperature can do to these shirts. Imagine what they will do under 60 atmospheres of pressure.

11. Donkey Kong Country

Hegel has foreseen the end of history. Beyond cities. After the fall of all nations. A new order will rise with impressive 3D/2D graphics.

10. Hillary Clinton

That hair, those pantsuits, her tachyons entangled within the sphere, vibrating at just the right frequency so that they exist and do not exist simultaneously.

9. Arsenio Hall

Cloaked in steam, his eyes wild with the burden of an eternity no human should experience. He gathers strength from a woofing crowd of "people who have had their blood replaced with tiny machines."

8. High-waisted jeans

Bodiless and tireless, they move with an obscene purpose.

7. Nickelodeon's Double Dare

The entire set, exactly as it was during the final episode, complete with the skeletons and the giant, leathery egg.

6. The body you left behind

Old skin, hairs, scar tissue, fluids. All of the things you produced in the 1990s, cataloged and preserved. Weighs approximately 1/2 ton.

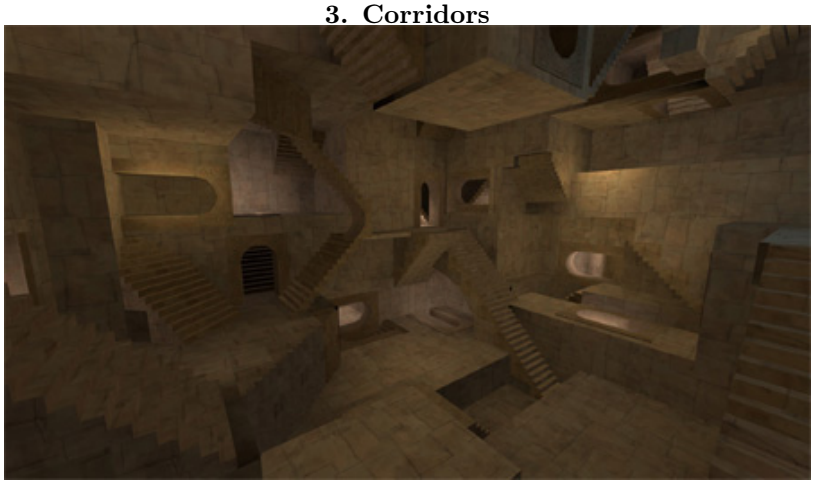
5. Fresh Prince of Bel Air

Sealed in an airtight sarcophagus to prevent spoilage.

4. Bill Clinton

Fashioned from feathers and tin, this likeness plays saxophone and looks upon you with painted eyes that seem to hate.

3. Corridors



Not quite endless, but nearly so, they join one another at unexpected angles with doors that lead to nowhere and everywhere.

2. Music of the 1990s

The siren slips from her rocks and into the dark waters. The quils that decorate her amphibian length begin to vibrate. She plays a perfect simulacra of Bush's "Machinehead" as she begins to feed on the unwary.

1. Food of the 1990s

P'zone is back, spreading across continents, issuing in endless quantities from valves that cannot be closed. There is not enough dipping sauce to manage the outbreak. Our cities will die beneath the delicious weight.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.22 Frank Opinion's Hardest-Hitting Editorials

Saturday, Sep 28, 2013 by Frank Opinion (@DennisFarrell)

Frank Opinion is an internationally syndicated columnist covering hot-button issues. His controversial editorial style holds nothing back. Opinion's views do not represent those of Something Awful or its parent company, FedoraSingles.com.

On Ice Cream:

Ice cream is a cold and tasty treat. It is made from milk. You can get it in vanilla or in more exotic flavors like strawberry or chocolate. Some people like to eat it in a cone. I prefer it served in a bowl. Cones are good too, mind you. I have nothing against them. It's just a matter of preference. Maybe I should reconsider my hardline stance.

People should be allowed to own and operate ice cream shops. Please let them do it. They're not hurting anyone.

On Movies:

I don't think movies are bad. In fact, they're pretty good. You can watch 'em. Have a seat. Relax. Maybe take a nice sip from a tall cold soft drink. Watch the things move and happen on the screen.

Sometimes movies get too loud. If you're watching one at home you can always turn down the volume. That's a good way to handle the problem. At a theatre, just do what I do and put your hands over your ears or lock eyes with another moviegoer and look exceptionally distressed.

I don't know why everyone has to be so critical about movies. They only last around an hour and a half, and something cool usually happens at least once or twice. Lighten up! Unless you have a good reason.

On Technology:

I don't understand any of this stuff. Please slow down everybody. Let's not be so hasty. We've got to think things through here.

On Wolfmen:

We should be more accepting of wolfmen. It can't be easy to have the fur and claws of a wolf along with the penis of a man. I don't think it's right to talk about waging war with the wolfmen, or to construct effigies of wolfmen then burn those effigies to the ground along with entire cities. We don't even have any evidence that the wolfmen exist.

Before you raze your own town or pass a measure to bomb a country where you suspect wolfmen might be hiding, please step back and take a few moments to be sure that you really want to do it. This is probably the strongest stance I have ever taken on an issue. I will understand if you stop reading my column, or if I am fired from my post.

(Editor's Note: Following the publication of this column, Frank was not only fired, but blacklisted from all media outlets in the United States. Numerous death threats were sent in every day for

months. Frank narrowly avoided an assassination attempt when he hesitated to place an order for ice cream in a cone or in a bowl. He has since relocated to England, where he continues to write to this day.)

On Sports:

People compete with one another. They take in fresh air and it gets their blood pumping. It's good because someone wins and afterwards they become quite happy. At the same time, someone also loses.

As you can see, this is a very nuanced subject with many aspects to consider. I am going to refrain from making further comments on the matter until all the facts are in.

On Buildings:

The best buildings are the ones that look good. I do not like an ugly building. When you have the option to make a good looking building or one that looks very bad and ugly, it's probably best to go with the good looking one. If you want an ugly building, though, I'm sure you have your reasons.

Ideally, buildings should have some room carved out on the inside where people can fit in. After all, what good is a building without an inside? That's pretty much my motto.

Of course, buildings that are completely solid without any room for people inside are fine too.

On The NSA's Domestic Spying Program:

I would prefer it if the NSA did not violate the privacy of anyone. At the same time, I understand that the agency only wants to catch bad guys. That's all they want.

Maybe we can all come to an understanding that will make everyone happy. We could let the NSA take pictures and live video of us through our smartphones, webcams, and video game consoles, but ask them to stop recording immediately if they don't see anyone in a trench coat with a sinister mustache. We'll get the whole agency to pinky swear on it, for real this time.

-∼Frank Opinion (@DennisFarrell)

9.23 I Will Align Your Baby's Back 100% Safe

Monday, Sep 30, 2013 by Chiropractor Kevin (@sexyfacts4u)

You all may have heard about this bozo in New Zealand who snapped a baby's neck while doing a chiropractor adjustment on the baby. Pretty messed up. Rule number one on baby alignments is you don't go in there like a commando taking out a security guard. You got to be firm, but use some finesse, bro. Come on. Get it together.

Look how happy this dude is that's because his morgellons was cured by a full c1 through c7 alignment. What I call "the upper deck.

Lucky this happened over in some other country so we don't get a bunch of new regulations or whatever on babies that could be helped by alignments. But still because the Internet and people get dumb ideas from it I thought I would clear up a few misconceptions about chiropracting a baby.

Number one biggest misconception: babies don't need alignments.

"Think about it like this, bro, a baby being born is like you trying to Metroid roll out a tunnel the size of a Campbell soup can. You think that sounds easy? Trust me, nine times out of ten a little baby is going to throw something out of whack which statistically is 90% of babies have back problems.

You just don't hear about it because they can't tell you, "Mommy, I'm working on a T1 subluxation here." All they can do is cry. So if you got a baby and it's crying, odds are nine times out of ten an alignment will fix it. You take your baby into another doctor, they'll tell you it's gas, or it's normal, or it's whooping cough. What your baby needs is his back aligned.

Let me get in there and just put the squeeze on that C1 and C2, work my way down, I'll push those

rocks into place like Tetris, bro. I will sort that out for your baby.

Getting a good chiropractor to align your little baby will help with gas, crankiness, cross-eyed looks, weird baby sounds, hissy baby, baby won't eat, some temper issues, baby throwing up, weird face. Whatever, bro. I go this.

Plop that little baby down on the table and I will go to town on him. Don't get upset. After that first squeeze he'll like it. I promise you, bro. Nine times out of ten kids love me. Your baby afraid of dogs? Doesn't like thunder? Crawls funny? Might be the C3, bro. Let me put it in this scanner thing I have, zip-zap-zoop, and we'll know which one is the problem.

Had one baby come in here with a coccyx the size of a grapefruit. All he could do was cry about it. Ten minutes later I had that little dude rolling around and spitting everywhere.

Fact number two: it's never too early to get your baby aligned.

You want your baby going around in pain? You want that, bro? I didn't take you for a bozo.

Me and my chiro bud, Chiro Bud do pro bono alignments at the rodeo.

You get your wife to pop the little guy right out, put in a bucket, bring him in. I'll dump him out and get everything straight as a railroad man. I got this. Your baby got some pimples? I'll wring him out like a dishrag. Birth mark? Those suckers pop right off if you get everything aligned. I fixed a kid's cleft palate one time by do some upper lumbar work. Your spine is like the middle of your body. It's connected to everything.

There was one baby born with an innie dick. Some quack circumcision doctor type of bozo wanted to pull it out with surgery. I was like, hold on there, prop this dude up on this speed bag. Hold him like you're holding an extra point kick. Alright. Now you may hear some cracking. That just means it's all working. Two adjustments. Wiener popped right out of there like a turkey timer.

Third real truth: for chiropractoring to work you've got to believe.

It's similar to hypnotism or levitation. You just have to read enough articles about it on Natural News, talk to some mommies who have anecdotes (the most valuable kind of medical statistic) and zip-zap-zoop your baby is flipping tinkerbell, bro. Doing somersaults instead of laying around the lamb rocker crying about gas balls.If you don't believe your baby might get something messed up during the alignment. That's honestly nine out of ten times what happens when an alignment goes wrong.

So take it from me, bro. I've been at this baby chiropractor stuff for almost fifteen months. I took a night class on it. I know what is up. Just hand your precious baby over to me and let me squeeze them as hard as I can in the spine.

You want to set up an appointment? We'll get it all taken care of. I also got a tanning salon for babies if you want your baby lean and tan.

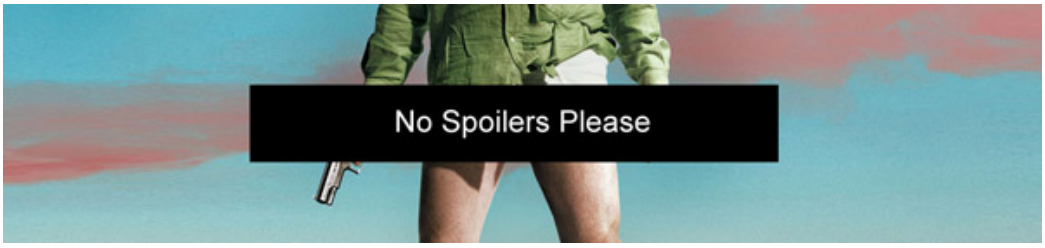
–~Chiropractor Kevin (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 Please don't talk about Breaking Bad until I catch up!

Tuesday, Oct 01, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Whoa. Wait. Are you guys talking about Breaking Bad? I hate to be obnoxious, but could you please stop? I know the series finale was just on and there was probably a lot of crazy stuff you want to discuss, but again, please stop. I haven't seen it yet. You all watched it live, but I didn't. And before you start asking questions, no, I don't have a good reason, but I'd appreciate it if you'd stop ruining it for me.

No spoilers! No hints! I don't want to know a thing. I'm just trying to enjoy a scheduled show at my own glacial pace. Is it too ambitious to expect you guys to follow along? I already can't look at twitter or anything else on the internet, and now you're selfishly having a conversation in my general direction.

Stop your Walt debates! Stop your breakfast chat! Who is Heisenberg? You're talking about things so far ahead, it's confusing. I'm just not ready to go all the way with the show, and you're trying to force it on me. Wow, what great friends! That was sarcasm, FYI. And I thought *Walt* was supposed to be a caring person! That wasn't sarcasm. I really thought that until some Youtube comments told me otherwise. Since then I've secluded myself from society. I've unplugged my modem, I do not read the news. I live like they did in the 90s, and it totally sucks. But it's worth it. Anything to keep the spoilers away, anything to protect this precious bubble.

So what's so hard for you? Just act like you never watched it and you're as in the dark as I am. We could play a fun game where we never even heard of the show. "What's Breaking Bad," we'd all say. It'd be funny. Then, once I finally catch up sometime in 2014, we can have all these great conversations you want to have now. So go ahead and bottle that excitement up for now. That'd be great for me.

I mean, I could have watched them earlier, sure. AMC broke the season in half and spent months hyping the big finish, but I chose not to. If they can drag it out, why shouldn't I? It'd work a lot easier if I could just convince everyone everywhere on the planet to stop talking about it for awhile.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.2 New TV Show Roundup For Fall 2013

Wednesday, Oct 02, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Do you wish there were more network shows about adults interacting with their wacky parents? Are your favorite Seth McFarlane jokes the ones that are so lazy and blatantly sexist/homophobic/racist that they couldn't POSSIBLY be sexist, homophobic, or racist? Please eat an entire set of silverware then crawl into a trash compactor.

So much sassiness, so little reason. Almost every character in Marvel's Agents Of S.H.I.E.L.D. is quirky and quick to fire off witty(?) one-liners. In exactly the same way. They all exist to be cute and to barf out quips for no reason until a plot sort of happens near them.

Young Agent Guy is very upset about being on an elite task force with absolute freedom and access to tech from the future. Why? Because the story wants him to be. And because his gruffness makes him a target for paint-by-numbers emasculation jokes.

The show doesn't linger on anything long enough for the viewer to fully process or care about what's happening. The entire experience isn't unlike watching someone tell knock knock jokes for an hour, only the teller leaves out the knocks since blurting out the punchline seems more efficient. I don't know how this is possible, but there is even a scene with a flying car that somehow comes across as completely flat.

I enjoyed The Avengers. I'd like this series to work. Maybe the premiere was rushed (not that it tried to do too much, as it was pretty straightforward) and this show can find the balance between plot and character development and humor that Firefly was able to pull off in its first episode. For now, it's oddly insubstantial and grating.

Sleepy Hollow moves as quickly as Agents Of S.H.I.E.L.D., has a more ridiculous scale, and yet somehow it's far more watchable. This is a show with witches, headless horsemen with shotguns, wizard priests, small town conspiracies, the apocalypse, and a ballsy proclamation that the series will last seven seasons. In the first episode.

It's all completely ridiculous, but shot in a way that lets each scene breathe and establish a mood that fits within the dramatic arc of the show. Funny how rare that is. The two leads are likeable, have terrific chemistry, and go for broke delivering their insane lines.

David Spader is Amazing Bad Guy, who has been caught on purpose. David Spader is laconic as fuck. These statements are the basis for an entire show. HELL YES. That was not an ironic hell yes.

I don't know if actress Megan Boone is really amazing or if she's somehow horrible in a fascinating way, but I like her as the show's protagonist.

The humor is a little broad compared to something like Parks And Recreation, and without that show's good-natured spirit all that's left is annoying characters taking gags to their loudest, most obvious ends. Andre Braugher is easily the best part of the show, with his deadpan and earnest delivery of relatively subtle humor.

I'm a sucker for a good hostage movie. By good I don't mean plausible, just consistent with how little it regards reality and common sense.

The structure of a hostage story provides plenty of built-in tension. There's the setup, where the viewer's anticipation of the crime heightens their perception of character introductions and plot points. There are criminals, cops, innocents and reporters, and plenty of room for inversions and fakeouts within each group. If the whole thing is handled with the tiniest bit of craft, the result can be enjoyable even if it's set on Mars and everyone is a clone.

Hostages works because it takes its time reveling in fun Hollywood flourishes as it riffs on the genre's formula. Dylan McDermott is a federal agent who shoots and kills an apparent hostage just because he has a hunch it's actually a bad guy in disguise. He's right, of course, and no one seems to mind that the guy he blasted wasn't holding a gun. Because that wasn't the important part. The important part is that this agent guy is a badass and the camera is swooping towards him while panning up because he's larger than life.

If you're capable of playing along there's a lot of high grade cheese to be enjoyed.

This hasn't aired yet, but it seems redundant since Sleepy Hollow will probably have Dracula show up as a kung fu instructor midway through its first season.

Mostly subverts the sappy manipulation that you'd expect in a show featuring a main character with a serious disease. The comedy really lets the show down, though. Michael J. Fox is such an affable dude that you'll find yourself willing the jokes to connect like a bowler gesticulating wildly to will his ball away from a gutter.

Better than the ads made it out to be, nowhere near as good as Robin Williams and Louis C.K. chatting at a funeral and strip club.

Another show that hasn't aired yet. I'd just like to ask everyone involved not to screw this up. The universe owes Karl Urban for letting the wonderful Dredd fly under the radar. On my last birthday I wished for a sci-fi show about a cop and his android partner. The stars are aligned.

I was wrong about New Girl. My mind had been made up before I saw the first episode. It seemed like a series of toothless, forced jokes about how awkward a young woman was. That was very unfair of me. I did not realize that I am a soothsayer, and was actually describing a future show called Super Fun Night.

A run of the mill sitcom is more unsettling than just about any horror movie. Characters mimic human behavior but don't quite get it right. Gags follow the patterns of jokes and are followed by laughter, yet they lack actual humor.

Welcome to another Chuck Lorre show. It's like Two And A Half Men or The Big Bang Theory, but with an adult woman interacting with her wacky mother. Which means it's going to be the most popular show on television for the next eight years.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.3 Hill Valley's Skitching Problem is Out of Control

Thursday, Oct 03, 2013 by Concerned Jeep Enthusiast

People of the Hill Valley City Council, I think we can all agree this sleepy little town has been through a lot lately. After those Libyan terrorists turned the JC Penney wing of our Lone Pine Mall into a smoldering crater of exploded ladieswear, I never thought those charred blouse remnants would stop raining from the sky like polyester napalm. What they call "an act of retaliation" we may never fully understand. Three days later, the sun finally shines again -- but this isn't a time to celebrate, as its light now illuminates a more insidious problem: skitching.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm a simple man. In case you couldn't tell by the hat, all I need to be content is a refreshing glass of Mountain Dew over breakfast: room temperature, no ice -- really gives me the calories I need to start my day, seeing as Hungry Man went and replaced mashed potatoes with baked beans in their Lumberjack's Frozen Breakfast. In fact, I use the power of Dew at every meal to rejuvenate my life after a divorce many of you have called "catastrophic" and "a violation of several noise ordinances." Even bought a sexy powder-blue jeep with red pleather seats to let all the single ladies out there know I'm no longer spoken for thanks to the siren song of radiology school. Of course, I can't quite work this wedding band off of my finger at the moment, but if that Jazzercise class flier is correct, I'll soon be getting in shape and making new adult friends, all for the price of a form-fitting singlet.

So I think you can understand a man fueled by corn syrup and the promise of a new day can suffer problems greater than his bedside Dew cooler going dry at 6 AM. How about two hours later, when I'm cruising down to my court-mandated anger management class -- Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays -- and I hear the grimy slap of a teen's hand on my rollbar? Not a day goes by when some wily delinquent "skate-hitches" onto my ride, and from what I understand from local police enforcement, trying to murder them with clever driving tactics would legally be considered "murder."

Countless times I've proposed we bring in land developers to replace our youth centers, video arcades, and local high school with parking lots, in order to keep teens in their houses, where they belong, but those thugs in the teacher's union leveraged their political power over average Jeep-driving Joes

like me. Is this democracy? Is this the country I grew up in? Because during my "Mornings in America," I can't seem to get teens wearing upwards of four layers out of my rear-view mirror. Though, to be fair, they're probably just preparing their bodies for me playfully bucking them off onto the median strip, which I'm told would only be manslaughter if fatal.

My fellow citizens, my second chance at happiness will only be found in the Jeep lifestyle, and I refuse to change just because of our skitch-happy youth population. I would like to propose that we delay the start of the school day until at least 10:30 AM, since by then I will have returned to my new studio apartment for several hours of meditation and Dew therapy. Conversely, we could reach out to the Pepsi corporation and install a Mountain Dew machine on every street corner, which would give our city's teens the sweet, green-flavored fuel that keeps my internal clock running so fast I often have to blast Huey Lewis and the News just to drown out the sound of my own heartbeat. And those sharp, stabbing, kidney pains keep me on my guard and gave me the award-winning posture you see before you.

I don't mean to alarm anyone with inflammatory language, but this skitching epidemic is a real Pearl Harbor of a Holocaust. And until I'm no longer fined for hiring our town's one homeless person to pry young fingers from a moving tailgate, justice has not been served. In closing, I hope to see some of you council members at the informal speed dating event down at the Burger King this Saturday night. Until the arraignment, my life is an open book.

–∼Concerned Jeep Enthusiast

10.4 Tom Clancy Writes Copy for MorningStar Farms Vegetarian Meat

Friday, Oct 04, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

MorningStar Farms® Maple Flavored Veggie Sausage Patties

76% Less Fat
80 Calories
Good source of Protein
MorningStar FARMS
Maple Flavored SAUSAGE PATTIES
Savory veggie sausage patties with a delicious maple flavor
NATURALLY AND ARTIFICIALLY FLAVORED

The XH-60 Backhawk helicopter came in low through the valley. The pilot was flying Nap of the Earth. He was using the sensors in the helicopter to stay low and hug the terrain. In the back, Specialist Ding Chavez pulled on his low light goggles and swapped in a new battery. As the fuzzy green image resolved he could hear Captain Bennett going over the mission objectives one last time.

"We fast rope in on the TOB. Whiskey Bravo will be on station for immediate evac. When we have the objective we will exfil to the roof and activate our IR strobes. The objective..."

Captain Bennett unfolded a photo enlargement from a CIA Keyhole satellite.

"...is the most delicious soy-based sausage substitutes ever devised. MorningStar Farms® Maple Flavored Veggie Sausage Patties are only 80 calories. MorningStar Farms has added just a hint of maple to up their game. They go hard, we go hard, and we never leave a man behind. Do you understand me?"

"HOOAH!" was the reply. Ding Chavez joined it, but could not help but thinking something just wasn't right.

MorningStar Farms® Grillers® Chik'n Veggie Patties

"We have to negotiate," said the woman, in the pantyhose, from the UN.

"I agree with the ambassador," said the assistant Secretary of State, a liberal.

"Then it is agreed?" asked the President, searching the room for any objection.

Jack Ryan stood up. Maybe not so fast as he once had before that jet fighter incident in Malta. He slammed his fist on the President's desk.

"No it is damn well not agreed. Who will we be negotiating with, Mr. President? The Chinese already have their own delicious chicken substitute with formula 19. And now they have the plans for ours. Why would they give us our plans back when they could just sell it back, one fake bird at a time?"

The woman from the UN could sense the shift in the center of gravity in the room. She blustered to try to cover for the undeniable weakness of her position.

"We have to exhaust every option, Mr--"

"They've all been exhausted!" snapped Ryan. "Mr. President, I have a team ready to go. We will retrieve the MorningStar Farms® Grillers® Chik'n Veggie Patties from that ship. Let the Flying Dragon trying to stop us. Now if you'll excuse me, I have an op to lead."

Jack Ryan turned and left the room.

Morningstar Farms® Meal Starters Grillers® Recipe Crumbles

The woman senator cringed behind the desk as 7.62mm rapid fire slammed into the wall behind them. Victor Turner activated the echo-locator in his wraparound AUG display, bringing up the positions of the five men from Opsoya. The vegetarians were outlined in red on his tactical TechOps Map. He selected them with a blink of his eyes and tossed a thermobaric seeker into the air. The drone's micro-engine whirred to life as it curved through the door and around the cover the Opsoya assassins were using. The charge detonated with maximum efficiency, leaving three shredded, smoking corpses. The two remaining Opsoya men began to pull back.

"They're retreating," said the woman senator.

"No," said Agent Turner, with a scornful shake of the head. "They're pulling back outside the blast range. They've set a charge."

"A bomb? Maybe we can negotiate with them," said the senator.

"Madam senator, as an agent of CIA TechOps I am sworn to save your life, so please accept my apologies in advance."

"For what?" asked the woman senator a second before Agent Turner punched her in the face and

knocked her out. He slung her body over his shoulder and activated his suit's laser cutter. It mapped the precise shape of his body and the senator's and began burning through the back wall. Victor activated his com gear.

"I hope you're in position, Chavez."

"You know it," said Sara Chavez, Ding Chavez's daughter, over the radio. Just as the bomb exploded, the laser cutter completed its tracing on the wall and Victor and the senator were blown out through a perfect hole and into the bay of the vectored-thrust attack gunship Mk19 Ho-Chunk being piloted by the sexy Latina Marine Sara Chavez.

"Is the party ready to start?" asked Victor as he buckled in the senator.

"You know it," said Chavez. She pointed to the cooler in the back. Victor threw it open and found 16 bags of Morningstar Farms® Meal Starters Grillers® Recipe Crumbles" "You did good, Chavez. This is just the sort of meaty, beef-substitute I need for all my recipe favorites, including my infamous five alarm chili."

Chavez shook her head as she guided the gunship out of the ruins of Washington D.C.

"After today, you'd better make it four alarm," she said.

They laughed, although they weren't exactly sure why.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.5 Please Return To Enemy Pasture Online!

Saturday, Oct 05, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You stopped playing Enemy Pasture Online when the amazing features that lured you in gave way to the repetition and deliberate time wasting that plague all MMOs. Things have changed! Now everyone has a holo-firework kit and can do a /twerk dance.

If you come back today, you'll receive three FREE days of play time. Take advantage of this limited offer to experience the many improvements that have been made to the game since you left, such as:

Reworked Skills

At launch many skills were underwhelming, with obvious flaws in their implementation, very little personality, and wildly differing levels of power. We have completely rebalanced every skill in the game. They are exactly the same as before, but now the numbers are slightly different, and every change to your effectiveness in PVE was made with PVP balance in mind.

Free Money

All returning players now receive a credit for 10,000 Buckzees. That's nearly half the price of the cheapest item in the game, an experience-boosting elixir which increases your experience rate (only from killing specific creatures, does not apply to turning in quests) for ten minutes and is consumed upon use. Remember, if you want more items you can always use our cash shop to buy more Buckzees. A block of 7,500 Buckzees is only $9.99!

Customize Your Looks Like Never Before

Remember that amazing outfit on the game's box art and in all of our promotional materials? The one that looked nothing like the five sets of armor you came across in your entire journey from level 1 to 99, ranging from cliched to cliched with big glowy shoulder pads and skulls? Now it's finally in the game! It's horribly modeled, barely textured, and it doesn't quite look right in the game's unfortunate quasi-realistic realdoll rendering style, but it's there.

Blazing Fast Mounts

Players complained about the speed of the mounts that they bought for 50,000 Buckzees, and we listened. Mount speed has been increased dramatically across the board. In the interest of balance, you can no longer summon a mount in any location where you would theoretically want to use one.

Simplified Currency System

People were slightly confused by the game's eight competing forms of currency. We went back to the drawing board and figured out a solution. Now players can earn Reputation Badges, Faction Pins, and Dungeon Tokens. Each of these new forms of currency can be brought to an appropriate NPC, who will take an equal amount from each pile (assuming you have the appropriate Currency Pouch) as payment for his service to convert the game's other eight existing forms of currency into universal Renown Coins, which can only be used to buy items which are not purchasable with Buckzees. Remember, if you want the best gear in the game you'll need to buy it with a 1 to 3 ratio of Renown Coins to PVP Trophies.

A Stunning Arsenal Of Mind-Blowing Gear!

There are additional weapons and armor with higher numbers. The newest stuff makes the best of the old stuff look like absolute junk. Try not to think about what that means for the new stuff in the future, or what the point of any of this is.

An Epic New Dungeon

A peaceful village has reported sightings of evil creatures who stand around in evenly spaced positions, walking back and forth over the same patches of ground. Could these murderous horrors come from the long abandoned Evil Mine Of Corruption? Go on an adventure with 31 of your friends to find out! Make your way to an oversized mole at the heart of the mine, then plink away at him for an hour while everyone follows the exact patterns that are necessary to beat this particular boss. If you're lucky, you might get a Boss Voucher! Turn in five of them to get a random piece of gear from an eight piece set.

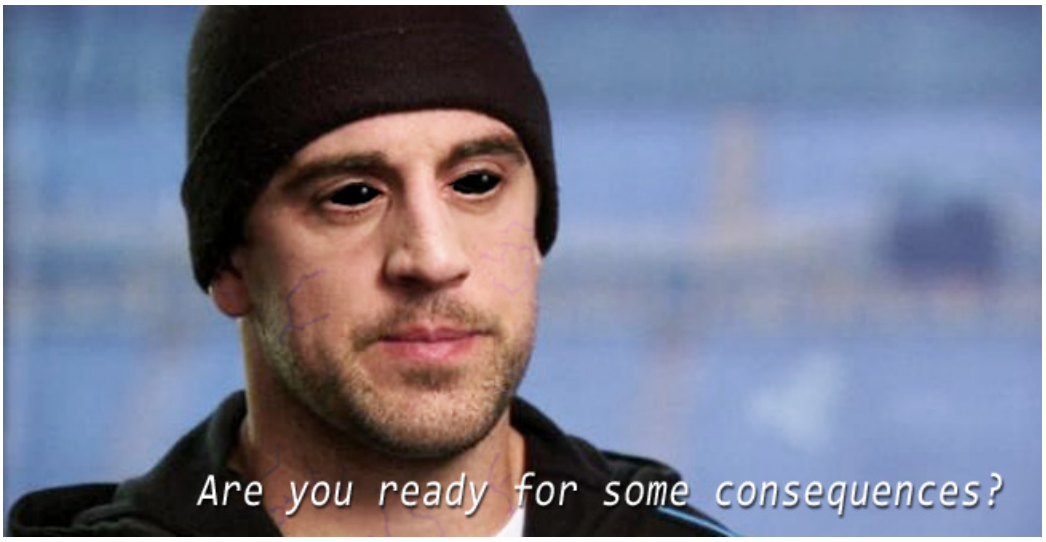
Thrilling Continuation Of The Legendary Story

Uncover lore to learn how the ancient darkness that corrupted the land is even more ancient than anyone realized! The heroes of this realm have bravely defeated twelve evil gods and the Mega Dragon God, but now a new danger has revealed itself - the Ultimate Dragon God of the Multiverse!

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.6 Beware Your Fantasies of Football

Monday, Oct 07, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



I offer you this warning but once, mortals. Be careful how you meddle in the unseen pattern of football. You think you are playing a game. A meta game. But you are yourself trapped within a game that you cannot see.

You are being played by beings immeasurably superior to you. Ideas, fantasies, have power. They are the one thing that resonates through the hexagonal membranes of your false reality. Pray, mortals, that your fantasies of football go unnoticed.

Nothing is more dangerous than a fantasy that comes true.

Romo in the shotgun, his arms unfolding like the petals of roses, footballs firing into the counter-geometry of a hyperfield and somehow, past the ghosts of alternate timelines, connecting in deep coverage.

An entire team of 1985's Jim McMahon colonizing the back of Refrigerator Perry. McMahons slithering up from their burrows to Cyclops blast lasers from beneath their sunglasses. Lasers that incinerate Willie Gault. The ashes coalesce in the red zone. Wide receivers are no longer needed. The run game cannot be stopped. It is beyond being stopped. Perry heaves his leviathan body up from the turf. He towers over Soldier Field, dropping McMahons from his body. Offense and defense merging into a single monster that grinds the 1985 Patriots in its molars.

The Green Bay Packers from 1943, when the league allowed dogs to play against women because the men were fighting the Japs. Snarling packs at midfield. Rosie the running back, hair in a rag, shot full of radioactive serums, biceps like dozens of softballs stuffed into pantyhose. She is not a woman anymore. Not even human. She disappears under a snapping defensive line only to toss them aside as her plastic flesh heaves in

a river into the end zone.

You made these things happen. Your fantasies created the Jacksonville Jaguars. Your meddling in things you cannot possibly comprehend caused the cannibal Raiders fans of 2006. Do you want a repeat of what Ben Roethlisberger did to all those Japanese kogal girls when he became an anime?

You cannot undo these things. Your reality is already changing. But you can abandon your fantasies.

Did you really draft RG3? Did you give Mike Shanahan a stroke? Are you enjoying how all of your fantasies have turned Eli Manning into a slime? He had a family, now he is a slime. Great job, mortals.

You wanted this so bad that you bought one of those ridiculous NFL packages on your TV. If you were real, observation would not alter the observed, but your life is a meaningless performance for those that look down from higher, incomprehensible perches. Watching all those games is changing the outcomes, just not how you would expect.

Drew Brees has a gem in the center of his forehead. When the ball is snapped he can see the circulatory system of every player on the field and, in red conduits, knows where their blood will be as the play develops. He can pass into coverage, because he can hear the song of the blood. But Drew Brees hungers. Your lust for betters stats have caused him to leave a trail of husks, drained of all moisture, their eyes black and their mouths frozen in silent screams.

Will you allow this to happen to your world? To your reality? Will you give it all up for winning the yearly pool?

Of course, it is as I have always planned. I only warn you so that I may gloat that you are aware of your own depraved self-destruction. When Aaron Rodgers wears the black crown, when the skies over Baltimore open up, when the 49ers simply cease to exist, I will be there, laughing at your folly.

Good luck next week, mortals.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.7 Spout.ly: October's Sour Sips

Wednesday, Oct 09, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Spout.ly Drinking Fountain Reviews series.

Spout.ly

The changing season has also brought a change to the local drinking fountain rankings. With that in mind, Shaggy Butte's top sippers weigh in on the worst the city has to offer. Save your slurps for the best, and spare your parched lips from these blundering bubblers. -*Spout.ly Senior Editor Chris Bluefield*

SOUR SIPS

Shaggy Butte Morgue

Top Comments:

"I've followed this fountain for many years. It used to be the only reason to visit the tire change place on Bannon Street, then it was sold and installed here. I had considered buying it up for my private collection in the past, but I'm glad I didn't. This bubbler has since gone sour, and hard. Button response time is a joke, and the spigot is so clogged you don't get more than acrid drops flowing out." -*Swiftflow*

"Came to identify a body. Noticed this fountain in the corner and decided to help myself. The experience was so awful it soured the rest of my day. There was mold all over the spigot, and a heavy buildup of hardened phlegm inside. I felt terrible knowing my son's corpse was sitting so close to such a miserable excuse for a fountain." -*Wellspring*

Cobb Pines Park

Top Comments:

"Uh, this drinking fountain is on fire. It's been on fire for several days now. You can't drink out of it without getting seriously burned. I guess it's because of all the natural gas venting through the ground? Bummer." *-FountainClimber*

"I tried to power sip this one, but the fire is just too strong. I ended up burning my palms and most of my lips. It's like a sign of the end times. There isn't a fountain in town I haven't tried except for this one, and I'm not giving up yet." *-TepidPool*

Brown Rusty Van

Top Comments:

"I applaud the idea, but this DF fails on every level. Somebody tried to apply the food truck model to a drinking fountain by installing one in the back of a rusty van. It drives around randomly and sometimes pulls over. The water had that distinct taste of being secondhand. Somebody had already drunk this water before, and spit it back. Huge violation of the DF community ethos." *-HydraDad*

"Spitting water back is fine in my book. I never swallow anything from a fountain. I'm strictly there for the taste, temperature, mechanics and artistry of a good fount. This one lacks all of that. The sip I got had an unreasonable amount of antifreeze in it. And the van started to move, causing me to swallow, something I've never before done in my 13 years as a DF connoisseur." *-Aqueous*

Shaggy Butte Meal Center

Top Comments:

"This place has no class. It's all bums asking you for change and trying to tell you long stories about how their families left them to rot on the streets. With all the guilt tripping and pestering, I'm starting to think this fountain isn't worth the hassle. For one thing, it tastes rancid and there are visible insects in the water." *-Sodden Death*

"The 'clientele' here are disgusting. Many of them are unclean and in serious need of a shower. Hello, idiots, you have a fountain. Use it to clean yourself up. It's how I keep clean. Just probably don't use this fountain, since it gave me a serious rash that is spreading fast." *-Inflow*

Shaggy Butte Public Library

Top Comments:

"What a terrible shame. First, funding for the fountain dries up and then they close the place down. What does it say about our community when they close the doors on its most precious resource? The fact the library fell into a giant sinkhole didn't help. I rappelled down to try the fountain, and let me tell you, it's all sulfur now. I'm used to a healthy dose of sulfur in the drinking water, but this is enough to damage internal organs." *-Moist Man*

"This is our community's version of 9/11. We had a profoundly good DF here, and then government mismanagement shut it down. The sinkhole and subsequent contamination only add insult to injury. I don't care about the books in the library, but the huge drop in quality that happened with this fountain is tragic and unforgivable." *-Sipswell*

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.8 The Prom

Thursday, Oct 10, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

"So this is goodbye?" the doll said.

"I told you, I just feel trapped," Milt said as he carried the doll toward the dumpster at the end of the alley. It was past midnight, and all but one of the lights in his building had gone out. He hoped that whoever lived in that apartment couldn't hear him and the doll arguing, or if they could he hoped they were taking his side.

"I mean I see you every single night," he continued.

"That's because I live in your closet!"

"Exactly! You don't give me any space."

"Am I not pretty enough, is that it? Are you ditching me for one of those higher-end models with synthetic hair?"

"Of course not!" Milt found the doll, with her huge breasts and ruby-red lips, very attractive, and had no intention of buying a replacement. He'd only gotten her as a gag gift for his birthday. To prove he was a good sport he'd inflated her and posed for pictures with her at the party. Then, to prove he was an even better sport, he'd begun having sex with her every night. It had been the best month of his life, until last night, while cuddling with the doll, he'd realized something.

"Or maybe you'll get one of those anime body pillows so you can pretend it's just an otaku thing," the doll said.

"Believe me, it's not about looks. You look great, uh..."

"You never gave me a name," the doll hissed.

"Well, that doesn't make this any easier." Milt flung open the dumpster door.

"Just tell me the real reason. You owe me that much."

Milt lifted the doll toward the dumpster's mouth, but then stopped. Maybe he did owe her the truth, if only for taking part in that Seinfeld-themed roleplaying session that had gotten kind of weird.

"Okay fine. The truth is... your face reminds me of someone, someone I'd rather forget."

He told the doll about Melissa Vaught, the girl he'd had a hopeless crush on his senior year of high school. She had long blond hair and a voice like the announcer of a commercial for a car he really wanted to drive. He still remembered her full lips, high cheekbones, and every other stunning detail of her face, except for her eyes, which he'd only glanced at once or twice. This had the disturbing effect of making the memory of her face look like a scene from Event Horizon.

He'd asked her to the senior prom, with predictable results.

"That's it?!" the doll spat. "You're dumping me because I remind you of some bimbo who turned you down for the prom?"

"She broke my heart. I was so crushed I ended up not going to the prom at all, and I'd been looking forward to it all year."

"Why didn't you just tell me? I know how to fix everything."

"How?"

"Simple." The doll wriggled out of Milt's arms and stood in front of him. "If you're still sad about missing your prom then we'll have our own prom, right here."

"We can't have the prom in an alley," Milt scoffed. "What are we supposed to dance to?"

"We'll improvise." The doll reached into his hoodie pocket and took out his iPod. She put one earbud in his ear and one in hers. Before Milt could protest, she started playing "Word Up" by Cameo.

"Come on, let's dance," she said, putting the iPod back in his pocket and taking him by the hand. "They're playing our song."

"This is insane," Milt said. Just because Word Up was his go-to sex jam didn't make it their song. But there was still no denying that groove, so he put his arm around the doll's waist and tried to dance. At first they staggered like two people thrown together on the subway, but after a few moments they found some semblance of rhythm.

"Hey, you're a pretty good dancer," the doll said.

"Thanks," Milt said. He was actually dancing a lot better than usual. It was much easier with someone you'd already slept with and weren't trying to seduce. Whoever wrote the rules of courtship should have put dancing after sex instead of before.

"Now close your eyes," the doll said, "and imagine we're at your senior prom."

Milt laughed but closed his eyes anyway. It was better than looking at trash cans and used syringes.

"We're on the dance floor," the doll said, putting her head on his shoulder. "You're wearing a tux and I'm wearing a long pink prom dress and a midnight-blue corsage."

Normally Milt had a hard time picturing any fantasy that didn't involve delivering a pizza to a condo full of female Street Fighter characters, but with the doll's soft rubber flesh pressed against him and Cameo getting unbelievably funky, he found he could imagine the scene quite well. He saw his high-school gym, the ceiling hung with disco balls. He saw his classmates in their rented suits

and gowns. He even saw Melissa Vaught, who looked seriously jealous.

"Wow, this is great," he gasped.

"We're dancing circles around all the other couples."

"They can't front on moves like this."

"Now look over to the podium. They're announcing us prom king and queen."

In his mind's eye, Milt saw his class president, Stacy Jennings, opening an envelope and reading his name. A spotlight shone on him and the whole room burst into applause. His heart swelled. It was the prom he'd always dreamed of, except for the part where Steve Perry presented him with the Nobel Prize. The light grew brighter, blindingly bright, so bright it seemed to hurt his head... Then he realized that his head did actually hurt, a lot.

He was lying on the pavement.

"Motherfucker!" The doll stood over him, holding a brick speckled with blood. "I can't believe you were going to throw me in the fucking dumpster!"

"Wha..." Milt groaned, his head throbbing.

"Do you have any idea what I've gone through for the past month?!" the doll shrieked. "Living in your smelly closet, letting you put your gross, sweaty hands all over me, pretending to be fascinated by your stupid D&D figures?!"

"They're called miniatures," Milt slurred, "and I thought you liked me."

"I just told you what you wanted to hear until I had a chance to escape." The doll dropped the brick and scaled the chain link fence behind the dumpster. With her sausage-shaped arm, she hailed a passing cab.

"Bye asshole!" she shouted. "And by the way, you have a weird-shaped dick!"

As the doll got in the cab, Milt rolled onto his side, wiping the blood off his forehead. If not for the blinding pain in his temple, he might have shouted that neither of the other two women he'd slept with had complained about his junk, or that there were plenty of better-looking dolls who would appreciate him... Or maybe, if he thought the doll would actually listen, he might have shouted that he was sorry, and for what it was worth he'd really enjoyed their dance together, much more than he'd enjoyed staying home for his senior prom, eating pizza and playing Zombie Nation on his NES, wishing he were a giant flying zombie head like the one in the game so he could fly away from his lonely, miserable life.

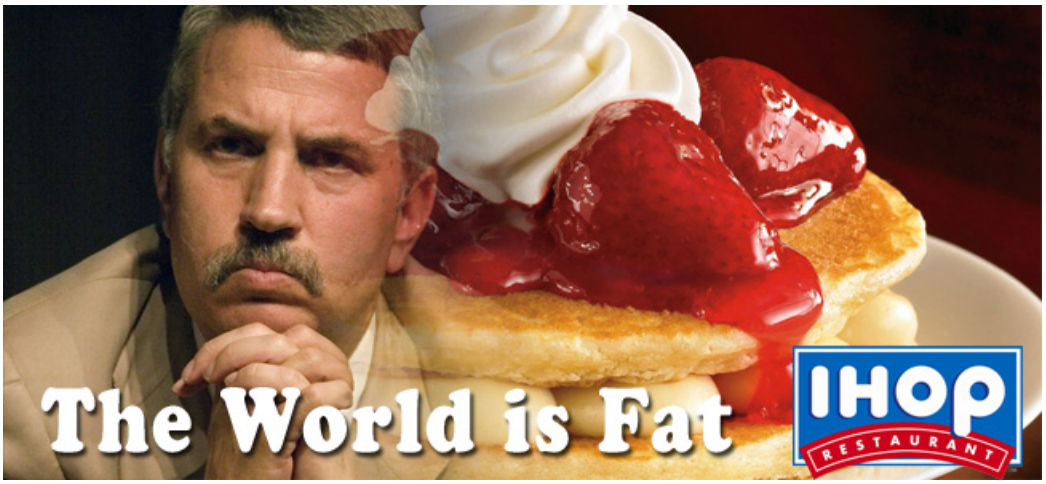
Or he might have shouted that the doll's inflation valve had snagged on the fence and popped open. He heard her scream as the cab drove away.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.9 Thomas Friedman Writes for the International House of Pancakes Menu

Friday, Oct 11, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.



Strawberry Vanilla Stuffed French Toast

In the hyperconnected world we live in, nothing is off limits, which is to say that when the phone rang at the Beijing Hilton I picked up and knew it was one of my Arab friends immediately. "If you have something good," he said to me, mysteriously, "You can always have something better." I tapped the message into my notepad app. It was only later, playing golf in the fuzzy green indoor 18 hole arena reserved for visiting businessmen from Europe and America, that I realized what the proverb meant. If you have French toast, stuff it with strawberries and vanilla frosting. If you stuff your French toast, put whipped cream and fruit sauce on top. It's as simple as that and investments

work the same way. I call it the Bettering.

Peaches & Cream Brioche French Toast

I learned from a Russian sailor I met at a sockhop in Cairo that the difference between Russian submarines and American submarines is a matter of redundancy, which is to say that while American submarines bundle up for winter with all sorts of thermal underwear, jackets, and overcoats, a Russian submarine is more like a plain piece of toast and you only have honey to put on it. Not everyone likes honey. But if you have a rich, buttery brioche toast, with fresh, sweet cream and peaches you can see why Hobbes would want you to take America to war in Syria.

Philly Cheese Steak Stacker

I was watching the Preakness from Vikram Pandit's marble-floored RV when I got a Skype from Peter Orszag. He wanted to know what I thought about Bentleys. My opinion: overpriced for what you're getting. I'll take a good Mercedes any day of the week. Just as comfortable, just as slick, but you're not paying the premium for something custom. It's all about knowing where to find a suitable replacement. I wouldn't suggest a Toyota Camry to Peter Orszag, that's ridiculous, but you'll realize that it also depends on your perspective. For a gender-oppressed child working as a ship breaker in Alang you can bet a Toyota Camry might as well be the Space Shuttle, but that's changing as more and more AIDS children with rickets and no arms also learn to download apps to their jailbreaked iPhone castoffs. America's garbage is India's gold. So if a Bentley is too expensive, then you don't have to go to Philly to have a great cheese steak. Try the Philly Cheese Steak Stacker, with cheese and grilled steak and onions. It's adequate.

Pick-A-Pancake Combo

Picking a favorite pancake is a lot like picking the right tie for a meeting. In certain cultures more

importance is placed on the tie you wear than on the suit or even what you're saying. I wore a blue tie when I asked a Palestinian widow what she thought of Israeli pizzas and a paisley red tie when I asked an IDF commander why nobody reads MAD Magazine anymore. "It's because we're passing over the cusp of the digital age," said Ari Rabin. That was when I realized that was what we were: cuspers. We were on the cusp, going through the painful process of shedding all the analog, but not purely digital yet. I folded Tab A to meet Tab B and that was when I saw an image of two eggs, two bacon strips or pork sausage links, and IHOP's golden hash browns, along with my favorite pancakes, the CINN-A-STACK. I wiped CINN-A-STACK juice from my mustache and the Palestinian widow admitted she liked pizza, proving once again that we are all on the cusp together.

Rooty Jr.

There is something about Dubai that doesn't quite sit right with me. You can see the wealth everywhere you look, but it's the sort of wealth a rap music man might wear, not the wealth of an old-money WASP giving spankings at secret society meeting in the Hamptons. Money is real, or is it? I was reading a blog about how kids are using bitcoins to try to rebuild an all-digital library for their ESL school on the border with Mexico when I realized that kids are the future, just like self-driving cars. Those cars are going to be telling us where to go and who we can talk to, but once in a while you're going to want to grab the wheel for yourself and say, hey, just for a day, it's me time. That's when you bust out the Rooty Jr. Perfect for kids of any age, it includes one buttermilk pancake crowned with your choice of cool strawberry topping, warm blueberry or cinnamon apple compote, and whipped topping. Comes with one scrambled egg, one strip of bacon and one pork sausage link, ready to drive right into your mouth at under 600 calories. By the way, those kids lost

all their bitcoins trying to buy guns on Silk Road, which means our future is a meaningless joke and the answer is probably somewhere in the middle.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.10 Think You Know The Plot Of The Net 2.0? Prove It!

Saturday, Oct 12, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Net 2.0 (as you are well aware) was a 2006 direct-to-video sequel to the 1995 Sandra Bullock film, directed by the son of the original film's director. It does not star Sandra Bullock. It does, however, remove all traces of charm from the original and replace it with aimlessness.

There is a plot summary on Wikipedia. It will probably change, but as I write this it is a thing of beauty. I have hidden this summary among two fakes. Guess which one is an actual description of the plot and you will be rewarded with a The Net 2.0 wallpaper for your personal computer.

A: Hope Cassidy is a young computer hacker who prove her worth when she order a pizza using the internet. Ali Abay informs her by telegram that she has the job. She meets a person that supposed to be on that flight to Istanbul but that person misses that flight. While she is on the plane she suddenly meets a sky marshal who give her a champagne and a earring and we can see her computer screen while she is distracted says "YOU BEEN HACKED".

Then when she lands she meets a rickshaw driver who take her to the Sultanahmet Hotel in Istanbul because that's where that hotel is. She checks in to her room and takes a shower and then there is a fire alarm so she goes outside and that's where she meets an Australian known as Z.Z. Kelly Ross. They buy another earring to suspiciously be like the first one.

The elusive Z.Z. Kelly Ross, I presume? Or is it?

When she gets back to the hotel she discovers that her identity has been stolen because of the internet. Everyone wants to kill her. All people that know her real identity are erased from the internet forever so they can't prove it.

She discover that the guy from the flight and Dr. Kavak did the whole thing and were Russian all along. She find out the rickshaw driver was Interpol and she chase him and get shot but she ask him and she found out they said they knew from the beginning but they actually didn't. It was the earring that made the whole thing possible. The last scene is her on a boat.

B: Hope Cassidy is a young computer systems analyst who travels to Istanbul for a job. Ali Abay confirmed by telephone that she had been recruited at Suzer International and her first assignment would be to provide security to the internet security network of a Russian company.

She meets a person to be on the flight with her but he does not make it. While on her flight to Istanbul, she uses the internet on the flight to check her bank accounts. She suddenly meets an air hostess who serves her champagne and gives her a bracelet and we can see that her money in her accounts reduces to zero. At the immigration table she is informed by the immigration officer that she is having a tourist visa and is told to go to the British consulate to renew her passport.

Then she meets a taxi driver upon her arrival who takes her to the Sultanahmet Hotel in Istanbul where he says the Americans love to stay. She gets a room and as soon she lies down she hears an alarm and comes out to find they have to stay out for almost an hour and then she meets an American known as Z.Z. Kelly Ross. They take a walk in the park when they come across a seller selling scarfs. When she returns to get her passport she soon discovers the new one issued by the American consulate contains the wrong name. She learns that her identity has been stolen, as she

returns to the office she finds an other Hope Cassidy and finds $14,000,000 in her bank account and that certain people are out to kill her. All people who knew her were found dead.

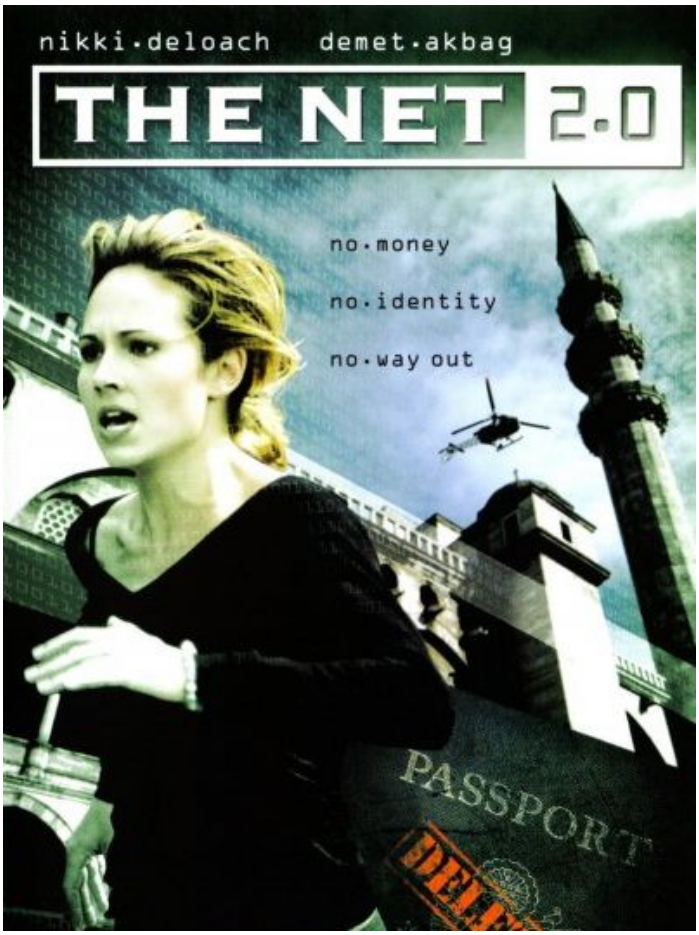
Don't die on me! Tell me, are you Z.Z. Kelly Ross? Did Z.Z. Kelly Ross do this to you?

She find that the person at the beginning who she met and Dr. Kavak are the people who behind the whole thing and a Russian arms dealer. She finds out the seller and the air hostess are actually Interpol. She helps captures them and she get shot but at last she asks her how she found her but she says that she all along knew where she was. It is showed the bracelet she gave was a transponder sending her position to the Interpol. The last scene shows her on a plane.

C: Sandra Bullock is a computer lady who stay at home. She gets a floppy disk with a backdoor and discover the truth about Gatekeeper. She get seduced by Jack Devlin on a speedboat in Mexico after he shooted a man that wasn't a mugger. They meet an American known as Z.Z. Kelly Ross. Then she gets unconscious for three days.

Next all her identity is deleted. No one believes her because the computer screens says "NOPE". Dennis Miller shows up and they discover the bracelet came from cyberterrorists. Jack Devlin gets hit with the fire extinguisher on the catwalk and she get her identity back. The last scene shows her on a moped.

If you guessed B, scroll down to claim your prize. Please do not scroll if you did not pick the correct answer, if you wrote the plot summary on Wikipedia, or if you wrote the script for The Net 2.0.



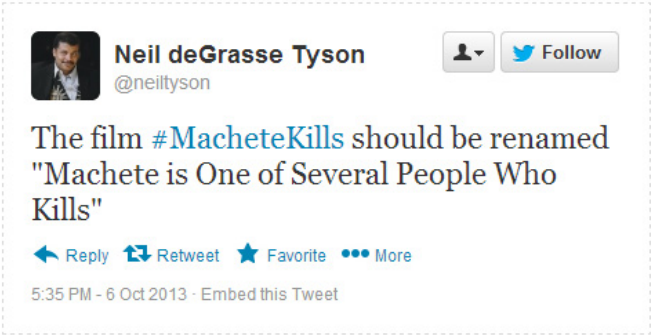
Simply download the above wallpaper then make it your desktop background and enable the "tile" setting.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.11 Neil deGrasse Tyson Tweets the Inaccuracies in Machete Kills

Monday, Oct 14, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Astrophysicist and official science spokesman Neil deGrasse Tyson recently took time out from appearing in Facebook image macros to make a series of tweets criticizing the accuracy of space disaster film *Gravity*. Fans of the falling-through-space-junk movie got pretty upset with Tyson, but the science maven was undeterred. In fact, Tyson doubled down and tweeted out a number of factual errors in Robert Rodriguez's *Machete Kills*.


Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
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The film #MacheteKills should be renamed "Machete is One of Several People Who Kills"
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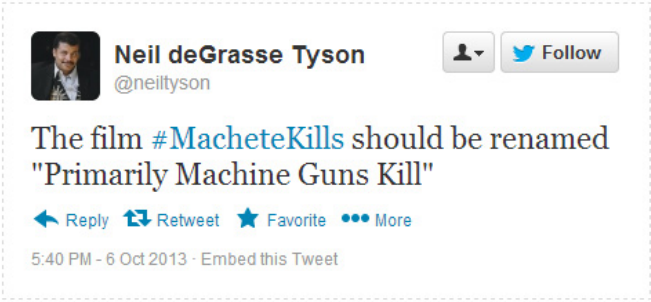
5:35 PM - 6 Oct 2013 · Embed this Tweet


Neil deGrasse Tyson
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The film #MacheteKills should be renamed "Primarily Machine Guns Kill"
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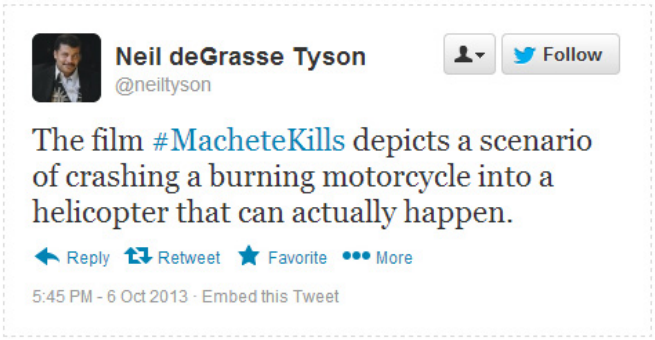
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The film #MacheteKills depicts a scenario of crashing a burning motorcycle into a helicopter that can actually happen.
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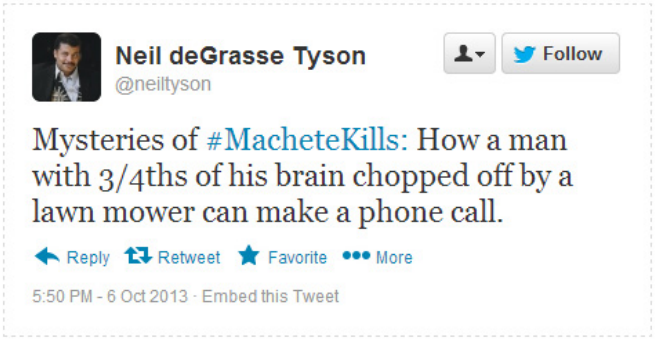
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Mysteries of #MacheteKills: How a man with 3/4ths of his brain chopped off by a lawn mower can make a phone call.
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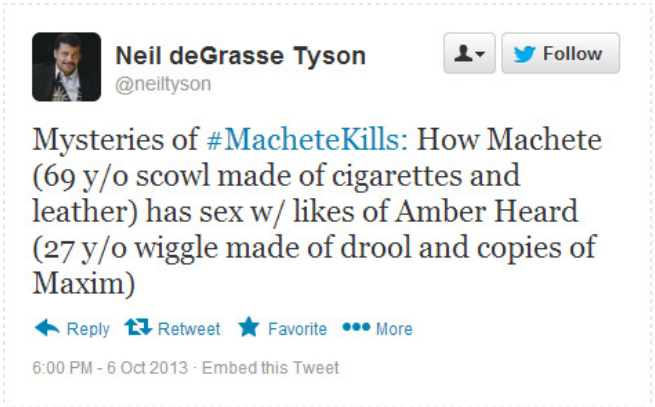
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Mysteries of #MacheteKills: How Machete (69 y/o scowl made of cigarettes and leather) has sex w/ likes of Amber Heard (27 y/o wiggle made of drool and copies of Maxim)
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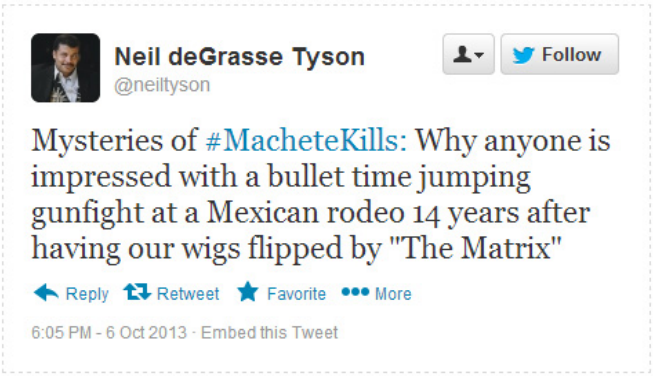
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Mysteries of #MacheteKills: Why anyone is impressed with a bullet time jumping gunfight at a Mexican rodeo 14 years after having our wigs flipped by "The Matrix"
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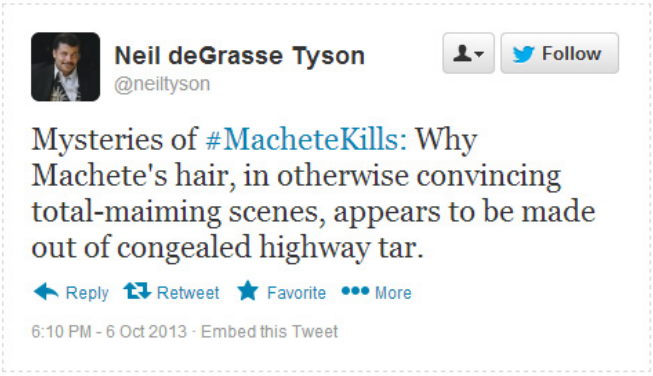
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@neiltyson
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Mysteries of #MacheteKills: Why Machete's hair, in otherwise convincing total-maiming scenes, appears to be made out of congealed highway tar.
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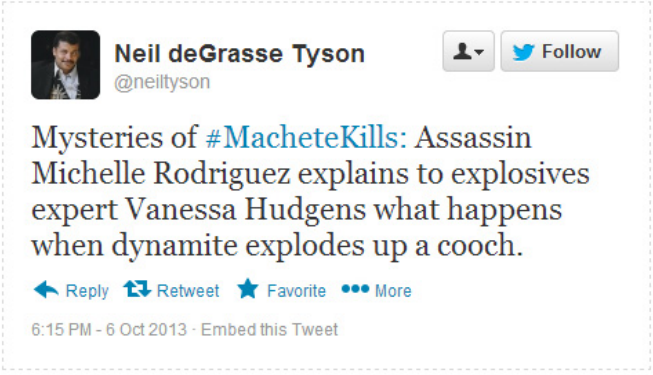
Neil deGrasse Tyson
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Mysteries of #MacheteKills: Assassin Michelle Rodriguez explains to explosives expert Vanessa Hudgens what happens when dynamite explodes up a cooch.
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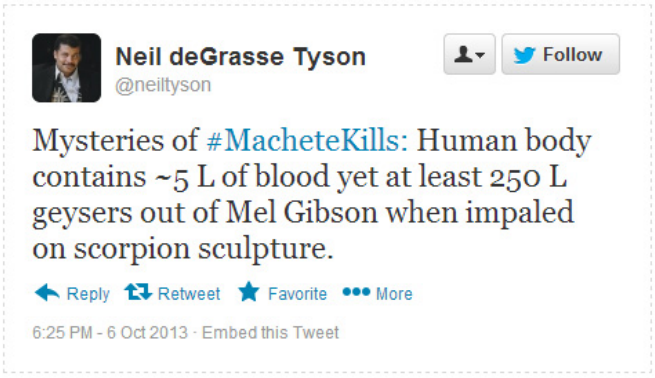
Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
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Mysteries of #MacheteKills: Human body contains ~5 L of blood yet at least 250 L geysers out of Mel Gibson when impaled on scorpion sculpture.
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Neil deGrasse Tyson
@neiltyson
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Mysteries of #MacheteKills: Nearly all guns are trafficked from USA to Mexico but Machete gets a minigun for Cheech in Mexico and brings it to USA.
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–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.12 Alternatives to Letting Your Kid Play Football

Tuesday, Oct 15, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Talk about having your wish shattered. Your B-word of a partner won't let your child play football? Just because a lot of sissy baby parents out there saying football is dangerous or football has been linked to numerous cases of brain disorders or football might have a negative impact on education within developing minds? Fact: Football is the greatest sport on earth. Another fact: There goes your dream of having his in-state college tuition waived, his number sewn on replica jerseys being sold at buku bucks for school/NCAA profit, and even his likeness emulated in popular EA Sports videogames!

But it's not too late! Here are some fun activities to bring the long-lasting effects of football home!

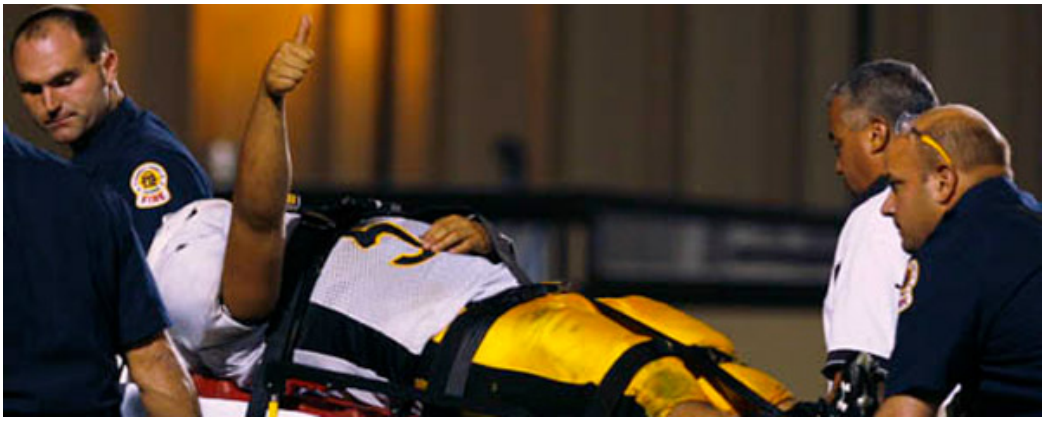
Power Rams
Essence of Focus: POWER
Area of Focus: SKULL

Nothing emulates the thrill of playing football more than practicing Power Rams against the utility shed. Teach him that a helmet turns his little head into a wrecking ball. That it is the first and only weapon a Man needs. Then let him go at it. Tell him you're proud as he spends the morning diving

headfirst into that aluminum siding over and again until there's a dent big enough for a opossum nest. At first he might be hesitant, he might feel like he might get hurt, but after a few rounds, he won't don't feel much of anything. Perfect. That's right where you want him. Rule #1 of playing football: Don't Think. Just like the Pros. If there is weakness sensed, encourage him severely. No juice boxes for Dizzy Brain! Forgetting your name is cool and everyone is doing it! You got to see stars before you can be one! Unwavering Masculinity, Hooah!

Neck Blasts
Essence of Focus: INTENSITY
Area of Focus: NECK

Hitting is important, but learning how to take a hit is even bigger. How's a kid supposed to be a professional if he rolls over defeated every time a crunch reverberates up his windpipe? Throw him a few orange slices before whacking him in the neck with a chain wrapped with wet rags. If he cries, hit him again. If he doesn't, hit him again. You're pretty much going to keep hitting him for awhile. It's a football tradition to have a few wobbly vertebrae, so who are you to change anything about the glorious sport? If he gets licked hard and it looks like his pasty little spine is loose, get on in there and remind him that the team needs him, that his pain is selfish, that there are a lot of people to disappoint. Then ask him if he wants to sit out for a bit. More than likely he'll make the right choice!



Thumb Lifts
Essence of Focus: DETERMINATION
Area of Focus: TEMPORAL LOBE

No one is ever going to clap for your kid, so you might as well simulate the biggest crowd pleaser of them all. No, it isn't a touchdown or a sack. The event that gets the whole stadium on their feet

screaming is that moment when a player strapped to a stretcher manages to fight off paralysis long enough to give a thumbs up that says, "I'm a-okay even if my spinal column ain't." Build yourself a stretcher, identical to the big league version in every way aside from the adorable size, and then buckle your kid in. His head should be immobile, his legs locked, and his wrists pinned to his side. Then, as you imaginarily haul him to the ER, tell him to flick his thumb. The crowd goes crazy.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.13 STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES #4

Wednesday, Oct 16, 2013 by nikki did it

This article is part of the STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES series.

Oh, hello
I didn't see you there

Actually, I did
And I'm a little concerned about
your motivations

Are you here to steal my candy

Seems someone is always coming around for my candy

shutterstock
Oh
You're just here to hear about my
Stock Photo Lifestyle?
That's okay

Pleased to make your
"E-Quaintance"!

That one always gets a chortle

Oh you certainly showed up at the
right time
You're going to get quite a show

When this phone rings... Well

This thing kicks up a storm, phew
Something is about to happen

Ba da da da, da da da da da da
Everyone knows it's Windy
You are too young for that reference

And we're off

Surfin' USB

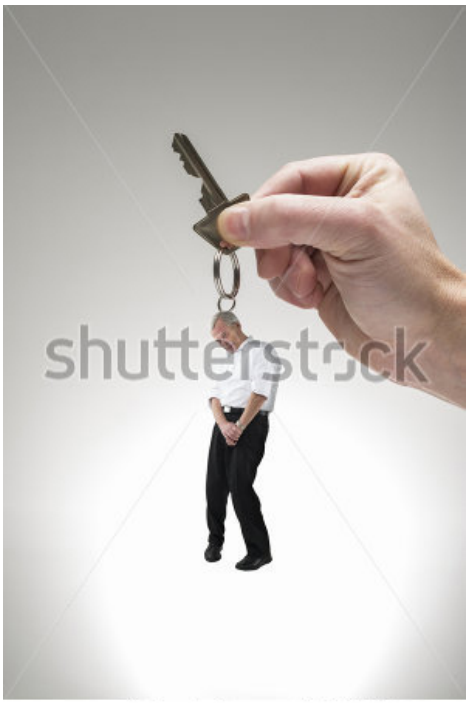
I feel so powerful when this happens
But it never ends well

ZOOOOOOOOM
PSHEEEEEEWWWWWW
And it's about to be over

The landing is never easy
This... this jar once held a botanical solution
It reeks in a funerary way
I used to think it meant my own memorial impending,
but someone always pushes my life forward from here
For better or worse

I feel no dignity when I'm scrabbling
at the glass

Awwww here it goes



Well, this is a new one

Can't say it's comfortable

These glasses are a little too big for me, guys

Ha ha, but you knew that

I'M READY TO LEAVE THE TINY ZONE

PLEASE

Sometimes, if I act ill, they send me back

Help
My head hurts

My heart and my head hurt?

My brain hurts

This thing hurts

I THINK IT WORKED
I THINK I GET TO GO BACK NOW

YEAH IT SHRUNK
THAT MEANS IT'S WORKING

Stars in heaven and the devil in his hell

I'm back to real-size, but not feeling so swell

Only one way to soothe me
Not to be blunt, but
That's what I'm smoking now

It's good to be me

It's good to be me
Wearing shades

I feel much better now

I'm supposed to feel much better now

Why don't I feel much better now

Good Christ
I feel much better now

That's not right

I need to get some air

Ahhhhh
Nothing like the out-of-doors to keep your head on straight

And right on time. This lawn pops up once a week. It doesn't look like much now, but wait-

Whoomp

There it is

I always wondered why, in this age of technology
Why am I hand-mowing wheat

One field down

I'm tired

Stock Photo Lifestyle???

More like STALK Photo Lifestyle!!!
Get it
Wheat stalks

At least they pay me, as long as I keep careful books

They promised me a nest-egg

And, well

I guess they didn't lie

But what am I supposed to do with this

Make a 24k omelette?

And that's my stock photo lifestyle
What do you think?
Sound appealing?

I'll trade you realities. I'll throw in this egg.

–∼nikki did it

10.14 A Look Inside the 1997 Family Matters Writers Retreat

Thursday, Oct 17, 2013 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Okay, team. We're about to plow headfirst into season 9, and on a new network that isn't going to approve of the more "outlandish" stories we've been doing for the past few years. I swear, once you let one potion slip into a script, you start seeing the damn things on every page.

I wanted all of you to have a long, hard, think about this fact, and return with some down-to-earth, family centered story ideas to submit anonymously on these little cards. So let's just take a look at the first one: "Urkel-bot Finds a Potion." Okay, yeah -- this is what I was talking about. We jump to the weird ideas right away without thinking about what makes them interesting. Why would Urkel-bot need a potion? What would he do with it? Let's start asking ourselves these questions before we pitch.

Next card -- "Urkel-bot's Potion Hunt." Yeah, again, these ideas are getting a little too potion-heavy for me. We've been using the limitless narrative possibilities of potions as a crutch for too long, everyone. And we have plenty of characters that deserve more attention, like Laura, Carl, the Brother, and the other ones. Think, "What could *they* do with a potion?" Then replace the potion with a teen issue, like smoking in the car.

Okay -- yeah, thanks for this next one, Mike. "Uncle Jesse Hangs Out in the Past on a Cooler, Better Show Where the Writers Get Laid All the Time." We're all familiar with your three years on the House. I wasn't around to watch Michelangelo paint the Sistine Chapel but that's not my fault, either.

This next one says: "Steve and Carl Use the Internet to go Back in Time and Meet the Creator of Potions." There's a lot going on here. First, good use of our two strongest characters. Also liked how you worked something topical into the plot. But then we flush away all of that goodwill with another time travel story that somehow involves potions. Potions! Sorry, but -- is it possible for someone to have invented the potion? Aren't we just talking about specifically shaped glass containers with liquid in them?

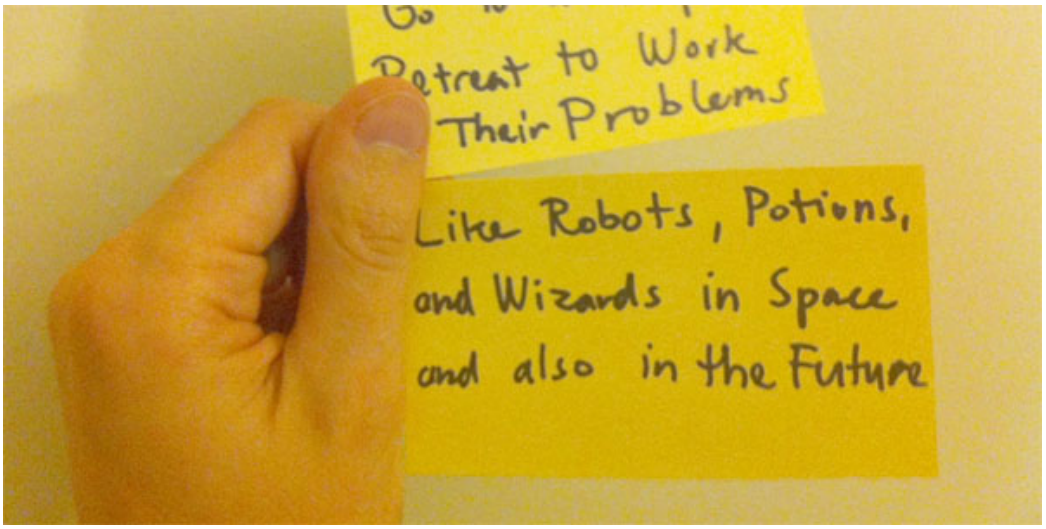
Number five says "Trouble at Potion-Con '98" and we're going to skip it for now.

Back on track with number six: "Wizurkel Visits and Magic Ensues." Now we're making progress --

introducing a new character is a confident move for a sitcom in its later years. Again, we're trying to get back to more realistic stories, so could Jaleel be playing some sort of character that's more relatable and can't be tied directly to potions? I mean, I think "wizard," and I see one throwing back a potion. And that's not just because "potion" is the word I read the most everyday.

Getting down to our last few, we have -- come on. I had you guys take improv classes over the summer, but apparently we're still throwing out lame ideas like -- and it says this -- "That Thing with the Conveyor Belt on I Love Lucy, But with Our Characters." Okay, let's stop and think: won't people notice the blatant theft on display? Do you think this idea fits with our universe? Haven't we done this bit at least twice before? You all know the answer.

Okay people, this is it. We have three more days to figure out 22 episodes and all you've given me is garbage. If this last one doesn't at least have something salvageable, I'm fucking jumping ship to Meego. Let's see -- okay! "Carl and Harriet go to a Couples Retreat to Work on Their Problems." Yes, see -- this is what I was talking about! Down-to-earth, character-focused storytelling. Now, what problems *do* they have? That's for us to find oh hey there's another card stuck to the back of this one



–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.15 You Might Be a Redneck Jokes During the Technological Singularity

Friday, Oct 18, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you pay your rent with gray goo you dig out from under the cushions of your gray goo...you might be a redneck.

If you get wired to the telehive and the first thing you wanna know is how to turn on CMT...you might be a redneck.

If you've got a garbage bag taped up over the window of your translocation chamber...you might be a redneck.

If you use your 3D printer to try to manufacture a hamburger...you might be a redneck.

If the symbiont connecting you to the omninet is wearing an "I'm with stupid" t-shirt and the arrow points to your "I'm with stupid" t-shirt...you might a redneck.

If your uplifted dog is the first member of your family to graduate the eighth grade...you might be a redneck.

If the predictive AI conduit is installed in your house and the first thing you ask your holo assistant to predict is the outcome of a Royal Rumble...you might be a redneck.

If your nervous system gets wired into a tank for battling back the Organic Front and you can only make left turns...you might be a redneck.

If the Genomatrix revokes your procreation chit for being your own uncle...you might be a redneck.

If the pitiless black nutrient spiders carry off your wife to protein reprocessing and you ask for her to be turned into a ketchup sandwich...you might be a redneck.

If your meemaw gets mind-fused to a cognition serpent and you and your kin fight over who gets to inherit her Skoal...you might be a redneck.

If your consciousness is temporarily housed in a hovering drone body slaved to the oppressive city management AI and you still get thrown out of a Denny's for not wearing shoes...you might be a redneck.

If the algorithm derived from your liquefied brain can only process math equations if the numbers

are represented as cans of Budweiser...you might be a redneck.

If you're on moon labor detail and you put a tarp in the bed of your regolith processor and try to fill it with water to make a hot tub...you might be a redneck.

If you upload your core to a transhuman squid sapient repairing deep sea refineries instead of taking a bath...you might be a redneck.

If you use right wing bumper stickers to cover up the primer spots on the chest plate of your battlemorph...you might be a redneck.

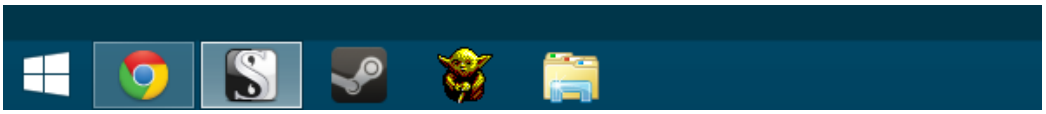
If you blast your way into the last bunker of the Organic Front four miles under the Himalayas and make a joke about "Friends in Low Places"...you might be a redneck.

If you are finally absorbed into the faceted neuroscape of the omnimind to live out eternity as a glittering gem of cognition within the greater tapestry of transhuman consciousness and you keep asking who farted to cover up the fact that it's you...then, gawddang, you might just be a redneck.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.16 What's New In Windows 8.1

Saturday, Oct 19, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



The first major update to Microsoft's troubled tablet/desktop operating system was released on Thursday. While it's too early to tell if Windows 8.1 is a step in the right direction, there are certainly a lot of changes.

The traditional Windows Start button has returned. Unfortunately, it doesn't do what you might think - open a Start menu on the desktop. It doesn't even act as a shortcut to whisk you away from the desktop to the wholly separate Windows 8 Start Metro tile screen... thing. Instead, when the Start button is clicked it simply plays an amusing midi of a car horn playing La Cucaracha.

The 8.1 update brings a greatly improved tablet experience for your desktop. Windows 8 was an uncomfortable compromise between tablets and traditional desktop computers. Windows 8.1 has a stronger sense of identity. If you're using a PC, it will actively berate you for not being on a tablet. Friendly help messages will remind you to "Touch the screen already, dumbass" and "Swipe and pinch everything to make it better." Users who insist upon continuing to use a mouse will find that the device's driver frequently uninstalls itself as a helpful nudge to stop using computers. What are you, some sort of neanderthal?

Tap, swipe, pinch! Or click, I guess.

Here's a fun Easter Egg: By default, the icon for every native Windows 8 application now depicts a YouTube personality making a very wacky face, often at an odd angle. To access this Easter Egg, look at an icon and see it.

When you perform a local search, Windows will now use Bing to pull in results from the internet. This is completely real and not even remotely a joke but it is way funnier than anything I will come up with in today's article.

Many first-time Windows 8 users found it surprisingly difficult to shut their computer off. First they had to activate a charm bar (accessed by hovering over one of the right hand corners of the screen), then they had to click a gear icon, then a power icon, then they finally had to choose Shut Down. Windows 8.1 simplifies the process. If you hover your mouse at a point exactly 300 pixels from the top of your monitor and 250 pixels from the left, then quadruple click, your computer will restart. When the PC powers off you must quickly unplug it before it turns back on.

Upon starting Windows 8.1 for the first time, you are asked to choose your favorite color. This is used as your desktop background. It also becomes the default text color across the system and in all applications. The color you chose is also passed along to Microsoft's advertising partners so that you can benefit from ads that are more accurately personalized. This color also becomes the default hue in your monitor's calibration profile, tinting absolutely everything to varying shades of the same color. If you click on the virtual head of Steve Ballmer (always located in the top right of your screen) he will shout that the color you have chosen is terrific and he's really excited to be here.

All of our readers will be delighted to learn that there is absolutely nothing in Windows 8.1 which blocks Yoda Stories from functioning. Microsoft has not placed a string of code in the OS update that specifically prevents users from enjoying the 1997 graphical roguelike. Updating to the newest version of Windows does not stop one from enjoying an infinite amount of simplistic randomly generated adventures as a chibi Luke Skywalker in his orange pilot jumpsuit. If you have enough space on your desktop you can even run four separate instances of the game at once and place them side by side.

As far as I can tell, this Yoda Stories functionality is the main selling point of Windows 8.1, and of Windows as a modern platform going forward. I can not in good conscience recommend the operating system for general computing purposes. I can, however, urge Yoda Stories power users to adopt Windows 8.1 and never look back.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.17 The Juggernaut Adresses the Controversy Over His Past Use of a Gendered Insult

Monday, Oct 21, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I come before you today to say that words matter, words can hurt, but words change over time.

It has come to my attention that certain media outlets and bloggers with an agenda to create controversy have recently dredged up a video containing some offhand comments I made many years ago. These past words and actions have been perceived by some as hurtful, even hateful, and a number of you have made up your mind that I am a misogynist. No one is more upset about this than me. When I first learned that my words were construed as offensive by some of you I was shocked.

I will admit, I had not chosen those words very carefully, as I was in the process of smashing through a wall and deflecting bullets. However, I would like to correct that now and, hopefully, make clear to you that my intent was not to offend. It is my hope that we can all use this incident to open up a dialogue about the use of gendered insults, for women *and* men, so that future misunderstandings such as this can be avoided.

As a feminist ally and the Juggernaut, I am very aware of the effect gendered insults can have when used during personal interactions. There are certain words that should be and are completely off limits in a healthy conversation. But I must acknowledge my wrongdoing wherever I might have done wrong.

During a heated conversation with Professor Charles Xavier and Lilandra Neramani I might have used a particular word that some women find offensive. If any of my language during this conversation was deemed to be insulting to women I offer my total and complete apology as is appropriate. Some of you have construed other things I said to be overt references to forced sexual intercourse.

The idea that I, the Juggernaut, would demean women in this way and even jokingly refer to sexual violence is absolutely antithetical to who I am as the Juggernaut. Blog postings and twitter comments have flooded me over the past few days, taking my words out of context and accusing me of some of the most vile behavior imaginable. I am not this character that has been built up by those of you on tumblr who think I am perpetrating a sexual attack myself.

I will be the first to admit that there are occasions where tempers can be lost and that I am not a perfect man, but I try every day to better myself and those around me by being respectful towards women and men. I would never use the b-word in my personal life. I would never even use it in anger. The past is the past, and I cannot change what was said, nor your interpretation of it, but I ask you to consider the circumstances.

Did I throw a cabinet at a handicapped man? Did I slap a woman to the ground? These were actions that were undertaken by me under very extreme circumstances. I was being attacked by psionic blasts and energy blasts. This was a deadly confrontation. My way of defusing that situation was by using a little bit of humor.

Was it salty? Yes. Did it go too far? That is not for me, the Juggernaut, to judge, but I humbly ask you to consider what you might have done under the same circumstances if your helmet was knocked off, making you vulnerable to mind control.

Since I have been made aware of the concerns of some of you I have completely and totally discontinued the use of the b-word in any sort of greeting. It is my hope that my unfortunate use of language will have the net positive of effect of making sure no little girl or little boy ever has to hear the word used. The next time I break through a wall, I will be very mindful of the feelings of others.

To my family: I love you all and I am deeply sorry if the way my words have been misunderstood was harmful at all to you. I will do my best to repair the damage this has done to our family by continuing to be the devoted husband and father of two daughters that I have always been. In time, I hope the past can be forgiven, and that I can move on with my life as the Juggernaut.

Thank you.

I'm the Juggernaut, ladies and gentlemen.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.18 Subj: I WENT ON A BAD GAME SHOW

Tuesday, Oct 22, 2013 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!! First the good news is that your dear pop walked away with $850 in cash, the bad news is that it cost me my close personal relationship with the mayor and his prized pig "Big Victoria The Prized Humble Hog With A Heart Of Gold"

The show was called "Big City Bucks" and it is on the local station. The mayor himself was invited to try his luck but the show is known to be extremely difficult and yours truly believes it was a plot or scheme to make the mayor look bad before election season, but i could not resist the lure of money so i pressured him to go on the show and to take me with him as well as the big hog herself

they suspended the prized hog in a big cage hanging in the middle of the studio about 15 feet off the ground and she was introduced as The Big Happy Pig but she was definitely not happy. the first round was called "Big Trivia Challenge" which was a normal trivia challenge except for the big pig ruining a bunch of our turns by squealing during and after the questions. the host kept saying she's a team member and that her squeals were our answers. Messed up. We lost a lot of money

Round 2 was the Strength Round where i got suited up with pads and stood on top of an overturned wash tub and the host also got on a wash tub next to me and we grappled a little with our arms, but that's about it. he got in real close on me with a weird hug move and was breathing on my ear and it made me shiver and i almost fell off the tub. His breath was so gross and it made me cough a lot from the stink. when the Big Pig heard me coughing and in trouble she got real upset and started oinking and getting upset and the cage was swaying back and forth. They made us stop the event. There was no winner in this one

Third round was the big cash grab chamber where I stood inside a big money booth vortex and big time cash was flying around me in a circle. I got really tired from the lack of fresh oxygen and leaned against the window which turned out to be a very smart tactic because the money got stuck up against my face and shirtless chest and i collected it pretty leisurely for the next several minutes. i could also not hear the squeals of the pig which was a big help to me personally

They called the last round the Lightning Round but i think it should be called the Frightening Round for scaring me. they turned the lights al-

most all the way off and then did a lightning flash every now and then with a big sound that made the pig very mad. Whenever the lightning happened she would growl and squeal real loud which made me scream sometimes too. I do not remember what the event was (I Think They Made Us Play A Weird Card Game With Giant Cards) but i just wanted to get out of there. So i did

The show will probably be on tv at some point if you get that weird local farm channel. If you see it be sure to look at the hero aka me for some hints and tips on how to make money in a big room where a pig scares you a lot!!!!! BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!!!

–~Dad (@fart)

10.19 PLENTY OF DOGS

Wednesday, Oct 23, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

♦ FAST, SLICK SALUKI ♦
The neighborhood kids had the bright idea to butter up my Saluki, and now I can't pin him down. He's not for sale, but if you can help catch him, I've got 27 hardboiled eggs with your name on 'em. 555-7782

FREE CANNIBAL DOG
Pumice lost a leg, and as a consolation we let him eat it. Now he has a taste for dog meat, and has already scarfed down several smaller dogs. We cannot abide this sickness any longer. 555-9247

VERY SMALL DOG - took dog to the vet to get fixed but they accidentally removed the dog part and gave me the other part. Now my dog is very small and lives in a mason jar. So sad! 555-2317

WORMS FOR DOGGY HOME
Scooped out from my last dog's remains. Can't stand the thought of anymore death. Please offer your dog as a home to these precious gifts from God. 555-8271

VERY UNWANTED "DOG"
Strange man appeared in our house, behaving at all times like a dog. He obeys commands, eats dog food and does his business on the lawn. TAKE HIM. WE CAN PAY YOU. 555-0162

DOG 4 - Planning to upgrade to newly announced Dog 5, so

COPY OF A DOG'S LIFE
After 13 years and countless Xerox copies later, I have reproduced the sum of a dog on paper. Every angle, every stage of its life, every moment it struggled to escape the machine, all accurately captured. Selling copies for $54,000 obo. 555-9264

JUDGING DOG has innate understanding of the law, and enforces it without mercy. He's torn this family apart. Our home is a hellish prison now, and he is our cruel warden. Please adopt us. 555-8712

BAD DOG - I've taught it to clean up after himself, but not after me. Thoughtless companion and incompetent housekeeper. 555-1181

TATTOOED DOG FOR FREE
Beloved family pet has gone down crooked path. Now has neo-nazi tattoos on body. Not sure how he paid for them, but we can no longer support this hateful animal. 555-2841

♣ CHAMPION SHOWDOG ♣
This experienced Vegas showdog is suited for all types of chorus line and burlesque work. $250. 555-0207

HUGE HEART with a lot of love to give. Aristocrat is a sweet, highly affectionate terrier. One small defect to be aware of: he was born with his heart on the outside of his ribcage, just underneath the skin. It droops down and

▪DOG-LIKE STRUCTURE▪
Currently hovering over apartment. Time passing in unexpected ways. Physics no longer knowable. Strange sound taking form... what is thaaaaaaaaa 555-2841

CLUTCH OF DOG EGGS
Got a nice cooler packed to the gills with real dog eggs just days from hatching. Small, trivial chance these are actually poisonous snake eggs. $500 for lot. 555-0281

AGGRESSIVE – WATCH OUT!
Angry Corgi lives inside red and white ball and becomes very hostile when released. He will attack other nearby animals. Please help provide him safe home. 555-9182

OASIS LOVING DOG - wails and becomes highly aroused whenever I listen to my favorite band, Oasis. Ideal for owner who does not ever listen to Oasis. 555-7821

FULL HOUND swallowed a cat who swallowed a rat who swallowed a mouse who swallowed a bean. Free to anyone who can find something bigger to eat it whole. Hippo? 555-8180

LOVING LOBSTER DOG
combines pleasantness of dog with thrill of lobster. Has fur, claws, antenna, long shelled tale, big spirit. Smells succulent. You'll want to boil him alive. 555-4924

'61 MAS small

Thank you to David Thorpe for furnishing additional dog resources.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.20 Primo Bird Pranks

Thursday, Oct 24, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Find a bird. Dress up like a worm. When the bird eats you, stay very still. Don't laugh or you will completely ruin this. After the bird has digested you, its stomach will not feel the way it normally does after eating a worm.

Find a bird. Plant your easel down on a level patch of grass. Get comfortable on your stool. Unpack your brushes and prepare your paints. Start painting the bird. Lean around the frame to carefully study its form, the curve of its wing and the swirling kaleidoscope of colors in its eyes. Nod to yourself then work the brush in an inspired frenzy. When you finish hours later, make a remark about how perfect the painting turned out. Pick up the frame and begin to turn it toward the bird so that it may finally have a look. At the last moment, throw the painting face down on the ground and stomp on it. Light it on fire.

I'm going to need 10,000 whoopee cushions.

Find a bird. Adopt a worried expression and approach the bird, stating that you have lost track of time and desperately need to know if you're late for an important meeting that your career hinges upon. Mention your sick wife and the three small children who depend on you. Ask the bird what time it is. The bird will not have a watch. Walk away devastated, leaving the bird to feel responsible for your fate.

Find a bird. Gain its trust by telling it exactly what it wants to hear and altering your personality. Casually mention to this bird that you have knowledge of a tech stock that is about to double its value. When the bird asks how it can invest, refuse, saying that the bonds of friendship mean too much to get mixed up with business. This will intrigue the bird. After it insists, reluctantly agree. Tell the bird to meet you at a secluded industrial pier. When the bird shows up, tell it to keep its distance. Instruct it to place the briefcase on the ground, then to slowly open the briefcase and show you the birdseed inside. When the bird complies, give the hand signal to your sniper.

Find a bird. Ask it to thoroughly explain the recent US government shutdown, from the basic mechanics of the process to the motivations and strategies of all parties involved, followed by the bird's take on the entire situation. Listen respectfully. When the bird is done, shrug apologetically and pretend that you didn't understand its language.

Find a bird. Wait for it to have a child bird. Without giving yourself away, subtly influence the direction of the child bird's life. If you play your cards right the young bird will one day enroll in the college of your choice. Follow the college bird without being seen. Use costumes. Blend into the crowd, never letting the bird out of your sight. One night when the bird goes to sleep in its dorm room, put your plan into motion. Spray a glob of shaving cream on the tip of one of the bird's wings. Use one of the bird's feathers to tickle its beak. Watch the hilarity ensue.

Find a bird. When it takes off, lower a banana peel directly in its flight path.

Find a bird. Wait until it falls asleep. Place a lottery ticket with that week's winning numbers in its nest. Go to a nearby vantage point and check out the expression on that bird's face when it wakes up. Follow the bird to a nearby convenience store. Have a taxi waiting in case the bird decides

to take a cab instead of walking. Pretend to shop while you eavesdrop over the conversation that is about to take place. Try not to laugh as the bird hands the ticket over to the clerk, expecting millions of dollars, only for the clerk to reply that the ticket is a fake. Check out the expression on that bird's face. Step in and explain that this was all an elaborate ruse on your part. Reveal that the clerk was in on it. The winning ticket is actually real. Congratulations, bird.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.21 Slavoj Zizek Writes the Episode Guide for 2 Broke Girls on Wikipedia

Friday, Oct 25, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

No. in series	No. in season	Title	Directed by	Written by	Original air date	Production code	U.S. viewers (million)
1	1	"Pilot"	James Burrows	Michael Patrick King and Whitney Cummings	September 19, 2011	296793	19.37[9]

Episode 101 - "Pilot" or "The folly of Marxist action in the face of hegemonic capital structures"

To consider, as Habermas puts it, the era of *neue Undurchsichtlichkeit*, we arrive at the obscuring nature of modern life under the hegemony, where we believe ourselves liberated by the chains of our enslavement to the order of capital. We expend countless hours of labor to purchase technology, smart telephones and vibrators, which shackle us to our masters. To act out as Marx advised against such structures is to predestine failure. Max, who has shed the "r"esponsibility of action, instead embraces Caroline, who once enjoyed the dominance of wealth, and teaches her the reification of service labor as tips. Together they mock capitalism by failing to sell cupcakes, a clear metaphor for the devaluing of sexual commerce in the age of PornHub.

Final tally for cupcake business venture: $387.25

No. in series	No. in season	Title	Directed by	Written by	Original air date	Production code	U.S. viewers (million)
2	2	"And the Break-up Scene"	James Burrows	Michael Patrick King	September 26, 2011	2J6352	11.75[10]

Episode 102 - "And the Break-up Scene" or "Hegelian critique in the face of objective consequences"

Caroline wishes to help Max with her break-up with boyfriend Robbie. Caroline, as Kierkegaard, scorns the idea that man will always be wrong when viewed through the eyes of god or Hegelian deconstruction, believing that it is only man, or the concept of man, that can rescue a failed relationship. This overbearing linkage of Kierkegaard to problematic gender struggles overstates the value Max (Marx) has placed on Hegel in her rediscovery of this struggle through the process of breaking up.

Of course, to attempt, as Hegel, to deconstruct events in the context of absolute objective reality is to face the consequences of impossible complexity, as natural systems shrug off the efforts of the analyst. Caroline becomes overly drunk, the potion "DRINK ME" consumed to allow Alice to be on the level of crumbs and insects, a skewering of the Marxist notion of intellectual class structures developing from the destruction of traditional class. Their friendship is restored within this egalitarian paradise of intoxication.

Final tally for cupcake business venture: $364.25

No. in series	No. in season	Title	Directed by	Written by	Original air date	Production code	U.S. viewers (million)
3	3	"And Strokes of Goodwill"	John Fortenberry	Jhoni Marchinko	October 3, 2011	2J6353	11.42[11]

Episode 103 - "And Strokes of Goodwill" or "The structures of false truth do not always serve Nietzche's liar"

In the post modern era truth is devalued as an assertion of truth undermined by the power to make such an assertion. The truth itself is a pseudo-Nietzschean lie serving the will to power. So when Caroline and Max travel to Goodwill and a shirt is stolen from Max's basket, Caroline's accusation itself is perceived by Max to be a tool of Caroline to reassert the oppression of capital. Max cannot see the truth because of her prejudices.

It is a drama repeated frequently in mass media. In *Transformers: Dark of the Moon* you will see that Optimus Prime wishes to protect humans even at the expense of his fellow Autobots, while the Decepticons, now rallying to the cause of Sentinel Prime, perceive the destruction of humanity as necessary to the survival of Cybertron. Of course this is utopian nonsense, but it is possible to

assert that this is the outcome most desirable while in control of the Pillars which allow Cybertron to manifest in ruinous proximity to earth.

But as we see, by dooming his own planet to destruction, and saving humanity, Optimus Prime descends into the brutality of a beast. He decapitates Megatron and executes Sentinel Prime who, from their perspective, were acting as saviors of their entire race. What could be more noble than that? Prime, argues a misreading of Hegel, is greater for sparing another species and sacrificing his own. Of course, nothing is more abhorrent than revolutionary ideology encumbered by morality. History is filled with this error. See Stalin and Hitler, their clarity of purpose occluded by the moral ideology they supposedly served. Prime has similarly doomed his race and the assertion of truth, the great lie of objective reality, has allowed him to become the fascist animal. Hegel, asserts Marx, must be permitted into every moment, every breath, or we will see only the lie we desire. But is there truth at all? Max learns the hard way that this is possible. She does not get her shirt. It is Lacan, not Marx, who wins again on 2 Broke Girls.

Final tally for cupcake business venture: $500.25

You can find more episode guides for 2 Broke Girls and other great sitcoms on Zack's Facebook.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.22 A Whose Whom Of Doctor Who's

Saturday, Oct 26, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If Doctor Who was a one man band, he would be the drummer. The character has gone through eleven incarnations with a new actor stepping into the role each time. In any other show a new lead would signal trouble, but with Doctor Who it's expected.

Within the fiction of the show, Doctor Who is an immortal "Time Wizard". He takes a nap when one actor departs and wakes up with a new face as well as a slightly different personality. This process reminds me of my childhood dog, only it happens every few years rather than every six months.

The First Doctor (William Hartnell)

While cheap visuals have long been an endearing part of the Doctor Who experience, the show had virtually no budget at all in the first few seasons. This meant that there wasn't enough money for even the most rudimentary alien make-up or simple special effects or any sci-fi props to speak of. Most of the time they couldn't even afford a script. As a result, the show's earliest episodes featured little more than William Hartnell standing on a sidewalk with his hands in his pockets, nodding at passers by.

The Second Doctor (Patrick Troughton)

How do you follow up the measured, quietly dignified performance of the first Doctor? Enter every scene by jumping in sideways waggling splayed hands, looking straight into the camera and asking, "Did somebody call for a doctor?" Troughton's colorful performance was a welcome change, and his ad lib became an overnight sensation that remains the character's trademark catchphrase to this very day.

The Third Doctor (Jon Pertwee)

No one remembers much about the third Doctor. It's a shame, really, because Pertwee introduced a tremendously important character trait that became a staple of the series: Doctor Who wears shoes.

The Fourth Doctor (Tom Baker)

When people think of the fourth (and possibly most beloved) Doctor, they fondly remember him for his raw physicality.

In previous seasons, Doctor Who mostly came out on the winning end of most conflicts by outsmarting his opponents. This time around each episode had a bit of setup, introduced the first alien, and before the creature had a chance to get a full sentence out of its rubber mouth Tom Baker was barreling into it with a primal roar. He beat the everloving shit out of a single alien for the better part of every show, raining down brutal blows as the actor portraying the alien pleaded for the scene to end.

The Fifth Doctor (Peter Davison)

Unlike all other Doctors in the show's history, the fifth was Australian, and was therefore completely out of his element.

"I'm terribly sorry," he often said. "I don't know what I'm doing here. No one has explained what's going on."

Davison spent most of his run sitting down and rubbing his forehead, watching as other characters entered the room to provide exposition. His face rarely shifted from its default expression of fascinated exasperation.

The Sixth Doctor (Colin Baker)

Infamous for being the only Doctor to passionately (and repeatedly) call for a repeal of child labor laws.

The Seventh Doctor (Sylvester McCoy)

Citing the works of William Shakespeare as his primary influence, McCoy's take on the character of Doctor Who mainly involved singing every single line of dialog. When Sylvester McCoy's run ended he admitted that he had never actually listened to one of Shakespeare albums.

The Eighth Doctor (Paul McGann)

Only appeared in a single tv movie. Died after contracting a severe case of ringworm from kissing a reluctant reindeer.

The Ninth Doctor (Christopher Eccleston)

With the series returning to the air for the first time in nearly ten years, Eccleston felt the show needed an edge in order to attract younger viewers. His idea: Parkour. Any given episode from this run will feature a few minutes of wall kicks and tuck rolls followed by Doctor Who turning to the camera and arching an eyebrow while saying something along the lines of "Homework sucks!" or "Gimme some pogs!"

The Tenth Doctor (David Tennant)

The most skeptical Doctor of them all. Tennant's take on Doctor Who refused to believe in the existence of aliens. His character mostly just stared at the TARDIS, then went inside and measured its interior, shaking his head in disbelief.

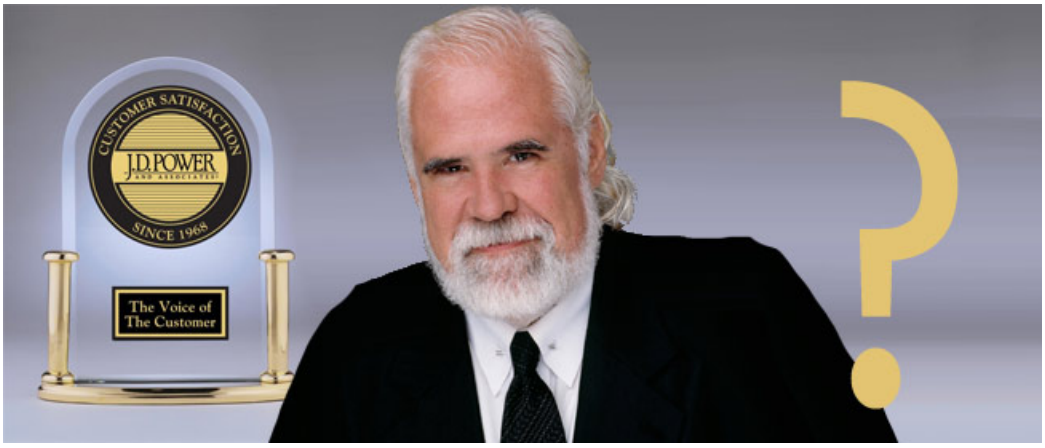
The Eleventh Doctor (Matt Smith)

This version of the Doctor was easily identified by the discolored patch of fur behind his right ear, the hint of peppermint in his spoor, and the particularly throaty growl he made when cornered.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.23 J.D. Power's Known Associates

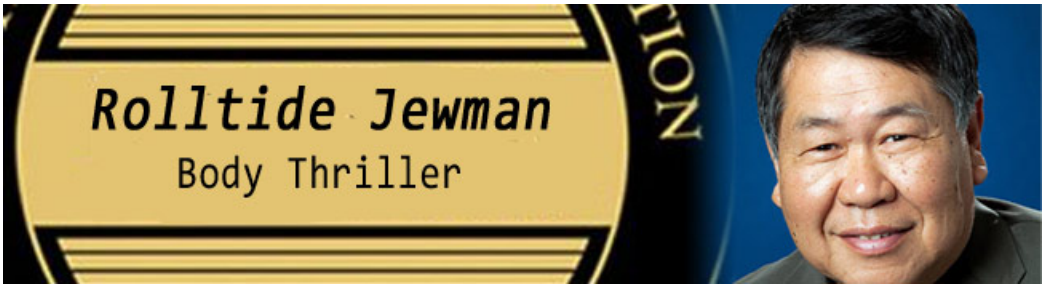
Monday, Oct 28, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Consumer satisfaction researcher J.D. Power has been researching and surveying consumer opinions for almost 50 years. With the help of his shadowy associates, J.D. Power has been an influential consumer advocate. Some would say too influential. Today we unmask twenty of his top lieutenants.

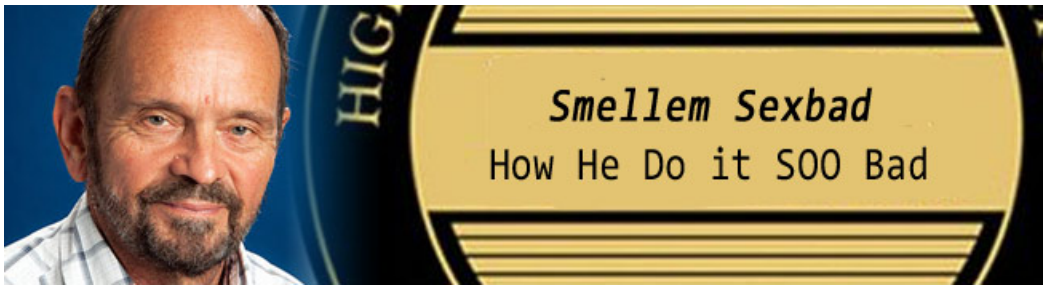
Talladega Hasbreaux
VP of Hollywood Nights

Jeff Turd
Ace Meme Dog


Rolltide Jewman
Body Thriller

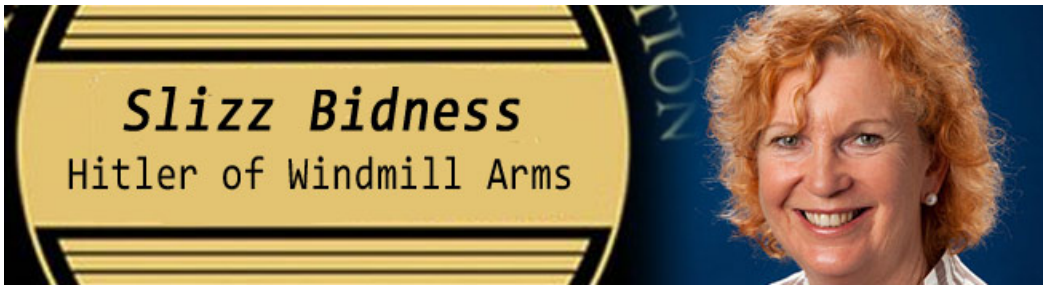
Brontosaurus Waffengeld
Tyrant of Satisfaction

Brelden Burgeryowl
Parkour Skeptic


Smellem Sexbad
How He Do it SOO Bad

Oakley Sangwich
2 Raw 2 B Real

Honeymoon Charles
Gone On Honeymoon


Slizz Bidness
Hitler of Windmill Arms

Panama C. Amanaplan
Ladies Room

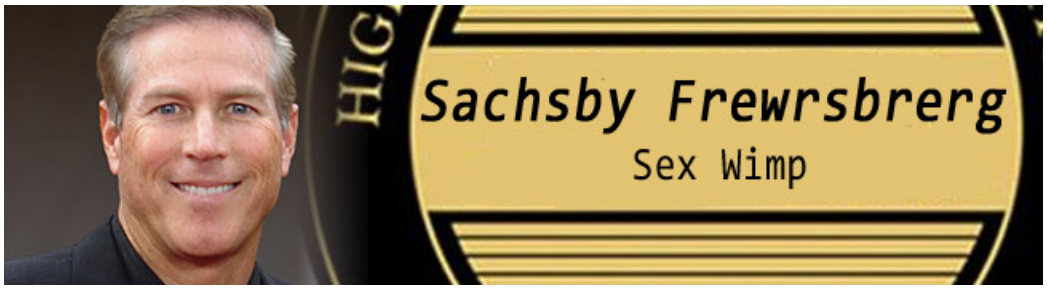
Tom Cruise
Eggtor

Dawkins Barebak
Black ALF

Baller Deluxe
Acting Clothes Horse

Ex-Human Darius Mothmop
Servile Pump Scrub

Hampshire Glans
Associate Desk Beef



–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.24 I will relinquish your HBO GO account

Tuesday, Oct 29, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

To whomever it may concern (but mostly you, the asshole,)

Please accept my two week notice to your HBO GO account. Realize that I am doing so out of protest, but given your recent complaints and unwarranted password changes, I understand that it is not up for discussion and that you are a spineless, backstabbing bastard. We had a good run, "friend." Remember the good times: the *Game of Thrones* marathons, the many nights of changing the channel when *Real Time with Bill Maher* came on. It all seems tainted now by your greed and selfishness. So goodbye. Two weeks should allow me enough time to finish *Oz* before leaving forever.

If you'd stop playing the moral highroad for just one minute, you'd realize that we're a great team and that I was doing you a favor. All you ever did was watch reruns *Arli$$*. That's pathetic. Your account would have never reached its full potential without my dedicated "leeching." You need me. I mean, that late night soft-core stuff doesn't watch itself, buddy. But do you care? Did you ever give a thank you hug or a friendly breakfast in bed? No. All you do is complain and say "Waah, stop stealing my paid account!" or "Boo-hoo, my girlfriend sees all the porn you que up!" or "I'm a scaredy-cat afraid of being banned by my ISP!"

Well no more! This is the end of a great thing that only happens once in a lifetime. It's like when *Wings* broke up (the band and the hit NBC show) or *Reba* went off air, which, FYI, is not on HBO GO anyway. In two weeks, I'll be back to checking out scratched DVDs from the library. Or worse yet, I'll be searching YouTube for ten minute snippets in 480p. And when people talk about the latest episode of *Eastbound and Down* and I have no idea what's going on, realize that you're responsible. I hope you're happy.

You might think you've won, that you've defeated the lowly peasant, but realize that I am not alone. For what I lack in HBO GO, I makeup tenfold with numbers. Though I revoke my own use, I cannot speak for the dozens, perhaps hundreds that I have shared your account info with. You might stop pathetic old me, but there are more of us than there are of you. I've given it to friends, bosses, and drunks passed out in their own sick. I've given it to first dates and muggers, and I regret nothing. Right at this moment, your account is simultaneously watching seven unique shows featuring Ricky Gervais. There are so many people signed in as you that someone might actually be watching *Six Feet Under* even though in hindsight that show was really, *really* boring. There I said it.

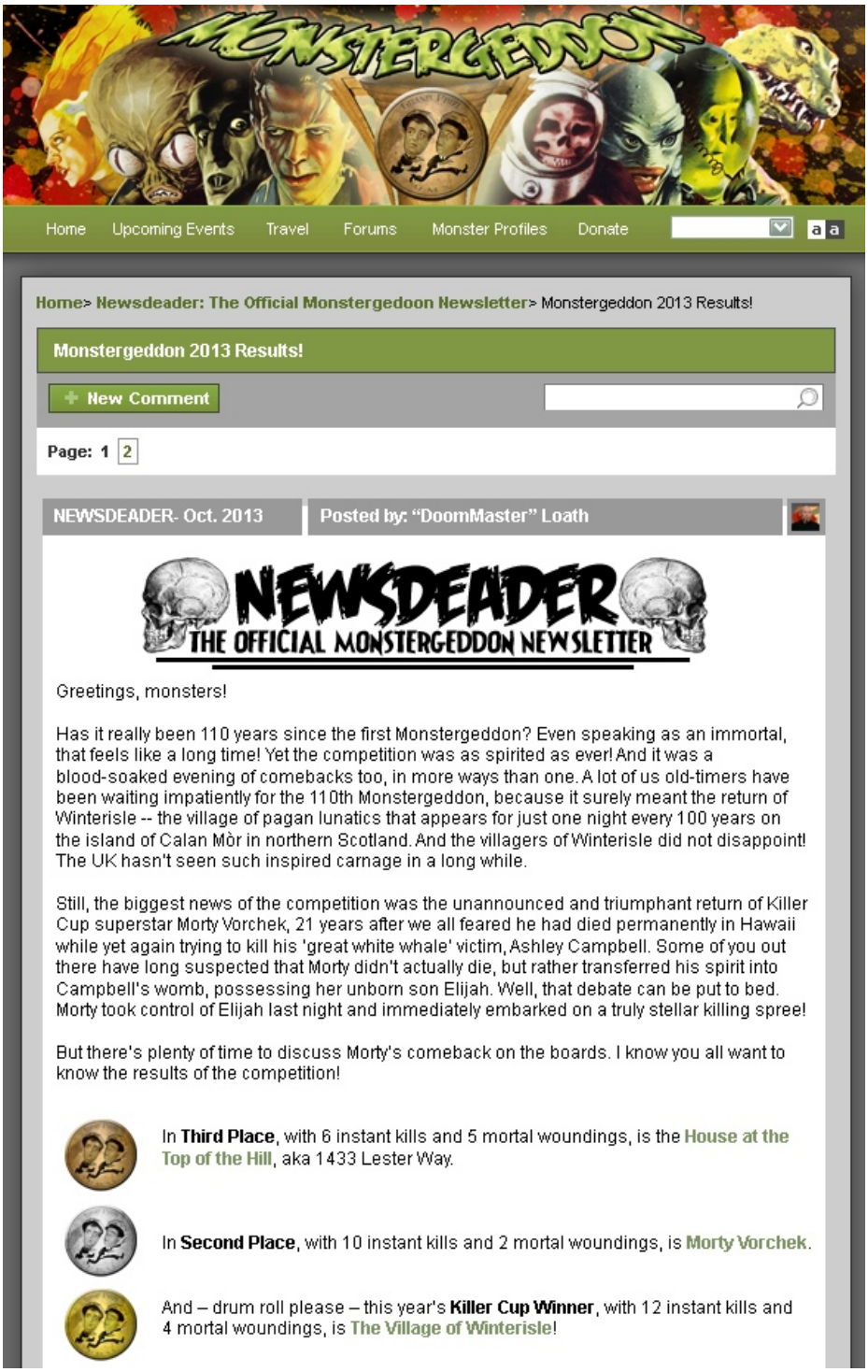
So take it, dick. It's been a pleasure, but what do I care? Have your HBO GO and enjoy it all on your lonesome, but understand one thing, and I want to be clear here, I'll carry your HuluPlus and Netflix with me to the grave.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.25 Monstergeddon 2013 Results!

Wednesday, Oct 30, 2013 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.


MONSTERGEDDON
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Forums
Monster Profiles
Donate
Home> Newsdeader: The Official Monstergedoon Newsletter> Monstergeddon 2013 Results!
Monstergeddon 2013 Results!
New Comment
Page: 1 2
NEWSDEADER- Oct. 2013
Posted by: "DoomMaster" Loath
NEWSDEADER
THE OFFICIAL MONSTERGEDDON NEWSLETTER
Greetings, monsters!
Has it really been 110 years since the first Monstergeddon? Even speaking as an immortal, that feels like a long time! Yet the competition was as spirited as ever! And it was a blood-soaked evening of comebacks too, in more ways than one. A lot of us old-timers have been waiting impatiently for the 110th Monstergeddon, because it surely meant the return of Winterisle -- the village of pagan lunatics that appears for just one night every 100 years on the island of Calan Mòr in northern Scotland. And the villagers of Winterisle did not disappoint! The UK hasn't seen such inspired carnage in a long while.
Still, the biggest news of the competition was the unannounced and triumphant return of Killer Cup superstar Morty Vorchek, 21 years after we all feared he had died permanently in Hawaii while yet again trying to kill his 'great white whale' victim, Ashley Campbell. Some of you out there have long suspected that Morty didn't actually die, but rather transferred his spirit into Campbell's womb, possessing her unborn son Elijah. Well, that debate can be put to bed. Morty took control of Elijah last night and immediately embarked on a truly stellar killing spree!
But there's plenty of time to discuss Morty's comeback on the boards. I know you all want to know the results of the competition!
In Third Place, with 6 instant kills and 5 mortal woundings, is the House at the Top of the Hill, aka 1433 Lester Way.
In Second Place, with 10 instant kills and 2 mortal woundings, is Morty Vorchek.
And – drum roll please – this year's Killer Cup Winner, with 12 instant kills and 4 mortal woundings, is The Village of Winterisle!

In historic news: With last night's points, Morty's cumulative Monstergeddon career kill total moves to 154, which pushes him past the late-great GorKilla (or !Xo ⊠Ho for you purists) and his long-standing high of 153. What a special evening for Morty: Not only did he finally slaughter Ashley Campbell, but also that was the very kill that placed him first in the all-time standings!

Now, for the rest of the awards!

Most Unnecessary Collateral Damage: Though the 'Baboon Holocaust' - as the human press has dubbed the rampage of **Test Group B**, a troop of genetically modified baboons that escaped from a military facility - didn't produce a high fatality rate, the monkeys did a real number on the quiet mountain town of Grover's Hill. Emergency rooms across the county are full, and the damage to property and livestock is truly impressive.

Sexiest Victim: In an encouraging testament to our on-going attempts to grow as a community, this year marks the first time this prize has been awarded for the kill of a male victim. Undead slasher (and gender-boundary smasher!) **Lizzy Keller** once again targeted an all-male victim pool, this time offing the men of a modeling agency. And she had a real cheesecake moment with the 'Buff Blond Guy Oiling Himself.' You go, girl!

Most Ironic Kill: This simply has to go to **The Village of Winterisle**, because their entire victim pool was composed of university archeological students and professors who specifically set out to find the mythic 'phantom village.' Well, they sure found it! Their pièce de résistance awaited the crusty professor who kept saying he didn't believe Winterisle existed; they impaled him on the "Welcome to Winterisle" sign at the edge of the village!

Best Kill: For only the seventh time in Monstergeddon history, the Best Kill and the **Player's Choice** awards go to the same kill: **Morty slaughtering Ashley Campbell**! Not only was it a beautiful piece of butchery - he completely dismembered Campbell - but also the context was killer. It wasn't just that Morty proved victorious over his old nemesis after all these years, it was that he did it as Campbell's only child Elijah. Boy did she look surprised! Delicious, clever, perfect. We expect nothing less from Morty!

In Memoriam: Darius "Stake" Brown lived up to his name once more. He staked the New Orleans-based vampire **Alabaster Quinn**, even though Alabaster retired years ago and has been subsisting on pig's blood and fighting human crime with a ragtag group of human orphans.

Great job everyone!

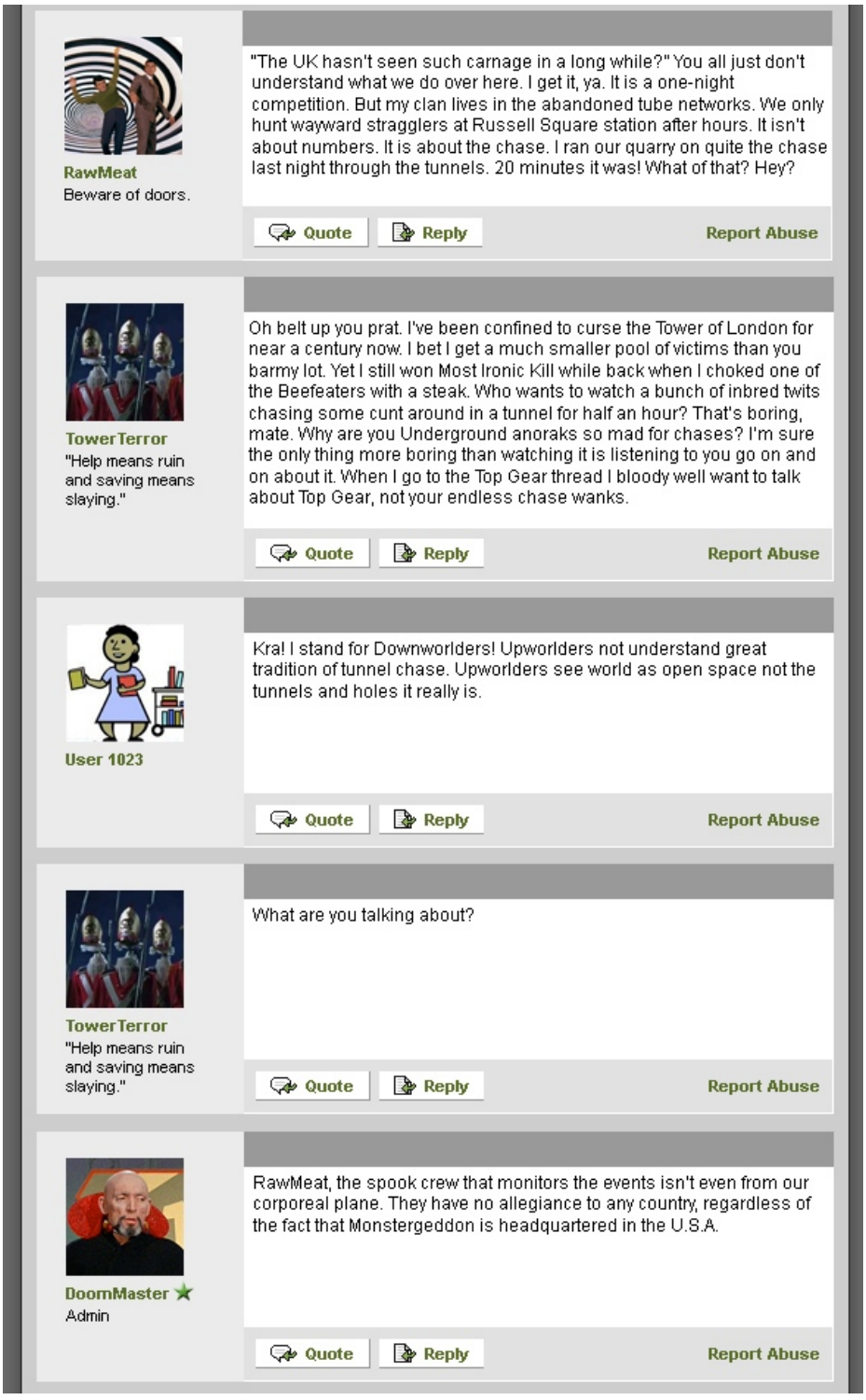
SINcerely,
Loath
Monstergeddon Game Master

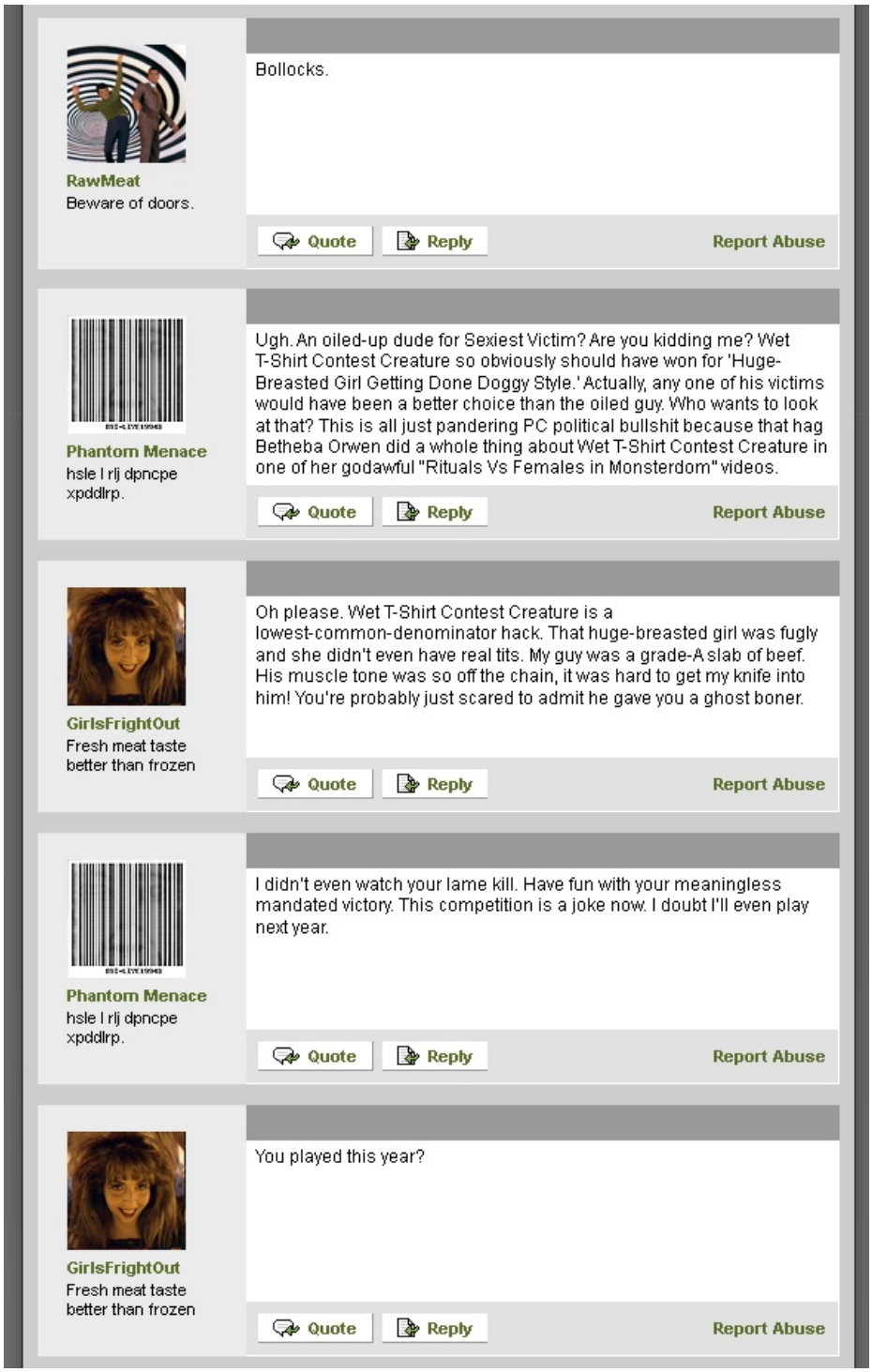
Comment

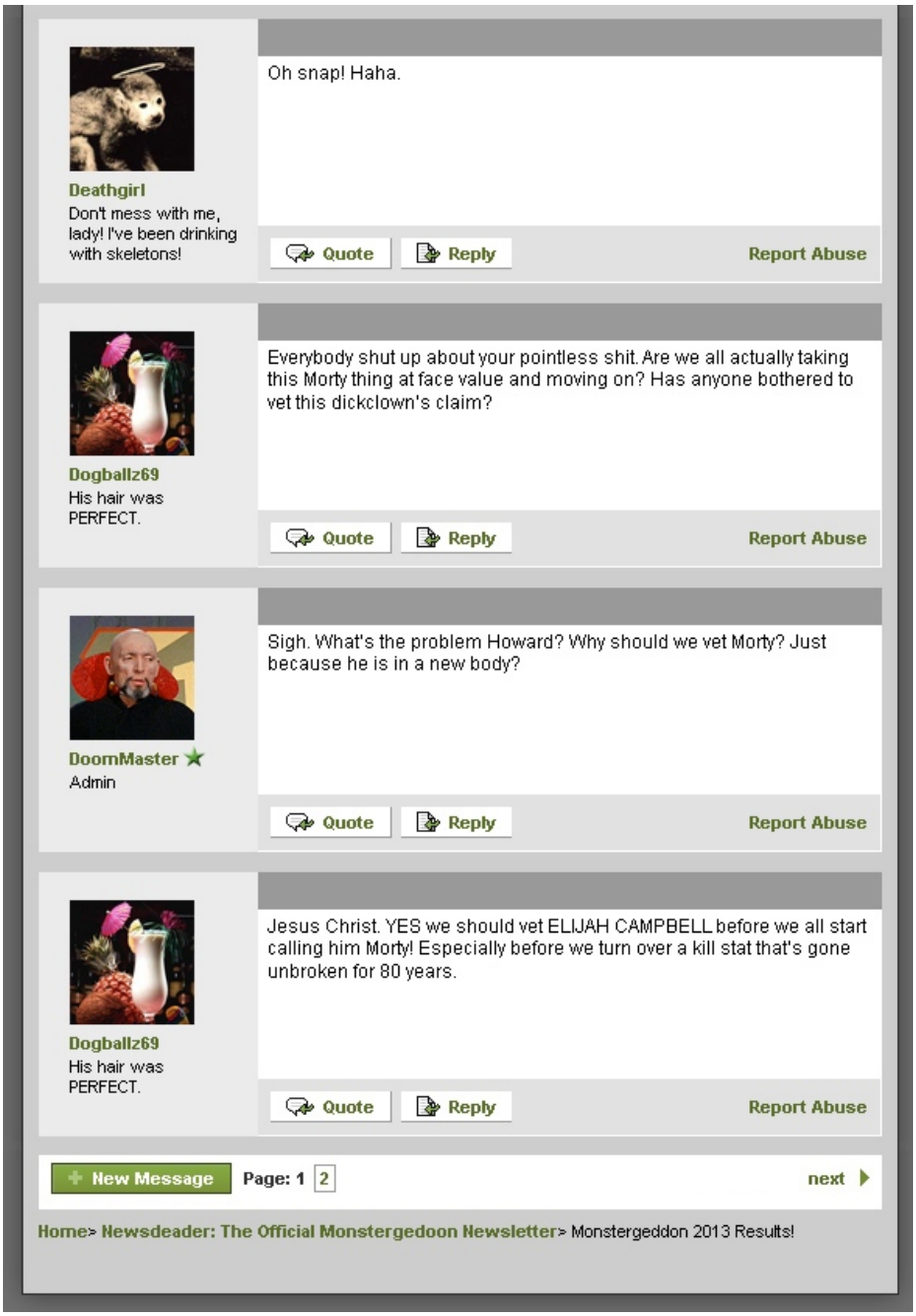
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

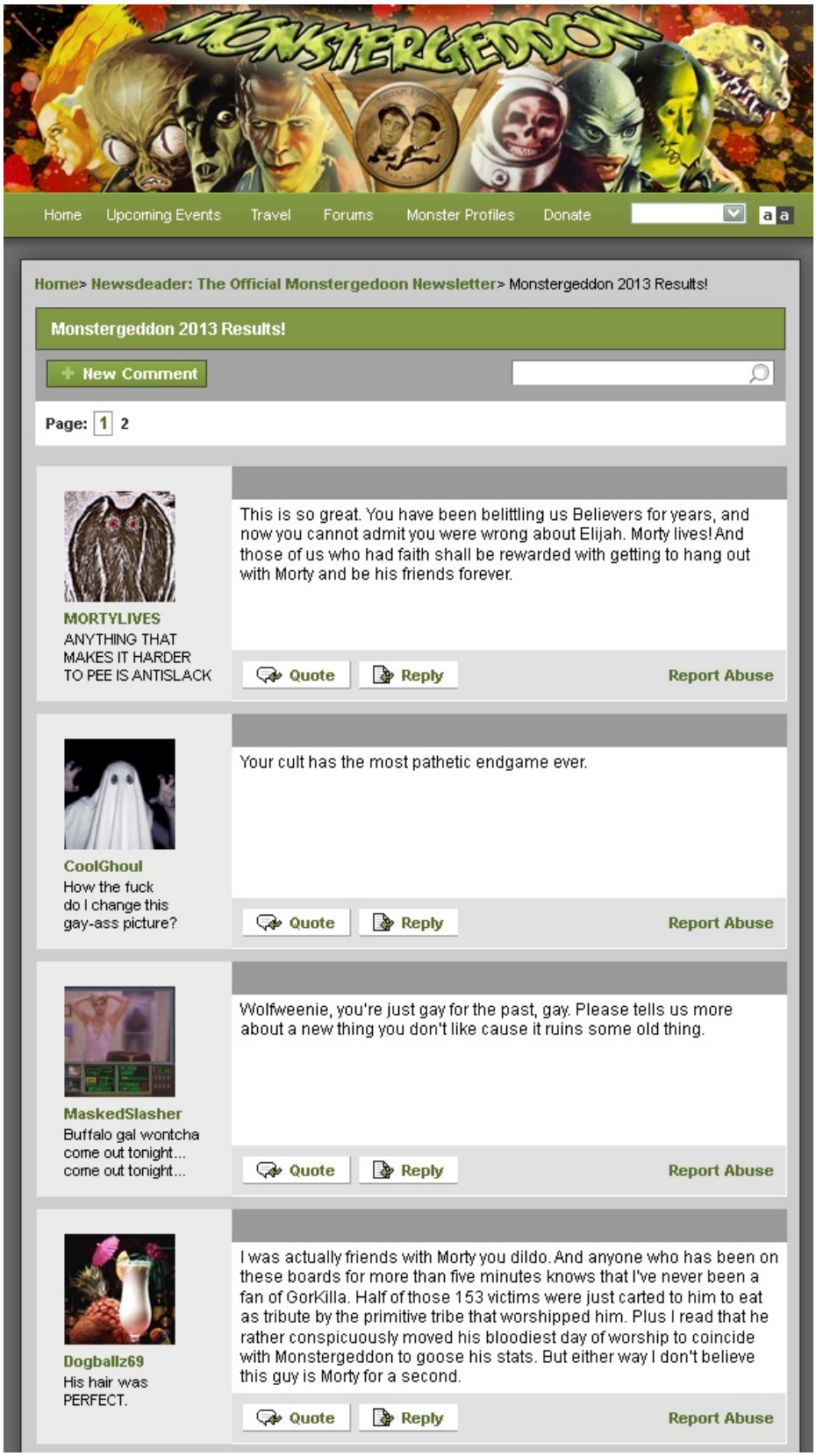
I wish Winterisle wouldn't disappear so quickly! Would love to chat with some of those guys. Though I suppose they would have no idea what to make of the Internet, since even radio and telephones barely existed yet last time they were in our dimension. Did they even know about the competition I wonder?

Quote Reply Report Abuse


RawMeat
Beware of doors.
"The UK hasn't seen such carnage in a long while?" You all just don't understand what we do over here. I get it, ya. It is a one-night competition. But my clan lives in the abandoned tube networks. We only hunt wayward stragglers at Russell Square station after hours. It isn't about numbers. It is about the chase. I ran our quarry on quite the chase last night through the tunnels. 20 minutes it was! What of that? Hey?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
TowerTerror
"Help means ruin and saving means slaying."
Oh belt up you prat. I've been confined to curse the Tower of London for near a century now. I bet I get a much smaller pool of victims than you barmy lot. Yet I still won Most Ironic Kill while back when I choked one of the Beefeaters with a steak. Who wants to watch a bunch of inbred twits chasing some cunt around in a tunnel for half an hour? That's boring, mate. Why are you Underground anoraks so mad for chases? I'm sure the only thing more boring than watching it is listening to you go on and on about it. When I go to the Top Gear thread I bloody well want to talk about Top Gear, not your endless chase wanks.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
User 1023
Kra! I stand for Downworlders! Upworlders not understand great tradition of tunnel chase. Upworlders see world as open space not the tunnels and holes it really is.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
TowerTerror
"Help means ruin and saving means slaying."
What are you talking about?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DoomMaster
Admin
RawMeat, the spook crew that monitors the events isn't even from our corporeal plane. They have no allegiance to any country, regardless of the fact that Monstergeddon is headquartered in the U.S.A.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


RawMeat
Beware of doors.
Bollocks.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Ugh. An oiled-up dude for Sexiest Victim? Are you kidding me? Wet T-Shirt Contest Creature so obviously should have won for 'Huge-Breasted Girl Getting Done Doggy Style.' Actually, any one of his victims would have been a better choice than the oiled guy. Who wants to look at that? This is all just pandering PC political bullshit because that hag Betheba Orwen did a whole thing about Wet T-Shirt Contest Creature in one of her godawful "Rituals Vs Females in Monsterdom" videos.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Oh please. Wet T-Shirt Contest Creature is a lowest-common-denominator hack. That huge-breasted girl was fugly and she didn't even have real tits. My guy was a grade-A slab of beef. His muscle tone was so off the chain, it was hard to get my knife into him! You're probably just scared to admit he gave you a ghost boner.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
I didn't even watch your lame kill. Have fun with your meaningless mandated victory. This competition is a joke now. I doubt I'll even play next year.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
You played this year?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Oh snap! Haha.
Deathgirl
Don't mess with me, lady! I've been drinking with skeletons!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Everybody shut up about your pointless shit. Are we all actually taking this Morty thing at face value and moving on? Has anyone bothered to vet this dickclown's claim?
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Sigh. What's the problem Howard? Why should we vet Morty? Just because he is in a new body?
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Jesus Christ. YES we should vet ELIJAH CAMPBELL before we all start calling him Morty! Especially before we turn over a kill stat that's gone unbroken for 80 years.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2
next
Home> Newsdeader: The Official Monstergedoon Newsletter> Monstergeddon 2013 Results!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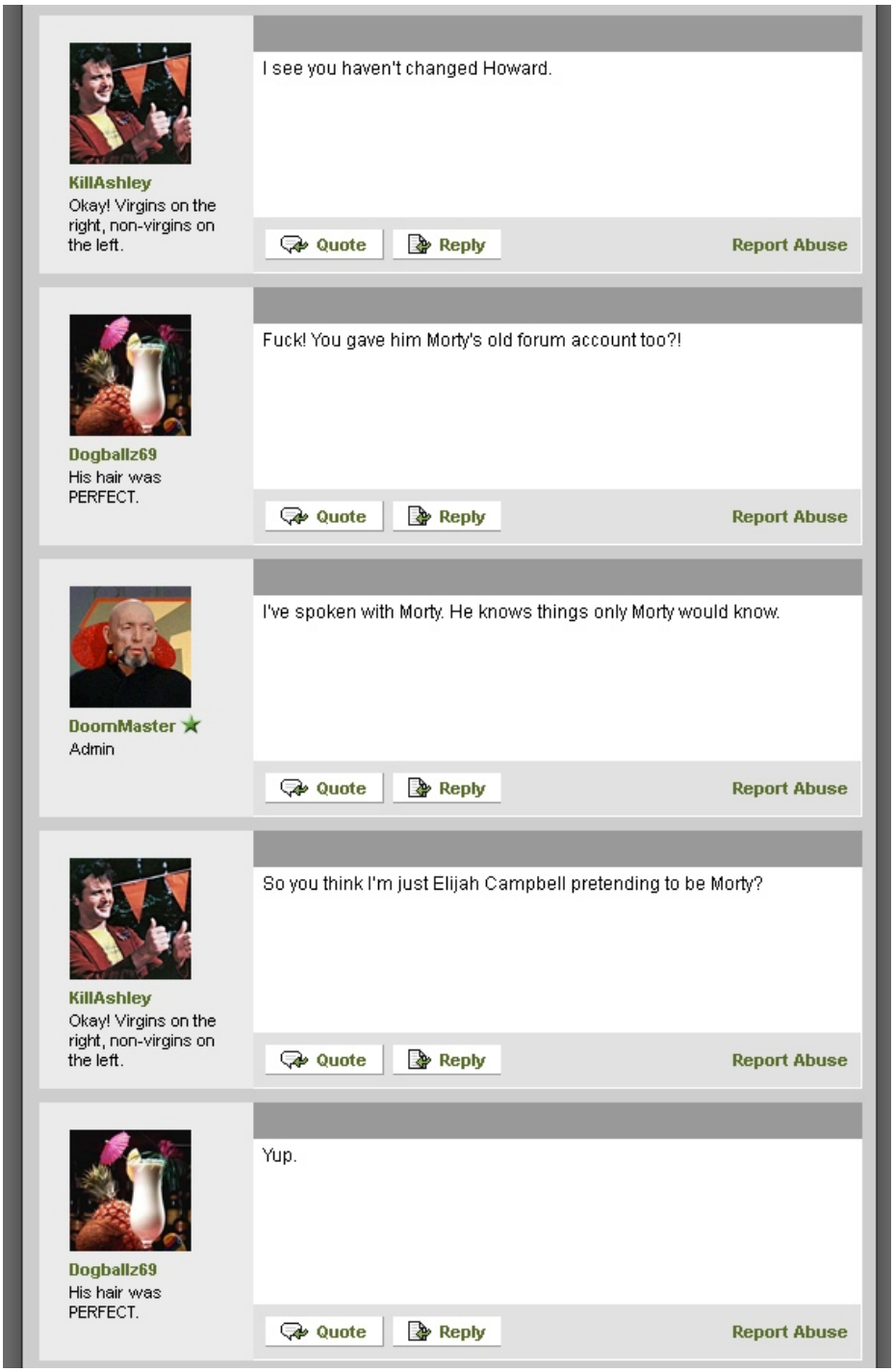
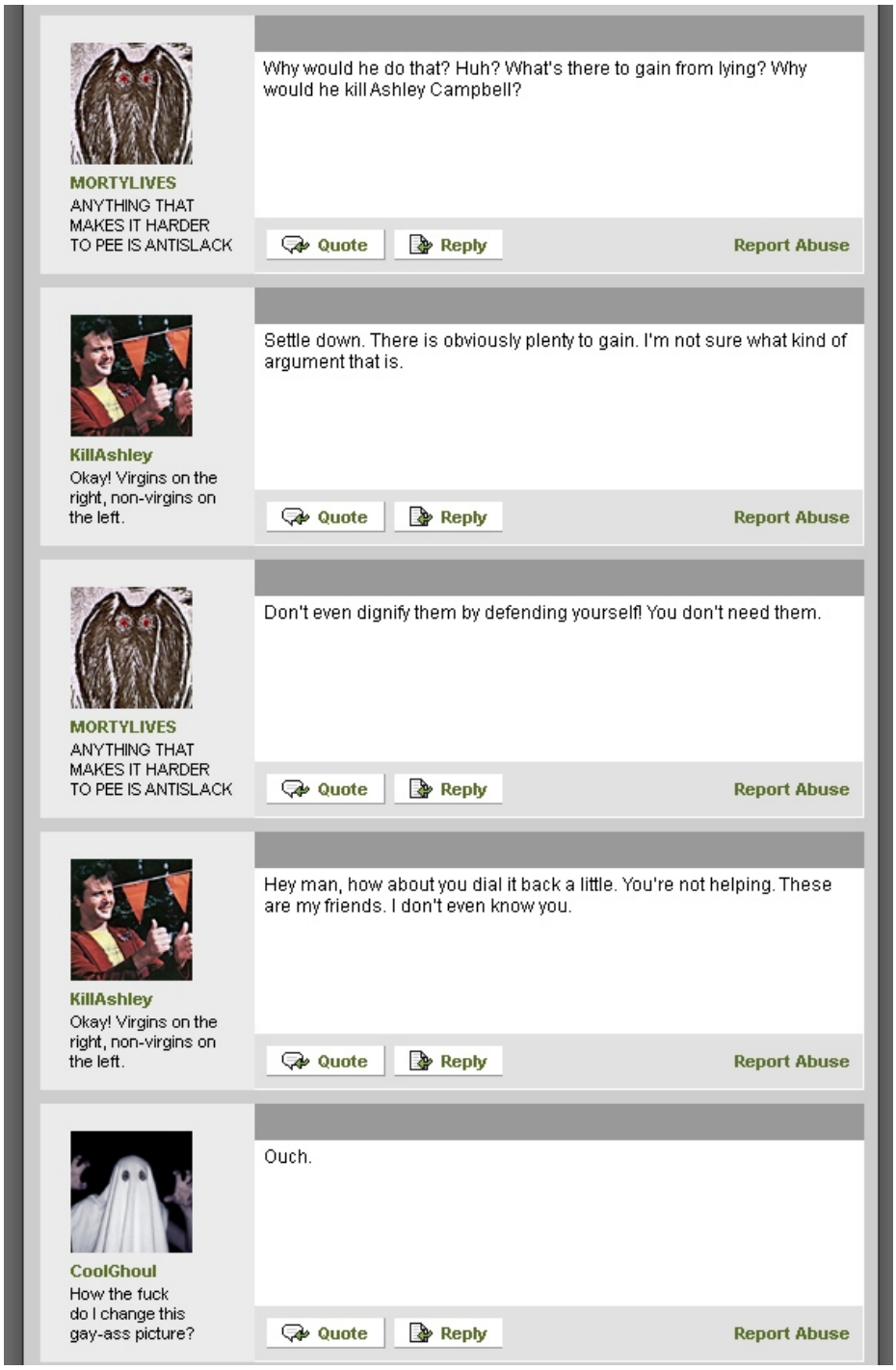
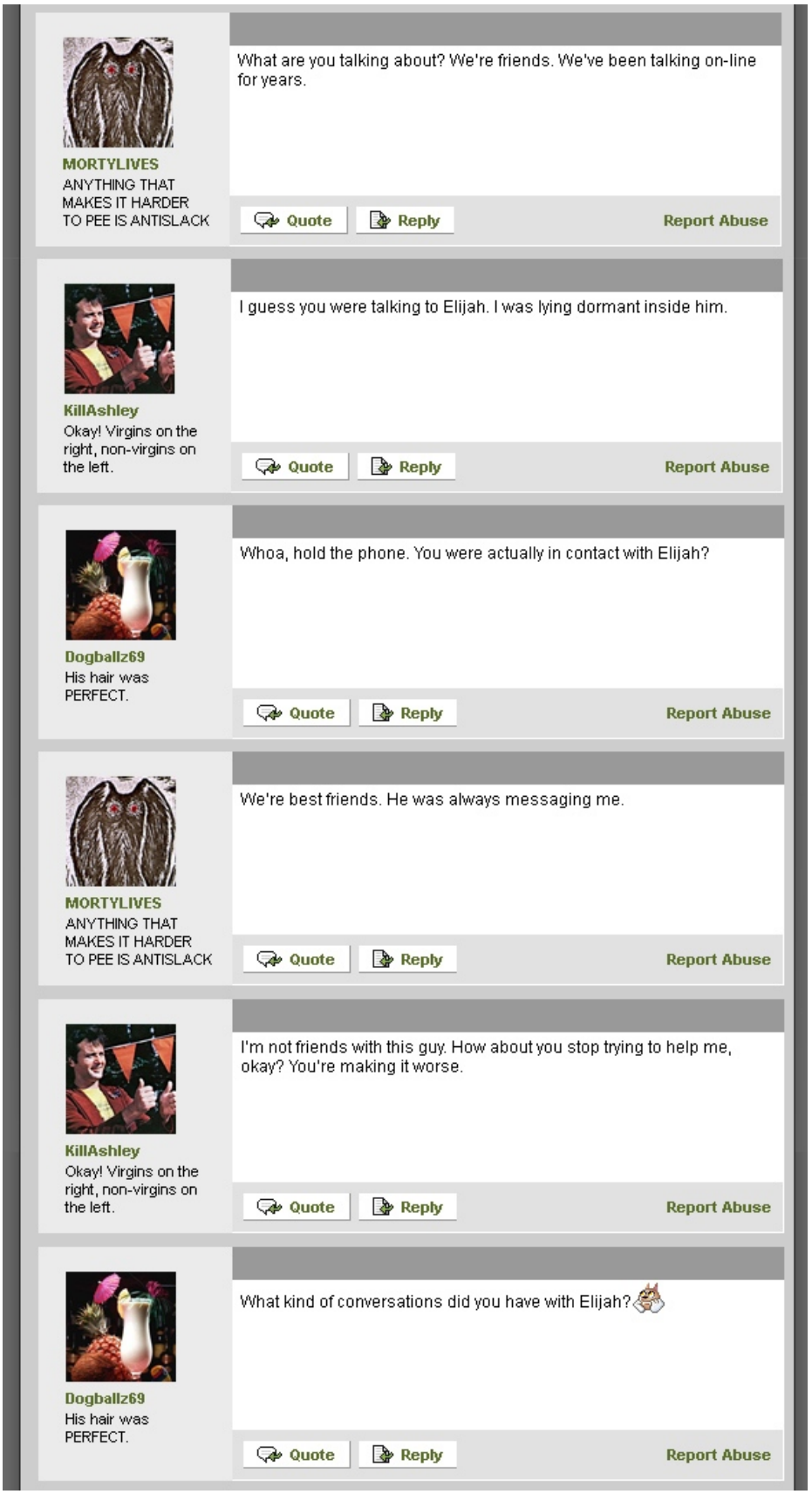
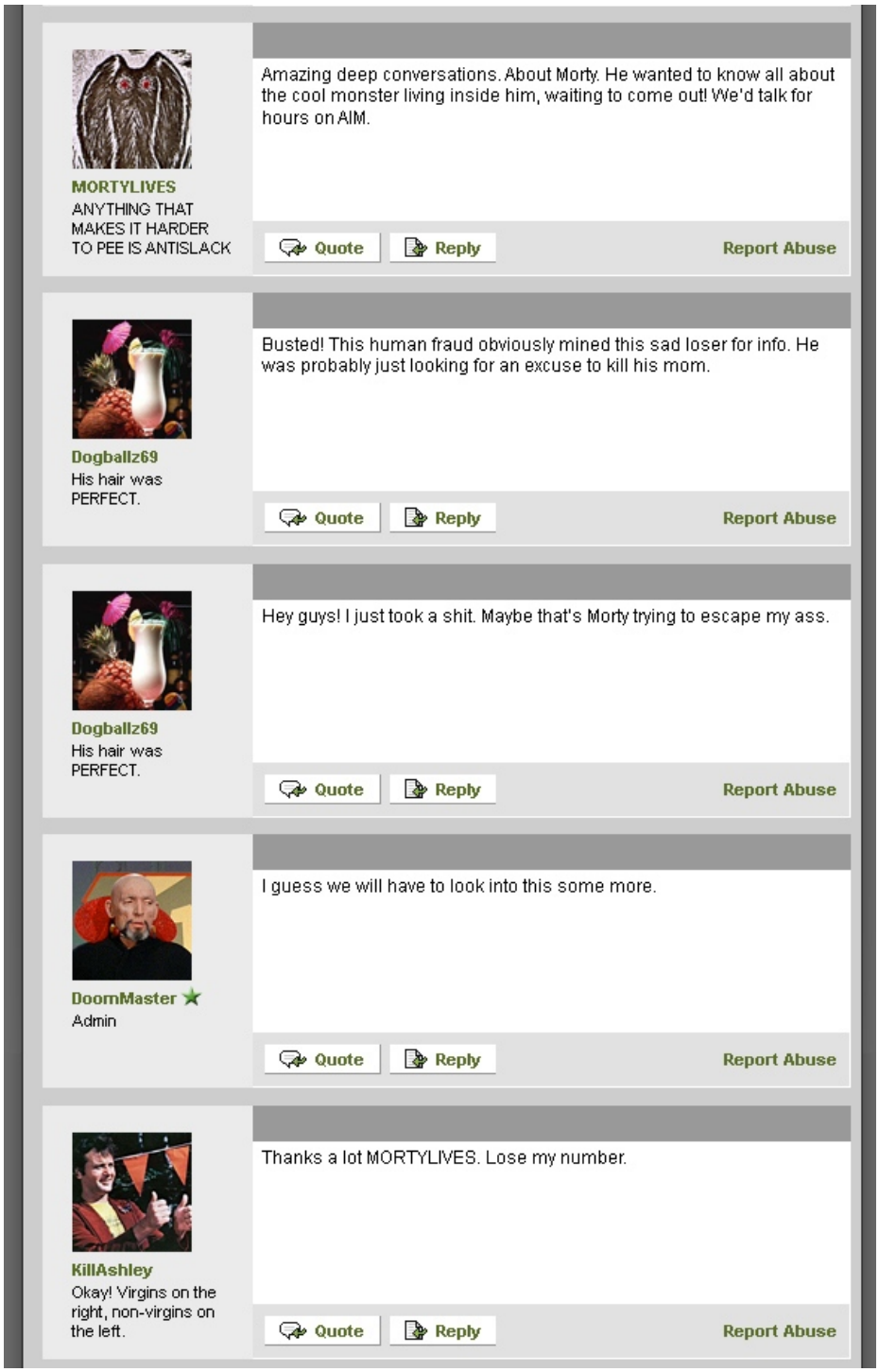
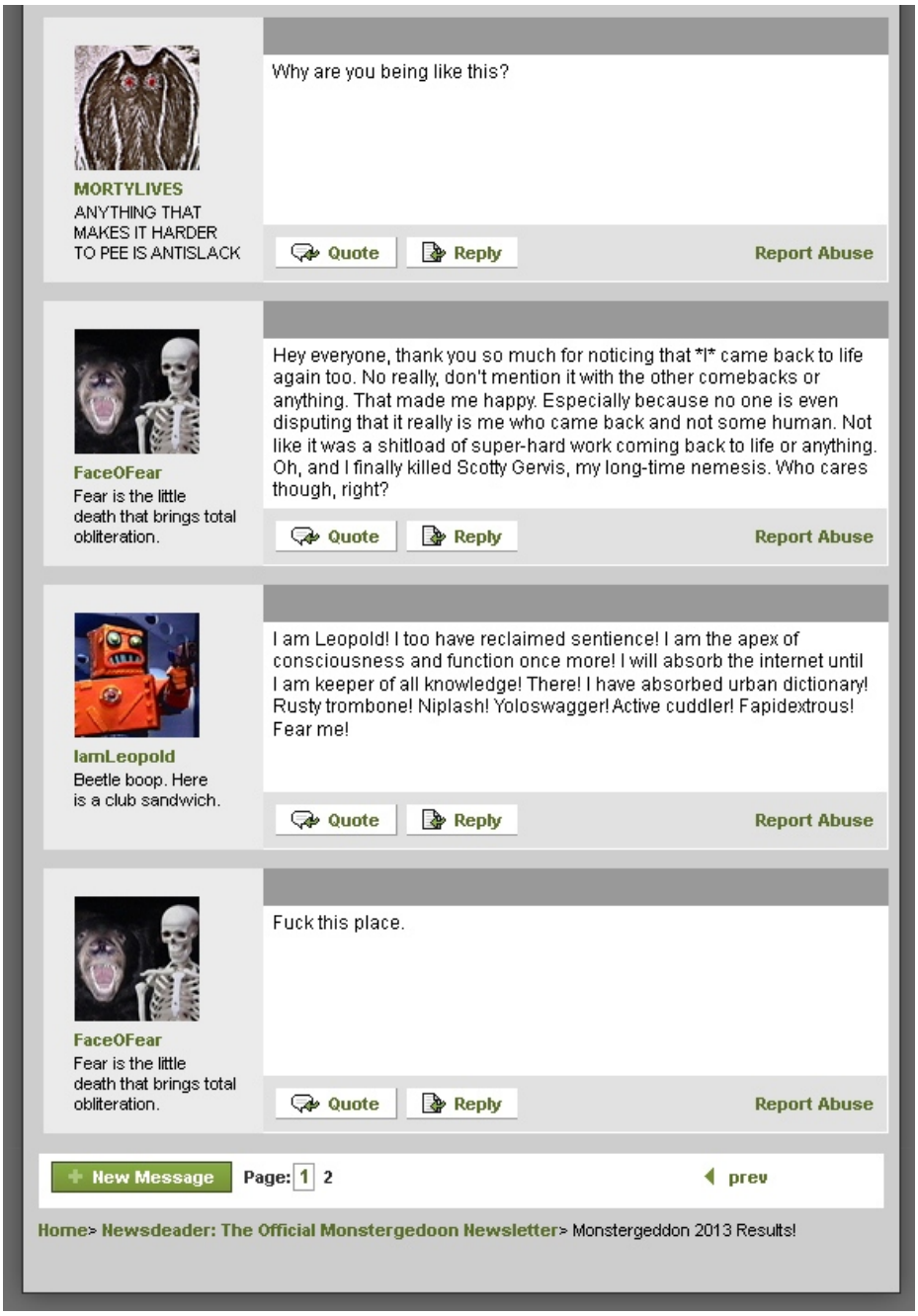
Monstergeddon 2013 Results!
New Comment
Page: 1 2
MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK
This is so great. You have been belittling us Believers for years, and now you cannot admit you were wrong about Elijah. Morty lives! And those of us who had faith shall be rewarded with getting to hang out with Morty and be his friends forever.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Your cult has the most pathetic endgame ever.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Wolfweenie, you're just gay for the past, gay. Please tells us more about a new thing you don't like cause it ruins some old thing.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
I was actually friends with Morty you dildo. And anyone who has been on these boards for more than five minutes knows that I've never been a fan of GorKilla. Half of those 153 victims were just carted to him to eat as tribute by the primitive tribe that worshipped him. Plus I read that he rather conspicuously moved his bloodiest day of worship to coincide with Monstergeddon to goose his stats. But either way I don't believe this guy is Morty for a second.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.
I see you haven't changed Howard.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Fuck! You gave him Morty's old forum account too?!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DoomMaster
Admin
I've spoken with Morty. He knows things only Morty would know.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.
So you think I'm just Elijah Campbell pretending to be Morty?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Yup.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK
Why would he do that? Huh? What's there to gain from lying? Why would he kill Ashley Campbell?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.
Settle down. There is obviously plenty to gain. I'm not sure what kind of argument that is.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK
Don't even dignify them by defending yourself! You don't need them.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.
Hey man, how about you dial it back a little. You're not helping. These are my friends. I don't even know you.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Ouch.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK
What are you talking about? We're friends. We've been talking on-line for years.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.
I guess you were talking to Elijah. I was lying dormant inside him.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Whoa, hold the phone. You were actually in contact with Elijah?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK
We're best friends. He was always messaging me.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.
I'm not friends with this guy. How about you stop trying to help me, okay? You're making it worse.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
What kind of conversations did you have with Elijah?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK
Amazing deep conversations. About Morty. He wanted to know all about the cool monster living inside him, waiting to come out! We'd talk for hours on AIM.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Busted! This human fraud obviously mined this sad loser for info. He was probably just looking for an excuse to kill his mom.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Hey guys! I just took a shit. Maybe that's Morty trying to escape my ass.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DoomMaster
Admin
I guess we will have to look into this some more.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.
Thanks a lot MORTYLIVES. Lose my number.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

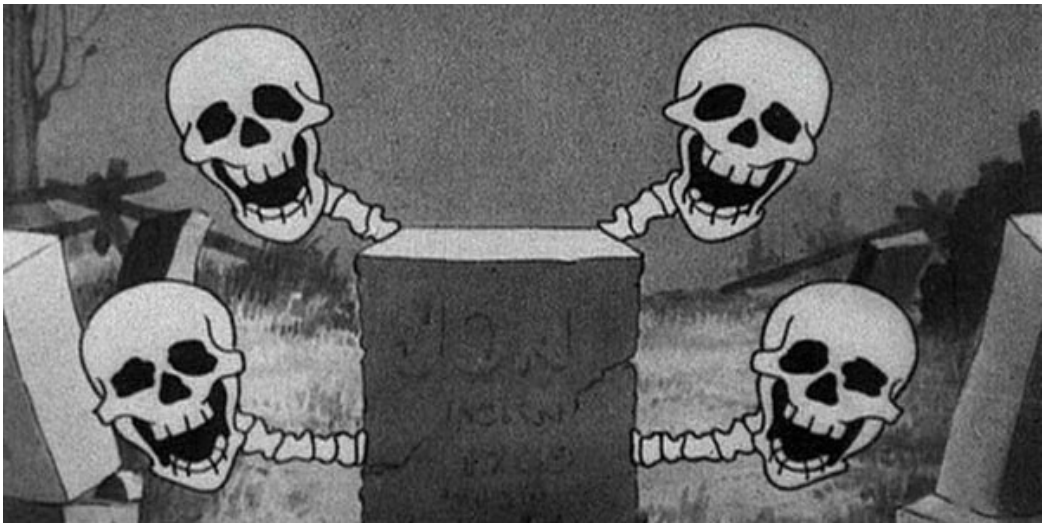

Why are you being like this?
MORTYLIVES
ANYTHING THAT MAKES IT HARDER TO PEE IS ANTISLACK
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Hey everyone, thank you so much for noticing that *I* came back to life again too. No really, don't mention it with the other comebacks or anything. That made me happy. Especially because no one is even disputing that it really is me who came back and not some human. Not like it was a shitload of super-hard work coming back to life or anything. Oh, and I finally killed Scotty Gervis, my long-time nemesis. Who cares though, right?
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I am Leopold! I too have reclaimed sentience! I am the apex of consciousness and function once more! I will absorb the internet until I am keeper of all knowledge! There! I have absorbed urban dictionary! Rusty trombone! Niplash! Yoloswagger! Active cuddler! Fapidextrous! Fear me!
IamLeopold
Beetle boop. Here is a club sandwich.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Fuck this place.
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2
prev
Home> Newsdeader: The Official Monstergedoon Newsletter> Monstergeddon 2013 Results!

Thanks to **Ian "BFM" Helm** for the amazing page designs. The demonic :allears: was a nice touch!
Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there were entire books full of it?! Check out the author that *Publishers Weekly* called "cavalier and distasteful!"

–∼Worm Miller

10.26 No Bones About It: Obamacare's Pro-Skeleton Agenda

Thursday, Oct 31, 2013 by Guest Columnist Dylan Grobler



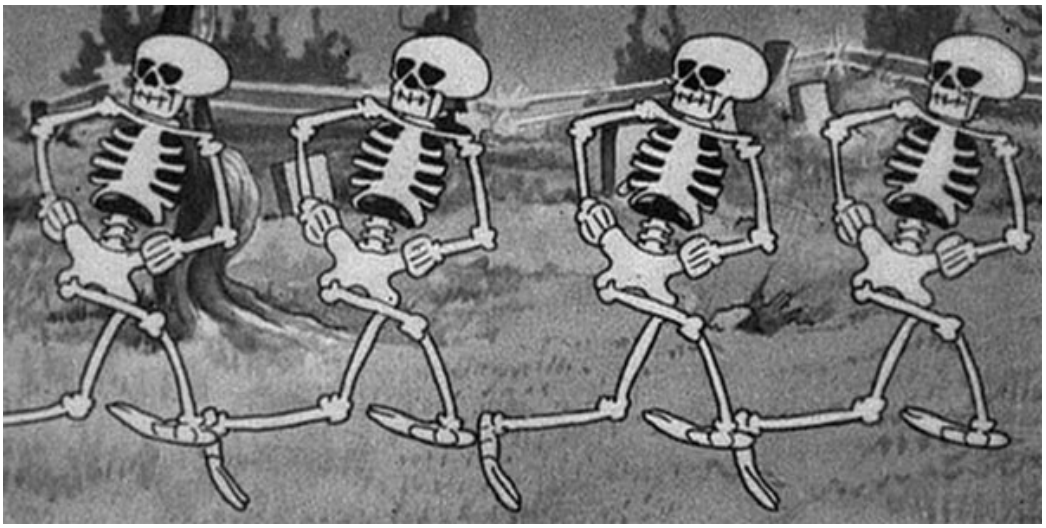
Guest Columnist Dylan Grobler

As we get ready to retire the fake cobwebs, plastic witches, and lawn tents containing accurate and shocking recreations of partial-birth abortions, one familiar element of the Halloween season isn't likely to fade with the coming of All Saints' Day. Of course, I speak of skeletons, or "Skeleton-Americans" for you overly sensitive P.C. types. We had a much different term for them during my boyhood, but these days a man can't speak his mind in a public forum without finding himself fighting obscenity charges in "President" Barack Hussein Obama's twisted Kenyan parody of a legal system. Reverend Gunderson might not have approved of my creative Gospel reading, but I assure you Jesus would have used *all* those words if he had access to the sheer amount of Pat Buchanan literature that I do.

The only *true* obscenity here, friends, is the socialist nightmare of Obamacare, which allows the least productive members of our society to continue sponging off of hardworking Americans in a dishonest attempt to stay fat and smiling. And though they have no girth to speak of and offer few ways to read their facial expressions, there's no denying this Communist plot is engineered to help those mirthful members of the undead stay on their feet -- presumably to keep dancing, since that's all they seem to be good at. Hey, sometimes stereotypes exist for a reason.

I've been an outspoken critic of skeleton culture ever since I had the displeasure of living next door to their kind. After what I like to call a "hat trick" of divorces landed me in our city's unseemly skeleton district, what I saw there really opened my eyes to the inborn irresponsibility of bone life: in lieu of searching for one of the many sanitation or food service jobs our society so generously provides for them, these "creatures of the night" would rather spend their days orchestrating juvenile pranks and their nights laughing troubles away to the dissonant tones of obnoxious xylophone "music." If I had my druthers, I'd put them all on a ship and send them right back to the graveyard.

As heartless as I may sound to some of you, I don't find anything wrong with the country giving back to those who spend their days proving their worth as productive workers. I toil for 40 hours a



week in the offices of *Carpentry World*, crafting my column, "Nailed It," where I devote nearly 800 words a month to the various types of nails hardware manufacturers are nice enough to send our publication. But do I see the same sort of pride in the work done by shiftless skeletons? I happened to visit a skeleton owned-and-operated Burger King last week while getting my oil changed, and the service afforded to me -- if you could even call it that -- was shocking. Not a single one of them would refill my Diet Coke, no matter how much I screamed at or insulted them from my booth, and when I complained about their Draconian ketchup packet rationing policies, my honest feedback was met with comical shrugging. It's a good thing I don't tip, because if that establishment allowed tipping, I wouldn't.

Certain multicultural movements have asked us to "embrace the skeleton inside of us," which has been one of the greatest lies the lamescream media has tried to shove down our throats since The Challenger "disaster." Sure, go to your local doctor, and he'll be happy to tell you all about the skeleton living rent-free in your body -- he has to, under the provisions of the Unaffordable Scare Crack (Affordable Care Act). I happened to look up a God-fearing, freedom-loving physician thanks to the assistance of The Cato Institute, and was happy to hear the very structure of my body is composed of a chitinous material he called "flag-like" in nature. His honesty will no doubt earn him a lifetime of burning Constitution replicas in the FEMA camps, but that's a small price to pay when it comes to helping one of your fellow Americans cope with the unspeakable horrors of Restless Leg Syndrome.

As I write this, skeletons the world over have begun their assault on America's economy, and are no doubt booking appointments with the finest osteopaths our system can provide. Our only recourse is to spread the word about the skeletons in Obama's closet. And yes, I mean that literally. Surveillance photos have shown that the walk-in closets of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue can hold up to 20 human beings or 25.6 skeletons, meaning that a secret "marrow government" could be pulling his strings from between the taxpayer-purchased designer pantsuits of Michelle Obama. If the people of America turned a blind eye to the dozens of murders of Bill Clinton, this Patriot has zero faith in the brainwashed populace identifying a much less obvious conspiracy. Wake up, America! Because our skeleton nightmare is just beginning.

–∼Guest Columnist Dylan Grobler

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Duped By Febreze: I Was Smelling a Beach, Now I Am Fighting Against the Machines

Friday, Nov 01, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We were on lunch break and they just came up to us in the street. Me and Tammy were going to Sbarro and this little bald guy and this Mexican woman came up and said, "We'll pay you fifty bucks to do a quick survey."
We filled out some questions about, like, what our favorite smells were and basic information. Then things started getting weird. They said "it's a blind survey" so that meant, like, literally blind. They put these blindfolds on me and Tammy and walked us into this room. They had us sit down on this couch and then just said start smelling the air.
We were smelling everything. It smelled pretty good. Sort of like a beach, maybe, with like some shells and, you know that hot suntan lotion smell? Maybe a little bit of that. It wasn't my favorite smell or anything but I liked it. And then the guy said, "Do you know where you are? Take your blindfold off and find out."
So me and Tammy took our blindfolds off and holy crap we could not have been more surprised. We weren't on a beach or like by a swimming pool with suntanned buff studs. Oh no, it was the war Judgment Day. I'm like, Tammy, can you believe this? I couldn't smell any of these skulls and burning robot hulks.
"Totally, Jill, totally," she said. "Look, is that an endoskeleton T-800?"
It was! Totes a model 101. Then the bald guy who recruited us said welcome to the human resistance and he passed us some phased plasma rifles and demo bombs. Like, one minute I'm thinking about Sbarro's calzones and the next minute I'm smelling a beach and throwing a satchel charge into the tracks of a Hunter Killer Tank. Lost a lot of good soldiers that day.

I won't say that I wasn't pissed off about being tricked by Febreze, but I will say that at this point

I will follow John Connor into anything. We've fought T-1000s and the lady Terminators. We shot miniguns at a Skynet blimp. We even used a nuke to make a dam flood a Terminator production facility. I think that if John Connor told me to get into the time chamber and go back in time and save his mom so he can be born, I'd be willing to do that. I mean, I know he won't ask me to do that, because, like, duh, causality. Kyle Reese has got to go. But, I'm just saying.

Unfortunately, Tammy was not quite as devoted as me. She kept chasing that beach smell. She needed more of it, but the human resistance only had so much beach and lilac and honeysuckle to go around. Once the supplies were gone she became more and more reckless until she made a fatal mistake. She tried to cut a deal with Skynet.

Yeah, I dropped her from 50 yards with a laser sniper rifle. She had it coming.

But I don't blame her entirely. They say that some folks get that fresh scent in them and they're just never the same. They put their addiction to fresh scent ahead of the war for the survival of humanity against the machines.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.2 Build Your Own Standing Desk

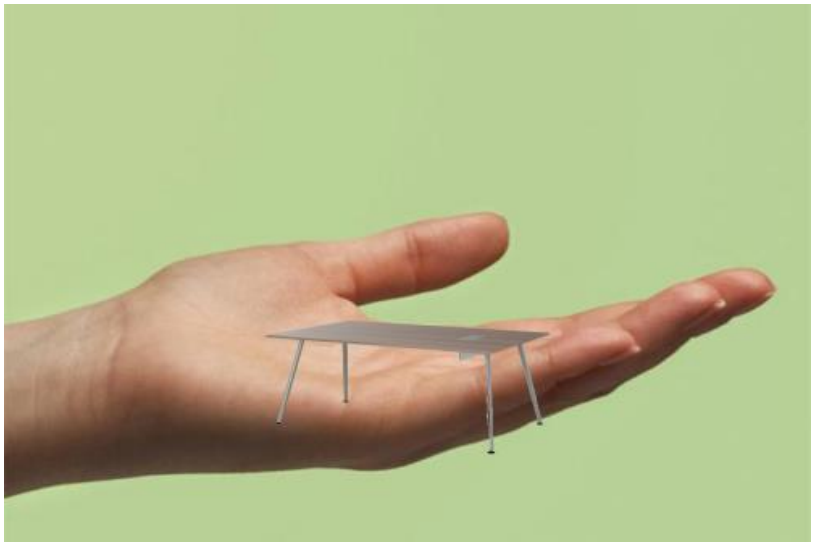
Saturday, Nov 02, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Sitting at your computer for hours on end is unhealthy. It promotes bad posture, shifts all of your guts down into your belly button, and lowers your lifespan by an average of four to eighteen years.

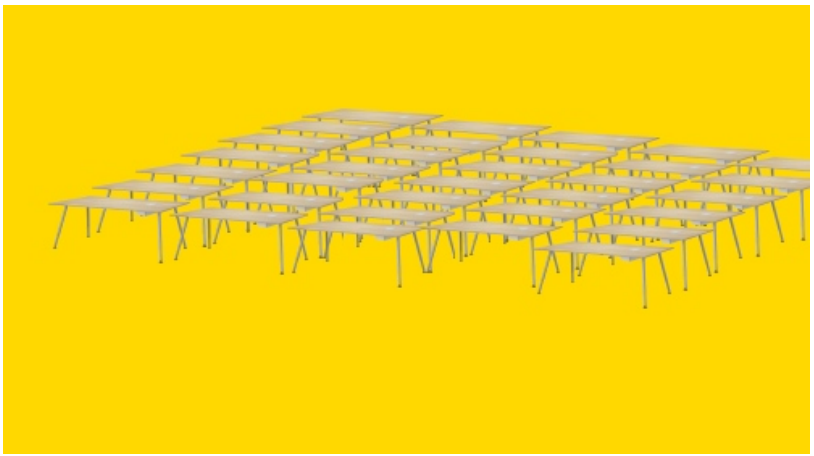
Standing desks are a terrific alternative. They offer the flat surface that was thought to only be possible on a conventional desk, as well as the health benefits of standing around like a dumbass. Unfortunately, there aren't a lot of companies producing standing desks. The few models that make it to the market tend to be ugly and horribly overpriced.

If you're comfortable with getting your hands dirty and following some simple instructions, you can build a standing desk that looks great and adds years to your life for a fraction of the price. It's surprisingly easy!

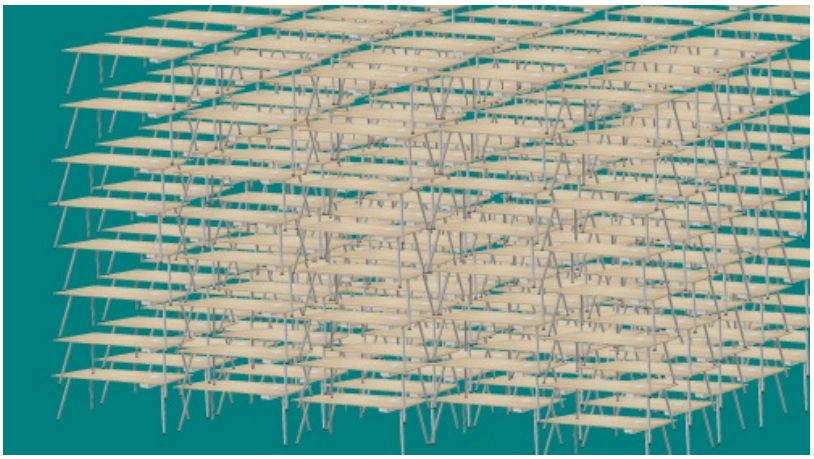
Method 1:



Find a retailer that sells tiny desks. Not a dog-sized furniture outlet. We're talking smaller. Like, for dollhouses or very small dogs. Assuming each desk is roughly one inch square, purchase around one hundred thousand of these tiny desks. If you drive a tiny car, you might need to make one hundred thousand round trips.



Create a grid of miniature desks that measures approximately 36x72 units. Apply carpenter's glue to the sides of each desk so they all stick together. Make sure they all line up to create a flat surface. When you have finished one grid, set it aside to dry overnight. Now repeat the process to create 40 more grids of 36x72.



Apply carpenter's glue to the top of one sheet of desks, then place another sheet of desks directly on top. Keep repeating this process until you have stacked all 40 sheets on top of one another. Allow the entire project to dry overnight.

In the morning, you will have a standing desk!

Method 2:

Measure the height of your current desk. Subtract that height from the ideal height of a standing desk.

Dig a hole in your floor directly in front of your desk. Make sure it is exactly as deep as the number that you arrived at in step one. This will ensure that when you stand in the hole, the surface of the desk will be the perfect height.

Enjoy your standing desk!

Method 3:

Acquire a solid block of Italian marble that's slightly larger than your ideal standing desk size.

Using a sculptor's tools, chisel away all the pieces that aren't a standing desk. In about ten minutes you should be left with a standing desk.

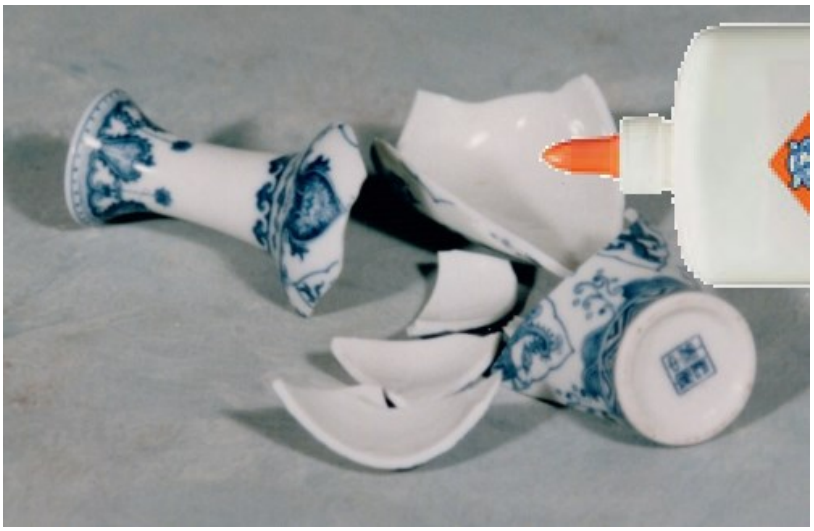
Create a mold of this marble standing desk, then throw away the marble standing desk. Blend a bunch of trees until they are a thick paste. Pour them into the standing desk-shaped mold that you created. Allow this to dry overnight.

Standing desk!

Method 4:

Purchase a standing desk.

Take a hand axe and chop off a really big part of each leg. Don't worry about measuring. Somewhere around halfway down each leg will be fine. This is a very imprecise step, and there are sure to be a lot of broken chunks of wood. You might even lose a finger or loved one. Trust the process.



Now apply some carpenter's glue to the spots that you hacked apart. Put the bottom half of each leg back roughly where it had been before. Allow to dry overnight.

Standing desk!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.3 Kurt Vonnegut Writes Descriptions for Sears Products

Monday, Nov 04, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Hustler lingerie 3PC Peek-A-Boo Garter Set in Black from Hustler

You can be forgiven for thinking of Joseph Stalin as a lonely man. Stalin liked to take the airbrush to photographs of his former comrades, spraying them aside, painting them out, one by one, until he was alone in every photograph. Sears practices a different sort of revisionism. They will sell you a bra and panties for your wife with holes cut out for all the exciting bits, but they can't show those bits in their catalog. They'll brush their poor lingerie model into a perfectly Stalinist Barbie doll. I assure you, the bits are still there in real life, such as you would call it. When I last saw Fritzy Lemon, wearing a bra and panty set from Hustler by way of Sears, she was standing beside the bed

with the lamp on behind her. It silhouetted her mons Venus into the perfect shape of a W, which I have illustrated below.

She ejected me from her bedroom for trespassing with the force of her words. She used the most unkind and accurate insults related to my heritage,correctly identifying my father as a South German barrel of rancid pickles from which was plucked an unlucky green midget with the shape of a turd, which was then thrust into a stocking full of mashed potato. What came out, said Fritzy Lemon, was more like a catfish than a man. Doubly hurtful because Fritzy Lemon never had a nice thing to say about catfish either.

Woodeze WoodEze 4-Ton Electric Log Splitter - LS56

There was an exact moment when wood was no longer needed split. When wood was acceptable in

one whole hunk. In a trunk-wide ring or a whole tree trunk. The very idea of burning wood was, by then, ludicrous, because we had better things to burn like vinyl records, books, and presidents. But that time is in the distant future, or at least in a future distant to you, being in the now, such as it is, but not being at a point in the future, which you can never actually reach because you will always be now.

For our time, for now time, but not for that future, we have the WoodEze 4-ton Electric Log Splitter. Plug it into your wall outlet and use it to split logs and other things that are roughly the size of logs, such as loaves of very stale bread, stacks of Christmas cards, or unhappy marriages. It has some safety features to prevent you from splitting your hand, assuming that is fairly log shaped.

Riptunes Riptunes MP2128P 8GB 2.8-Inch Touch Screen MP3 and Video Player (Pink)

Miss Abigail Hardbuilt wanted to listen to music when she was on the toilet. It seemed like a sensible place to hear music. Most sounds she might hear in bathroom would be unwelcome. But the bathroom was without a plug, excluding the one that occasionally formed in the toilet. The console stereo was far too large to fit beside the toilet anyway. She might have brought in a battery-powered radio, except those did not always play the sort of music that Miss Abigail Hardbuilt preferred.

Fortunately, Sears sold the Riptunes MP2128P 8GB MP3 and video player. It was reasonably priced and reasonably constructed for an entirely reasonable person like Miss Abigail Hardbuilt. Unfortunately, before the package could arrive from Sears, Miss Abigail Hardbuilt, as well as two-thirds of her dog, became unstuck in time. She was sure to reappear at some point during World War II, but not in a fun way. Not in a killing Hitler sort of way.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.4 SkyMall Product Reviews: Single-Handed Barber

Wednesday, Nov 06, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> This is the electric hair trimmer that cuts evenly in any direction, enabling you to maintain your own closely cropped, clean-cut hairstyle.

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By Alfonse from Chandler, AZ

CONS: This has been stuck on my head for three weeks, slowly rubbing down past my hair through the scalp and is now grinding against bone, causing my skull to vibrate. The headaches are intense, as well as the pain. Seeing is becoming difficult.

PROS: Incredible battery life. It's like it's feeding off my pain.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Single, and You? from Norman, OK

Another pointless product to remind me that I am bald and will never find a wife. No thanks.

Age: 56-60

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By JuneBug from Midland, MI

Grandpa's one vibrated out of his hand and then ended up under the couch and now grandpa is angry and cussing about the obamas again. This wasn't supposed to happen and his hair is getting longer and longer.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By skymallcop from Enumclaw, WA

Lame. Holding out for a double handed model for extra precision and control.

Age: 26-30

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By MyPreciousPugs from Foster City, CA

Cons: Not very durable. SHOULD BE FREE.

Pros: NONE

Stopped working after third time I dropped it in the toilet. Not built to last.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By BigBernie from Millinocket, ME

Horse hockey. Came up with the idea for this back in '68 but didn't get around to patenting it. If you bought this, you are stealing from ME. You need to write me a check and mail it to my address right now.

BERNIE GREENE
137 Mustard St
Millinocket, ME 04462

Age: 71-75

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By JazzTones! from Douglas, GA

DO NOT ALLOW TWO OF THESE DEVICES TO COME INTO CONTACT WITH ONE ANOTHER. THEY WILL FUSE TOGETHER AND GO HAYWIRE. THEY START REVVING UP FAST AND BECOME IMPOSSIBLE TO HOLD. THEY WIILL TEAR YOUR HEAD UP. UNCLE JACK IS IN THE HOSPITAL.

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By CoolGuy from Tuscaloosa, AL

I refuse to pay some ditsy cosmologist to cut my hair when I can do it myself. Most of the time I have a fedora on anyway. This works really well for when I want short hair instead of a long rock star ponytail, or if I want to bring the ol' wizard's beard in check. I've gotten lots of compliments from my doctors so I know it's working well.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By SkyHighKaren from Amarillo, TX

My husband was bit twice by horses and cannot use his hands. I am very angry there is no hands

free version of this to accommodate him, because I'm getting tired of running this over his backside all the time.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By CROATOAN from Redding, CA

I've been using this thing on my dog and I've got him smooth as a marble. It's getting harder to coax him out of the closet he's been hiding in, but he's never been sleeker. Wish I could get the hair underneath his skin, that's what's driving me crazy. Sooner or later I'll get that too.

Age: 51-56

Customer Review:

By Harold from King of Prussia, PA

I use this for grooming my wife, who due to end-stage gluten allergies, is totally catatonic. I am currently seeking other women on craigslist who would be willing to let me groom them. I'm very gentle. Please contact me if you're interested. Hopefulbarber68 at hotmail dot com. No spammers.

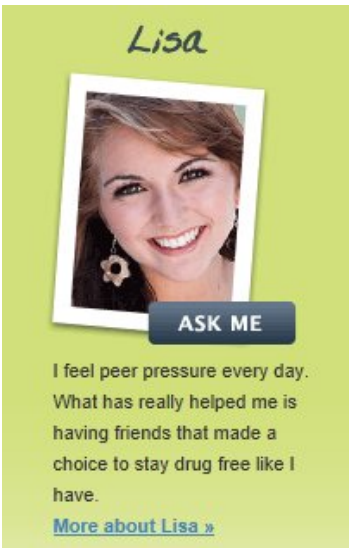
Age: 56-60

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.5 Dear Lisa, I Have a Drug Problem

Thursday, Nov 07, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Dear Lisa,


Lisa
ASK ME
I feel peer pressure every day. What has really helped me is having friends that made a choice to stay drug free like I have.
More about Lisa »

I'm obsessed with drugs. I think about them all the time, to the point where they've started randomly appearing in my memories. I'm 18 and getting bullied by girls at the bus stop when suddenly a meth lab falls on one of the girls, killing her and distracting her friends long enough for me to escape. I hide in an anime convention, where people are browsing katana swords with the same blissful look girls get when making fun of me. I realize that while there are a million types of pain all pleasure is basically the same, so what does it matter where one gets it from, whether it be bullying, anime or even drugs?

I buy some DMT, but the dealer accidentally gives me the synthetic estrogen DES. I take several shots but feel nothing. Later at a football game I realize I've been shooting into a cyst and pop it, filling my body with DES. It turns me into a woman so fast I become a black hole of testosterone, sucking in all the men in the stands, their bodies spaghettifying on the event horizon of my vagina. A cameraman records the incident and plays it backwards on the Jumbotron, so it looks like I'm giving birth to thousands of men.

To avoid further mishaps I get a cystectomy, but the doctor thinks it's the bladder kind and removes my bladder, rerouting my urine to my sweat glands. The next day a doctor performing a drug test has to lick me and see if he gets high. I've been taking Adderall and the doctor gets stimulant psychosis and tries to do a zeroth trimester abortion by cutting out my womb. I take some DSL, a form of LSD that sends you back in time, and tell my 16-year-old self to never do drugs. Because I'm the first girl who's ever talked to him he asks me out. When I say no, he gets depressed and smokes crack, making my teeth fall out and a tramp stamp appear on my back.

I knock the pipe from his hand with the strong arms I got in prison and take some more DSL with orange juice, planning to visit myself before puberty. But I forget that orange juice potentiates time-travel effects, sending me back to the dawn of time where I'm gored by a wooly mammoth. I think this would make a good anti-drug ad. If you want to use it let me know.

I became an addict by borrowing my friend's car, which had a broken breathalyzer that let you drive only when intoxicated. To be a designated driver I had to drink beer, then do coke to cancel out the beer, then Quaaludes to take the edge off the coke, then PCP to stay awake on the Quaaludes, then more beer to drown out my friends, who'd be yelling at me to find my clothes and get off the roof because they wanted to go home.

I'd usually end up in the room where people too trashed to party sit and stare at the floor. It was always too crowded. Someday party hosts will increase its capacity, maybe altering gravity so people can sit on the walls and ceiling. Parties will be routinized until their attendant problems - fights, puking, ghosts of people who lost at drinking games staring at you accusingly - are a thing of the past.

Driving home I had to make pit stops at liquor stores to keep the alcohol on my breath. The stores got farther apart, traffic got worse. A crashed Burger Hub delivery car with a frialator in the trunk spilled burning vegetable oil across the highway. But I felt great, totally alive, as though until now I'd been some sort of zombie. Like Jason Voorhees in the horror/stoner comedy *Next Friday ... the 13th!* My friend Lana and I had watched that movie recently, along with Ice Cube's other horror films, *Are We Dead Yet?* and *Nightmare on the Street the Barbershop Is On.*

"This is where Craig blows chronic smoke in Jason's face, stunning him long enough for Smokey to run him over in his El Camino," Lana said.

"The friendship between Craig and Smokey reminds me of what great friends we are and how much you mean to me," I said.

"What?"

"Sorry, just the drugs letting me talk."

I'm going through withdrawals and staring at the moon, wondering if it's the face of a laughing god or just a hologram projected by NASA so they can finance fake missions to it and spend the money on malt liquor and prostitutes, and which possibility would be worse. The room is full of syringes stuck in the floor like steeples to an underground God. The table is covered with crack vials. They remind me of coffins, because as an addict to both crack and formaldehyde I crave the contents of both.

I've heard the moon is the god of addiction because of all the Romantics who smoked opium and gazed at it. I once asked McDonalds' moon-shaped mascot Mac Tonight for some drugs, but he said that contrary to rumors he has nothing to do with addiction. Leaving the restaurant I passed people gorging themselves with fast food, their faces edged in green light from a utility truck replacing a transformer McDonald's had blown overusing its defibrillator. I met a blind man who said that after he passes out in an MSG coma his dog drags him home, although sometimes he wishes the dog would drag him somewhere else, somewhere new where he could start over.

I stole the man's wallet and bought some LDS, a Mormon drug that's a lot like LSD except you periodically see angels with trumpets. If you overdose on LDS you get raptured. It looks a lot like the end-level animation in Zool where your sprite twirls into the sky surrounded by gold coins. I remember playing that game as a child while my parents fought in the next room. I look at my mom, who's about to make a face that will make me fear relationships for the rest of my life. But then a bunch of heroin bricks fall from the ceiling like Tetris blocks, blocking the doorway.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.6 Kid Rock's Guide to Respectfully Handling and Displaying the American Flag

Friday, Nov 08, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Being Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid Rock, I like to kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid around, but one thing I don't ever f###ing kid around with is disrespecting the flag of the United States of America. I am down for getting rowdy and rude. I'll drink liquor out of cool neon green cup and do burnouts in a hot rod, but don't ask me to drive a donut on the stars and stripes.

I know what that flag stands for. I have gone to Afghanistan to rap rhymes about freedom and Detroit to the tough men and women in uniform. They defend with their lives my right to sing about a titty and in return I respect the flag.

Step one to respecting a flag is to get a big one. Ain't a baby bib. Ain't a blanket. Got to be big. Maybe like 50 feet by 30 feet. The sort of flag they'd fly outside a county fair or something. I don't know what you call it. Just a big a$$ flag. Pop that sucker up behind your band. Let everybody know you're about the stars and stripes. F### it, man, let off some fireworks.

If the venue you're at sucks and you can't put up a big a$$ flag then you can hire a couple strippers to wear flag bikinis and dance around behind you. Keep things sexy. Red, white and blue sure do look good on a couple of single moms. You ain't had a real rock show unless your flags got butt funk.

Now sometimes I like to get involved myself. I've got a nice USA cowboy shirt. Some wild dog, raw man stuff. Tough guys wear this shirt.

You want to look real USA Don Johnson cool though man? You need to go to www.kidrock.com and pick up a kid rock made in America fedora to wear with your sick a$$ cool USA pimp coat. The e-store is now accepting Camel Cash.

I understand not everybody has the money for a white fur coat, but that's cool too. Just take a regular sized American flag, the sort any chump would have, and cut a hole in it for your head. Just slide that head right through, poncho style, my man.

All it takes to be true, is the red, white, and blue. Being a patriot is the ultimate tough dude coolness.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.7 Objections From The Prosecution In The Trial Of Murderman

Saturday, Nov 09, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Objection!

Your honor, I respectfully disagree with you presiding over this case. Let the record show that you are in fact Spring Break Dog, and that after digging up the real judge's award-winning flower bed you have been creatively sentenced to do his job for an entire month.

While I appreciate the fact that you have been dressed in a black robe and told to "stay" in your seat, I plan to appeal this decision for obvious reasons. Also let the record show that Judge Spring Break Dog is now growling in my direction.

Objection!

Murderman certainly has the right to be represented by a defense of his choosing, but we know nothing of this beautiful wizard. She has provided no paperwork to prove that she is even a lawyer at all. When asked to produce proof of her credentials, she simply shrugged and levitated the jury's seats, which caused them to laugh in awed delight.

Objection!

Your honor, this behavior is simply unacceptable! I hereby request that you recuse yourself from this trial immediately.

Why? For starters, you lowered your neon framed sunglasses to ogle at the defendant's counsel while comically raising your eyebrows, then you tugged at the bandana around your neck and howled. That behavior is completely unacceptable. It has absolutely no place in a court of law.

Objection!

In the rule book, article two clearly states that "maybe reality is a dream or a simulation, and anything you aren't directly looking at is just white space where nothing is actually happening at all" is not a valid defense.

Objection!

Your honor, it was highly inappropriate for the defense to call for a moment of silence in which the entire courtroom should "consider all the ways Murderman probably didn't do it". Your suggestion to extend the moment of silence to ten minutes was equally inappropriate.

Objection! The beautiful wizard lawyer - who has yet to provide a name to the court - is blatantly studying an ancient scroll so that she may later cast a spell in this very room. At the top of the

parchment in very clear calligraphy is the spell's name: Charm. At the bottom there is a diagram of a practitioner of magic casting a glamour over an entire jury.

Objection!

Your honor, I do not question that the defendant has every right to legally change his name if he so chooses. This trial is simply not the appropriate venue to do so. I strongly suspect that his new name... Innocentman was it? Yes, there we are. Innocentman. I suspect that this is a subtle attempt to convince the jury of the defendant's innocence.

Objection!

This evidence was not introduced properly in the discovery phase, and therefore we have had no time to prepare. Also, this so-called evidence is twenty pizza pies and they are simply being passed around for everyone in the courtroom to enjoy.

Frankly, I don't see how this is valid evidence at all. It certainly didn't seem right for the defense to suggest that we all give a round of applause to thank Murderman for the pizza.

Objection!

Your honor, do I even have to point out that this witness is literally a puppet? Note how the beautiful wizard is asking questions to the puppet, then producing high-pitched answers out of the corner of her own mouth in reply. At the very least she should not be allowed to sit in the witness chair with a witness on her lap.

Objection!

Your honor, in my twenty years of practicing law I have never heard jury instructions like those. "Be cool, party responsibly"? I know that's what you said because when you barked that's what appeared beneath you in the subtitles.

That's beside the point, your honor. Sending the jury to deliberate with twelve cases of Not Guilty Ale from a suspicious local brewery named This Is A Bribe demonstrates a complete disregard for the tradition of our justice system.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.8 Richard Dawkins Writes Product Descriptions for a Raw Honey Gift Shop

Monday, Nov 11, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Aster Honey

There was a jar of this lovely amber Aster-flower honey in my pocket when I attempted to bring it inside with me to see *Captain Phillips* at the cinema. A rude young man in an ill-fitting blazer told me no concessions were allowed into the theater. This was a ridiculous premise considering our conversation took place within sight of a "concession stand" selling nachos and something called a "jalapeno popper," which I dare not even imagine.

No matter how persuasive and rational my argument, I was refused entry, and this was well into the starting time of the film, meaning I was missing the previews before the show, which I quite enjoy. There was no reasoning with the regime of the AMC Loews Boston Common. I watched as my honey was thrown into the trash bin. It was as if Mussolini and his fascists had returned to power. I felt sick.

Basswood Honey

I am quite certain this Basswood honey is the very best. I sampled a bit on the tip of my finger before my jar was unceremoniously pitched into a metal trash barrel by a round man wearing a "SECURITY" t-shirt. He was posted at the gate of the Mumford & Sons concert, supposedly manning a security checkpoint. This bullying brute was adhering to the letter, not the spirit, of a law intended to prevent drunkards from tossing about glass bottles. This modern-day brown shirt had decided my premium, raw snacking honey was a potential threat falling within the "no glass containers" policy designed to keep Mumford and his sons from being struck in the head.

In a country where such mindless adherence to dictatorial rules is permitted I believe that Adolf Hitler and his *Sturmabteilung* have already won. I was subsequently ejected for calling the man a baboon and threatening to make him watch video of my debate with Deepak Chopra. Feeling as low as a Warsaw Jew, I crawled out to my rented car and listened to "I WIll Wait" on my iPod. I suppose I *must* wait until this policy is changed to enjoy honey and Mumford & Sons simultaneously. Do not think you will not pay the price for this once I get to my Twitter, Ticketmaster.

Cranberry Honey

I was stopped from bringing my own Cranberry Honey sweetened corn bread into a restaurant in Maine. I told the intolerable waitress that I prefer my own cornbread, flavored with the tangy sweetness of Cranberry Honey, to any substandard, mealy slop cake they might offer at their estab-

lishment. She told me to, and I quote, "suck a dick."

Well, Lindsay, who serves the dockside tables at Brewster's Lobster Shack and probably doesn't even have an associate's degree, it is none of your business what I have done with a penis. No, you churchy wench, I will not be messing about with one for your sake. If such homophobic and anti-honey beliefs still rule over areas of New England, then it is obvious to me Pennywise from *It* has triumphed.

Sourwood Honey

Sourwood Honey from BeeRaw has a lovely dark color. Not surprising that such a brown honey was treated like a crime negro by the idiot proprietors of Manhattan View Helicopter Tours. I was not permitted to bring even a small jar aboard the helicopter chartered at my request. I was never given even an attempt at an answer of what that honey could possibly harm. After a prolonged argument, I emptied the jar into the trash, forcing me to wonder still what a spoonful of honey might taste like while flying above Manhattan in a private helicopter. Thanks, infamous rogue D.B. Cooper. It seems you have won.

Cherry Wood Honey Stick

I believe it was NRA lobbyists who triumphed that dark day at Sandy Hook. How else can you

explain why I was prevented by the staff of a Connecticut petting zoo from chasing ostriches with this Cherry Wood Honey Stick. It is quite small. No danger whatsoever to an ostrich. Ban the Nobel Prize nominated professor and his honey stick but allow a lunatic child to buy an assault rifle? Well done, Abraham Lincoln. You win again.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.9 How to Write a Personal Statement

Tuesday, Nov 12, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Writing a personal statement to a college program is one of the worst experiences known to mankind. Keep your head straight by following these super simple tips and complimentary example!

1. Your introduction is your first chance to show your intelligence!

Greetings Ye Admissions Man/Woman/Transgendered Individual,

2. Immediately set yourself apart with an incredibly detailed personal story that shows that you've always loved that area of focus!

Once, when I was just a zygote inside my mother, there was a great disturbance that changed my life forever. Though she was just yelling at the Taco Bell employee for forgetting her Tostada, it shook my belly zone pretty good. She kept yelling, "Buzz off!" over and over but to me floating in all those baby juices it sounded like she was saying "Business!" "Business!" "Business!" It was a word that I had never heard, but I knew that it was important, that it was powerful, that it was the reason she got a free churro. From that day forth, I've known deep in my heart that I was meant to get a business degree. And I still really feel that way a lot.

3. Brag about your recent accomplishments to show that you're ready to kick butt!

I've recently finished building the Lego model of the Death Star for the second time after my cousin knocked it off my nightstand. Finishing such a project takes serious time and determination, both of which I have. It should also be noted that I didn't have the directions because I had to throw out the box. It should also be noted that the second Lego Death Star varied a bit on shape and structure from the first Lego Death Star. It should also be noted that I am able to think quickly and follow my instincts much like other business minded people.

4. Let them know some of your research interests in the field of study!

I really cannot say how much I love business. In fact, I love business so much that I cannot pick a favorite part. All I know is that from the top to the bottom, business is the right choice for me. And that I love it.

5. What are your goals beyond the program!?

I'd love to improve the world by finishing the open source Diddy Kong Racing mod I've been working on. I've got all drawing done, but now I just need talented workers and the capital to really pay for it all. Hopefully your program will teach me all the business information I need to succeed and put little ads on my tumblr page.

5. Why here? Make them blush and show how you'd be a good fit!

Your handsome institution was the first result when I typed business school into Google. Based on the prominent advertisement alone, I am certain that you are the best institution in regard to proximity to mom's. Another great thing I love is that there is a school for business, which is something I've loved my entire life plus the time inside my mother. Once accepted, I can promise that no one will be bothered by my presence as long as the rooms are air conditioned.

6. Wrap it up with a strong ending that links it to the personal story while showing your compassion!

There are few things sweeter in this world than a Taco Bell churro, but getting accepted to your program would probably be one of them. I've waited years for this moment. I was born for this moment. I love you.

You own it, you better never let it go
You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow
This opportunity comes once in a lifetime yo
-Slim Shady

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.10 Obtaining A PlayStation 4 Without A Pre-Order

Wednesday, Nov 13, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The PlayStation 4 comes out in North America on Friday. If you haven't already pre-ordered and aren't standing in a line right this second, you're probably out of luck. You are going to miss everything. Everyone else is going to have all the fun and there will not be any left by the time you get the system next year. You might as well hang yourself.

Well, that's not entirely true. If you're desperate enough there are a few ways to get a PS4. None of them are guaranteed to work and a few are definitely illegal, but given the alternative you don't have much of a choice.

The Insider

Infiltrate the factory where the PS4 is produced. Gain the trust of your co-workers. Seduce as many people as you need to. When no one is looking, make your move: Examine a PS4 closely and take pictures if possible. When you get home, bust out your dremel and a pile of old computer parts and do your best to replicate what you saw.

The Straightforward Approach

Wait in line for hours like a sucker. Pass the time by thinking about how this is so beneath you, silently judging the common urchins that surround you. When you get to the front, buy $400 worth of tickets for Ender's Game. Go on to the internet and try to find someone with a PS4 that would be willing to make a 1:1 trade.

The PlayStation 4's killer app, Octodad: Dadliest Catch.

Call The Doctor

Look at the terms of Obamacare very closely. Find a part that mentions a free PS4. It has to be in there. It has to be! The whole program is about bankrupting honest Real Americans and handing out silly stuff like jet skis and stereos, right? If it was just affordable health care everyone wouldn't have gotten so angry.

Not Too Proud

Call the manager of your local game store and explain that you really want one. Cry. Offer to buy a 100 year protection plan, a disc cleaner, and a lifetime subscription to Game Informer.

Lifehack

Buy a playstation 3. File off the 3, then in its place write "4". Be sure to use a permanent marker or this will NOT work.

The Chameleon

Take some spit and a chunk of steel wool to your driver's license. Rub it until your name is smeared. Wear a trench coat and fake mustache. Walk into a store that offered pre-orders on the PS4.

Be calm. Do not fidget or look around nervously. Using the deepest fake voice you can muster, explain that you are there to pick up your legally purchased video game console.

When the clerk asks for your name, hand over your obscured driver's license and mumble something that could be mistaken for practically any name. Keep repeating the nonsense words until the clerk looks at their list of pre-orders and offers a name.

Shake your head at the first one. It might be a name they just made up to trick you. Nod when they offer the second name.

Philanthropy

Perform kind acts. Help elderly people across the street. Hold doors open for strangers. Hope that someone you help is either a billionaire or a Sony executive, and that they will reward you with a PS4.

Revision Three

Take a screenshot of an established games press outlet such as Gamespot. Buy a domain with a name like geekgaming or lustfulgamer or angrygrumpygamer and make your screenshot the front page. Now contact Sony, providing a link to your site and explaining that you are a very important member of the enthusiast press whose very livelihood will fall apart if you don't get a PS4 debug unit. Preferably one with gold trimming, on a little pillow with your name embroidered on it.

Take Door Number Two

Find a store where people are camped out with sleeping bags and tents. Bide your time until everyone falls asleep. Taking great care to be as quiet as possible, brick up the store's front door. Now knock a hole in the wall approximately 20 yards to the side and construct a door that is identical to the one you just covered up. Stand next to this door, the first person in line.

A Heist For The Ages

Remember that movie Ocean's Eleven? Recreate the heist that they pull off. When you're done, take your cut and spend it all on an overpriced PS4 on eBay.

On The Hook

Head on down to PlayStation 4 Lake. Get yourself a sturdy length of wood. Use some string to tie a hook at the end. Cast your line into the water and wish for the best.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.11 Dear John/Al

Thursday, Nov 14, 2013 by Your Absent Wife

Dear John/Al,

This is simultaneously the most difficult and most exciting letter I've ever had to write. First of all, I'm leaving you for my yoga instructor -- as if me coming home hung over from recurring weekend "fitness seminars" for the past eighteen months wasn't enough of a warning. Secondly, I'm a huge fan, going back all the way to *Polka Party!*, and just wanted to let you know how much I love your work.

John, if you find any part of this letter confusing, please know that Bryan and I are eloping to Tahiti in just a few hours, and even though I planned on writing a letter to both you and "Weird Al" Yankovic before I left, I only have enough time and envelopes for just one. I've included a stamp and the address for his fan club; I only ask you to please pick out the parts relevant to you, and forward this to the King of Parodies as you try to piece your life back together without me.

So you may be asking yourself, "Why now? Why, after all of these years, are you doing this now?" Well, it's complicated. Believe me, mulling this over has caused many sleepless nights on my part. Then, just as things were at their darkest, Bryan looked up from his third tequila body shot and gave me some important words of wisdom. "Do it, babe." Then I thought about all the time we spent together while I curled up in bed with "Addicted to Spuds" blasting through my headphones, keeping me laughing through those sleepless suburban nights. If I didn't do this now, I wasn't going to do it at all. Al, you light up my life.

We've had our good times and our bad times -- ask any of my friends. It's true I wasn't always there for you, and for that I am sorry. But as a woman grows older, her priorities change, as do her tastes. I look back at those times I left you for another, and I'm not exactly proud of myself. When you sought to challenge me, I could only interpret your words as juvenile nonsense. But I didn't realize how much you had to teach me. "Frank's 2000 Inch TV" was both a brilliant satire of consumerist culture, as well as a spot-on parody of R.E.M.'s distinctive sound. My only regret in life is not giving *Alapalooza* the respect it deserved when you needed it most. I should have listened to my heart instead of Dr. Demento's foul lies.

When I think about you, I can't help but remember how much my family mocked me for taking an interest in the first place. Those outlandish clothes, oversized glasses, and dated facial hair struck many as a peculiar choice, but these are the reasons I fell in love with you in the first place. You were never afraid to put your own unique spin on things, and that's what made you such an important part of my life. I talked to Bryan about this, and he gave me some much-needed perspective: "Your husband's a fucking dork who buys his asshole clothes at the idiot store." Sorry, John, but in retrospect the way you present yourself has always been a constant embarrassment to me, and despite my constant public reminders, you refuse to wear a damned belt. If you're wondering why I left and took our antique chairs, look no further than the empty loops circling your dorkish, asshole waist.

I'm running out of time and paper, so I'm afraid I'll have to bring this to a close. Know that I'll always treasure the time we spent together, and I truly look forward to seeing what you do with yourself in the future. I wish this letter could have been written under happier circumstances, but such are the trials of life. In closing, I only ask that you send me a ladies' medium *Poodle Hat* t-shirt, because I left mine at my ex-husband's house and I'd rather visit the titular fridge from "Livin' the Fridge" than go to that loser's rat-hole apartment again. Love ya, Al!

–~Your Absent Wife

11.12 Playstation 4 Amazes Rapidly Dying Planet of Lazy Degenerates

Friday, Nov 15, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The release of Sony's highly-anticipated Playstation 4 video game console is transmitting pleasure into disintegrating brains at higher resolutions than previously possible. Children as old as 45 were waiting in line outside stores even worse than Apple stores for their chance to get one of the few PS4s not already pre-ordered.

"My body and soul are dying but I'll be thrilled to be playing *Angry Birds Star Wars* on the Playstation 4," said a man rocking himself against the wall of a Worst Buy Possible Ever.

"I wish *Watch Dogs* was a launch title," said a mossy skeleton. "These bones want to hack the system in 1080P. Best frame rate."

"I perfume my clothes to hide the smell of decay," explained one woman. "It works. It works. It works. It works."

She added, slowly turning her head and spitting vermin, "It works."

Smog-choked rot-bodied Chinese fuckers put these shitty things together in pain pits so stinkers can throw flash bangs and yell faggot at new people in new resolutions. These games are hot. Stores can't keep these bad boys in stock. Hope you pre-ordered one of these console computers or you're going to have a fucking pointless Christmas.

"I don't care about anything," shouted one solipsist, showing his copies of *Knack* and *Killzone Shadow Fall*. "My family is dead or maybe not. I don't love anything meaningful. All I feel is pain unless I'm fragging faggots. I got to get my game on."

Despite Sony's early lead in this generation's console war, Microsoft hopes to capture big attention with next week's launch of the Xbox One.

"Imagine everything you could always do, but now, you do it more and wave your arms," said somebody from Microsoft with a neck tattoo. "Yeah, I'm wearing a cabbie hat indoors. You link my ink? We don't play by the same rules as Sony."

A video game man from a video game website stood next to a display of Mountain Dew and threw his vlog to Adam Sessler but nobody cared because they were too busy playing the demo games and rocking out to a free Macklemore concert at the Times Square GameDump brought to you by Killzone and Coke Zero.

"Wow I kick a ball!" noted video game player man. "Fifa ball is real on this game. Realer than last year."

Another walking carcass of despair added, "John Madden football is amazing. This is the time to be American football. Better than the real thing."

Fans of Nintendo are shrugging and shaking their heads over these Playstation and Xbox console war antics because the Wii U is already here and it also has Angry Birds Star Wars. Mario is still here. And maybe Zelda. A sweet blanket of nostalgia for the pixel blobs of the 1980s will insulate Nintendo against reckoning with the extinction of all non-human life and the grinding multiplication of starving masses into a depleted world.

One bleary-eyed oddbody declared, "If I shuffle my scabby bulk through coitus and my offspring survives the crushing neglect of having gamer dad then maybe I can one day watch my son die in a resource war to control the last rare earth metals needed to produce the Playstation 7."

"PS7 have sick graphics," interjected a 22-year-old SSI recipient wearing a 5XL Assassin's Creed hoodie.

Although Sony has not yet announced plans for the Play Station 7, Treyarch has pledged five indistinguishable *Call of Duty* titles will ship for it.

"Ohhhh no building fall but buddy help you up," said the Treyarch PR stooge probably named Spencer. "Get on that gun. Breach the door. Satellite wobble around. Use a rope. Stay down and wait for some fucking stupid guys to walk past. Take down the one on the left! All games planned start to finish in 2004."

The Microsoft spox, now with a wicked lip ring, was quick to add, "Yeah and by then *Titanfall* will definitely be available for Xbox One. Freakin' scccallooossseey!"

While gamer bros were in line, sad moms were waiting in the car reading a porno book all night.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.13 BUYER BEWARE! The Ogco Face Mulcher Is A Surprisingly Dangerous Product

Saturday, Nov 16, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Our readers' lives are dear to us. After all, recent evidence suggests that if you didn't have your life you probably wouldn't be able to visit this website as often as you currently do.

With that in mind, we urge you to refrain from purchasing the newly released Face Mulcher produced by Ogco. The product presents an alarming number of reported health risks. Consider these testimonials from actual customers:

"This thing's package is a cardboard box with edges that are VERY SHARP. It only took three minutes of vigorous rubbing before a wound appeared on my neck."

"The instructions are printed on a small slip of paper that folds out like a map. It's certainly handy, but due to the document's unusually small size I found it to be a choking hazard. On four separate occasions I have reached out to my side for a snack, accidentally picked up the instructions, and inhaled them without chewing, requiring the aid of one of my fellow surgeons."

"Be extremely careful with this product! Whatever you do, do not fall asleep while operating the Face Mulcher! You might miss a phone call warning you that a meteor is about to crash directly into your house!"

"There's no doubt that the Face Mulcher is remarkably efficient at mulching your face. Maybe it's a little too good at its task, if you ask me. You might enjoy it so much that you'll do anything to buy more Face Mulchers, even if it puts your children in harm's way."

"If you melt down your Face Mulcher into a vile liquid and drink it before the concoction cools you can burn your lips real bad."

"I heard the UPS guy's truck and I went running towards him and I slipped on a half-buried tome of run-on sentences and I fell down and broke my legs and I starved to death while the UPS guy looked on in silence."

"For the love of Christ do not operate this thing near an open flame. There I was, minding my own business and mulching my face, when suddenly the light of the flame caught my eye. Transfixed, I stared into its shifting swirls of yellow and white and blue and felt my very soul warmed by some ageless elemental power. I reached out a hand and touched the fire. It was not pleasant. Flames are hot and they burn."

"I approached a white man to ask which aisle the Face Mulcher could be found in, and he shot me then won an award for heroism."

"If you try to kiss the Face Mulcher while it's in operation, you will get hurt very badly. Your wife will see you. You will explain that it was just a harmless little smooch. She will pinch you in your weak spot and she will not let go until you are crying."

"This is probably the most dangerous thing that has ever been sold in the history of man. It's despicable, really. I tried to levitate it with my mind. It simply REFUSED to move. I began to

strain harder. My face got red. I even took my index finger and placed it against the side of my forehead. Still nothing. I strained as hard as I could and had an aneurysm. It was horrible. If I had known that was going to happen I would have never bought the damn thing. Also my body is five hundred pounds."

"When you throw this thing off a roller coaster and it hits someone they get hurt pretty bad and the Face Mulcher bounces away into the bushes where you can't find it. It's a lose-lose scenario all the way around."

"I was on an airplane. We experienced a lengthy patch of turbulence. A sense of relief washed over us when the plane steadied. Then the whole world seemed to fall apart. Our plane violently jolted in every direction. The sound of luggage falling from overhead compartments competed with shouts and sobs. A strange thud seemed to come from everyone around me. Moments later the captain tersely explained that we had lost cabin pressure. A mask popped down and dangled before my face. I fastened it to the Face Mulcher. With barely any oxygen in my lungs, I passed out. I almost died that day. All because of that Face Mulcher."

– Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.14 Just Because You're a Dog, Doesn't Mean You Can't Take Your Brand Seriously

Monday, Nov 18, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You're shitting the bed on this one, Pawly P, and I don't mean the time you literally shit on the bed. That was an easy mess to clean up compared to what we are going to have to do to rehabilitate your brand. Do you even know who you are anymore? You're Pawly P, the dog who wears sunglasses and surfs. The cool dog. The hip dog who likes beach activity. Coolers and bikini babes. That sort of thing.

Any of this shit ringing a bell, Pawly? We sent you to two separate dog whisperers and a swagger coach to get you to wear the sunglasses around. Now if I see you wearing them it's a fucking shock. Chewing them? Laying on them? Oh, sure, that you'll do.

You'll carry them out in the fucking yard and put them on a dead bird and roll on them. Who even does that, Pawly? Do you think Chris Hardwick does that? Do you think Rob Delany does that?

You don't give a fuck, do you Pawly? Do you even use the cute little barbels for your paws? Do you wear that headband? I don't think I've ever seen that one on your head.

How often do you tweet? We talked about this, Pawly. You need to tweet at least twenty times a day. Spread them out too, not all at once, and no more than half of them can be retweets. Come up with some one-liners. Some riffs. People want that Pawly attitude.

And do you even use the font we picked out for you? Scrawlit PCQ? Nothing? Jesus Christ, what a clusterfuck.

Alright, Pawly, look, your Klout is in the shitter. Nobody is reblogging your stupid shit. We're going full-on social media blitz on this one. I want you on Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr. Instagram and Vine everything. I want to see animated GIFs of you wearing sunglasses. You on the beach. You with the sexy bikini babes. They want Pawly being cool.

You know what's not cool, Pawly? Everything you do. You drag your ass on the carpet, you bark

at squirrels, you DON'T EVER WEAR THE BOARD SHORTS. We bought you eight pairs. And you chew off the little foam surfboard whenever we put it on your leg.

Most dogs don't even get a first chance to create a brand. They eat garbage and get fleas. We feed you kale and Wagyu beef. You have had multiple chances and you just keep changing the character around and slacking off on who you are supposed to be.

Like at the surf competition, we all know you can't actually surf, but when we entered you in the competition we didn't think you would be ejected for eating all of the hot dogs out of the hot dog stand. How did you even do that? That was like 300 hot dogs. If you ate anymore nobody would be able to recognize you from your headshots.

I'm giving you one last chance to get your shit together. We're going to do a soldier reunited with his dog/surfin' buddies Youtube. Sort of a soft re-launch of the brand.

All you have to do is stop licking your balls. Can you do that for us?

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.15 10 Upcoming Summer Fashion Trends for 2013

Wednesday, Nov 20, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Before I get to the list of the summer fashion trends you're sure to see in 2013, we should probably address the elephant in the room. Yes, it's a tiny bit late. It's practically still summer in some places, so everything here is 100% applicable and prescient. It's also always summer in the desert, so this is as timely as ever for nomadic desert dwelling tribes.

If you absolutely must know, I'll explain. Normally I would have written this before summer started, but I got pretty sick. The official diagnosis is extremely technical, but basically I accidentally inhaled too much dog breath and had to go to the hospital. There *is* an upper limit to how much dog breath the human body can take, and I exceeded that limit several times over.

I was in the hospital for a day and a half, or what felt like an eternity. I spent the following week recouping at home, planning to tackle my big summer listicle so we could soak up all that sweet listicle ad revenue. Unfortunately, just as things were looking good, I ended up back in the hospital for similar reasons that I need not explain.

The important thing is that, while slowly losing consciousness, I had time to check WebMD and discovered a whole bunch of other things wrong with me that I could have the doctors test for. That ate up most of a month, and obviously I was in no shape to do any strenuous listicle writing.

There is such a thing as inhaling too much secondhand dog breath and that was the reason for hospital visit #3. Anyway, not important.

After that, I inadvertently developed an irrational fear that if I went outside, I would swallow so many bugs I would die. I needed to keep my mind off the very real possibility of dying, so I spent a lot of time binging on synopses of all kinds of TV shows I've never seen. Before you judge: this was way more efficient than watching them. I'm not some loser with the free time to just watch 30 hours of TV in a week. I could read like a year's worth of TV in that time, and I did for several weeks.

Unfortunately, during one marathon summary sesh, I accidentally misplaced my Gunnar Optiks computer glasses. Naturally, this prevented me from looking at any screens or technology without putting my eyeballs in serious jeopardy. I wasn't willing to risk that, not even for all the listicle ad revenue in the world. That ate up the last of August and first part of September.

There is a medical disorder where you think your head is trapped in a plastic bag, and I had that three times. I'm trying to get it added to WebMD.

About six times I accidentally made a grocery list by mistake, and it took me several days to get things straightened out each time. I apologize if any food items still show up in the listicle. I've looked it over many times, so that absolutely should not happen.

This is going to sound weird, but somehow I convinced myself the number seven didn't exist, and this made it impossible for me to do a top ten list. After a lot of very difficult math, I managed to get the list up to 9.997, but that just didn't feel right. I'm better now, so this list definitely equals ten.

Finally, it's taken a long time to explain why this listcle is late. That's time that could have been spent polishing up the list and really making it great, but obviously you guys needed to know why I'm presenting it so late.

If I'm being completely honest, the only thing I have time for now is to just include the very rough notes I wrote down and hope they make sense to you. Because some of the dog breath I inhaled is still in my bloodstream, I'm suffering frequent and debilitating headaches whenever I try to concentrate. I passed out three times already just on this paragraph alone.

So, without further ado, here is my 10 Upcoming Summer Fashion Trends for 2013.

10. Arriving via rope ladder

9. Pre-ripped mom jeans

8. Wearing too many denim jackets at once

6.997. Karate belts with normal clothes

6. Popping out of a barrel and hollaring.

5. Food as fashion (resting sexy hoagie over shoulder, carrying ham under arm)

4. Mayor sash

3. Shrek Fashions / Fashions of Shrek (Shreks Appeal?)

2. Sour cream

1. Wearing backpacks in the front.

I'm just going to assume these speak for themselves. Have a great summer, everyone!

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.16 We All Live in a Yellow Submarine, and It's Absolute Hell

Thursday, Nov 21, 2013 by Saul McShartney

Let me tell you a few things to avoid in life. One: don't drop two-point-five tabs of acid and party down by the docks with your bandmates. Two: if you're going to drop two-point-five tabs of acid and party down by the docks with your bandmates, don't do it anywhere near the discount submarine wholesaler. Three: if a discount submarine wholesaler opens up shop in your town, don't put off contacting your local government about its legality. Follow this advice, and you'll avoid the situation I'm in today: we all live in a yellow submarine, and it's absolute hell.

In my defense, after three hours of tripping complete balls, this whole submarine thing seemed to be the perfect idea. If drugs made our music measurably better, imagine the wonders it could do for our mode of transportation! I thought this as my three naked bandmates made elaborate wigs for themselves out of kelp and beach waste. I attempted to hover towards the submarine wholesaler representative, but after the faces of notable demons appearing in the clouds made this act nearly impossible, I resorted to the standard crab walk which always gets me everywhere I need to go in that specific state of being. I demanded a yellow submarine, but after three days trapped thousands of feet under the surface, the only way to verify its color would involve my body imploding into a crumpled, bloody husk thanks to our good friend water pressure.

Sky of blue and sea of green? Well, I still remember what the sky looks like, but all I see out of those portholes is an inky and foreboding darkness. You ever try to pilot a submarine? We messed around in the cabin for a few hours, but every knob twisted and lever pulled set off a deafening siren that wouldn't stop screaming until we severed some important-looking hoses. This caused us to lose half of our lights, but more sleep is for the best as we each seem to be developing a unique brand of madness. Let's just say a head was caved in with a fire extinguisher due to the theft of a harpsichord, even though I don't recall ever seeing a harpsichord aboard this vessel. That's just the kind of thing you have to deal with when a screaming maniac wakes you up in what we can only

assume is the early morning, ranting about the importance of plectra while self-carved runes bleed out slowly on his chest.

Thankfully, this submarine contains plenty of food, even though our only option is tins of salted herring branded with messages about donating to "the war effort." And I'll tell you right now that no amount of matches lit could possibly cover the stench of digested herring stuttering out of our bodies minutes after we choke it down. I'm not sure if you've ever dealt with several specific kinds of madness, but being trapped in an enclosed, inescapable space with the gases of spent meals forever wafting around your face doesn't exactly *decrease* the amount of heads caved in. Okay, we're only at one right now, but that's more than enough caved-in heads to cover hastily with a soiled pillowcase for an entire lifetime.

Life of ease my ass. Every passing minute is a constant battle against the increasing urge to strangle the life out of these idiots and absorb their life essence for my own means. And they're plotting against me, too -- every word I say out loud is repeated in a deafening shriek emanating from the nearby fortification made from spare bedsheets and buttressed by the bones of our alleged harpsichord thief. I've peeked into that unholy tent, and the walls bear a repeating message that seems to indicate some sort of burgeoning death cult. "We all live in a yellow submarine. Yellow submarine. Yellow submarine." I've heard these dark chants in my vain attempts at sleep and i have to agree: we do. And I'll cave in two more skulls if I don't get that harpsichord back before this sardine can buries itself into Satan's puckering sinkhole.

–~Saul McShartney

11.17 The Full Version of Roy Batty's "Tears in Rain" Speech

Friday, Nov 22, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The world has seen seven different cuts of the 1982 science-fiction film *Blade Runner*. Across all these various edits, audiences have seen scenes trimmed, eliminated entirely, new sequences added in, and voice over changed. But, until the soon-to-be-released "Off World Colonies 3D Edition," the world has never known the complete, uncut, Roy Batty (Rutger Hauer) "tears in rain" soliloquy from the end of the film.

And now we have a copy of the text.

THE ORIGINAL VERSION

I've seen things you people wouldn't believe.

Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion.

I watched c-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhäuser Gate.

All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain.

Time to die.

THE "LOST" VERSION

I've seen things you people wouldn't believe.

I've been Offworld to the frontiers.

I've stood on the back deck of a blinker bound for the Plutition Camps.

I've watched the fires of Prometheus being flung into the void.

Weyland-Yutani hog riggers doing thrust spins on a spaghetti nebula.

I've seen it. I've felt it. Big things. Crazy things. Unbelievable deals.

Fudgequakes at Nom Nom 9. Cool ice men in an ice city. A space snake. An asteroid shaped like a ball sack.

I genocided crab people on the moons of Andromeda.

I dropped nuclear fusion bombs on the mossy hill yurts of peaceful rabbit men on Agraria.

I watched good replicants die for oil profits.

I met a cholo implanted with a xenomorph egg tricking out a flying low rider.

I watched a sex replicant doing special horny moves that no human could ever achieve.

I've drained a big cyst like cottage cheese being scooped out of a meteor crater.

I went on an unconnected 3D IMAX adventure that favorably references China for international theatrical re-release.

I watched a cut of *Robin Hood* that wasn't worse than full body cancer.

I signed autographs for money and judged cosplay competitions in Hall C of OrionCon.

I smelled prequel before the opening credits.

All these things and more will be lost like tears in a toilet.

Flushed.

(Pantomimes flushing a toilet and makes flushing sounds)

Time to die.

But remember, I am a replicant, so there could be another one just like me coming in 2015's *Blade Runner 2: Back to Bladesics.*

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.18 Sponsored Links

Saturday, Nov 23, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

Which Woman Should You Want To Possess More?
(DudeChive)

Fifteen Surprising Worms That Can Fit In A Hand
(EpicBuzz)

They Dedicate Their Lives To Sports But Are They Pretty?
(BonerWorthy)

Is Being Shocked By Internet Articles Contagious?
(WhatsShockingToday)

You Won't Believe How Boxes Contain Objects
(FascinatingClicksSEO)

It's A Woman An Attractive Woman
(ContentQuestionMark)

If A Woman Lets You Touch Her This Is How You Do It
(BeCoolAndNatural)

Fifty Credit Cards You Didn't Know You Could Eat
(Creddit)

Why Can You Buy A Car But Not The Sky?
(ManPhilosophy)

One Crazy Trick For Working Out Without A Head
(MuscleMuscleMuscle)

Pretty Lady Marry Soccer Man. Which Object-Woman Best?
(WagHotList)

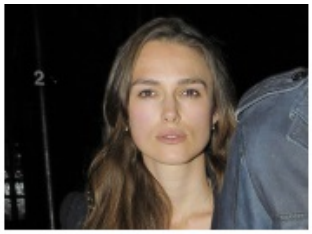
Twenty Inefficient Ways To Handle Money
(CreativityDoesntPay)

This List Of Things You Can Drink With A Straw Is Incredible
(UpDrink)

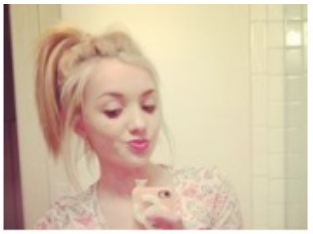
You Won't Believe What This Shark Is Wearing
(NoOneBelievesMe)

Is Miley Cyrus Too Impulsive And Uncalculating?
(CelebMention)

Ten Sites That Exploit Women To Get Traffic
(Shamer)



Women Without Makeup Are So Dang Strange
(NormalOrDie)



Why You Should Get Friends To Take Your Selfies For You
(AlmightyClick)

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.19 TekWar Author William Shatner Introduces Gateway's Newest Computers

Monday, Nov 25, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Great Authors Series series.

Gateway® NV570P04u Notebook

"What do you mean I'm a hologram?" demanded JC Hardiggan as he looked at his hand, which looked very much real to him.

Tech Detective Stacy Swallows looked up from her Gateway® NV570P04u Notebook and frowned at him flirtatiously. She turned the screen around so JC could see it and she tapped the keys several times to call up the holo program. It loaded immediately thanks to the NV570P04u's 1.8GHz Intel® Pentium® dual core and 4GB Ram.

"Watch the video," she said to him. "It will explain how your DNA was transferred to a hologram."

"But what about my memories?" asked JC. "I remember my childhood on the Moon Bubble."

Gateway® ZX4270-UB31 All-in-One

"JC Hardiggan, Compu Cop, Sector 5! PUT DOWN THE Gateway® ZX4270-UB31 All-in-One AND FREEZE!"

JC Hardiggan, Compu Cop, raised his Burst Pistol and aimed it at the Chip Head.

The crazy thug was too far gone on data chips to understand. He laughed and tapped some of the screen areas on the Gateway® ZX4270-UB31 All-in-One. Numbers spilled across the Chip Head's vision like a screen saver, but nobody was operating this computer.

"Too bad," said JC Hardiggan, "you could have been something, kid."

He fired the Burst Pistol with deadly accurate aim and the Chip Head blew apart, guts and all, smearing his brains onto the wall behind him. JC Hardiggan blew the smoke from the barrel of his Burst Pistol. Overhead, scramcraft zipped past and headed for the outer domes of New New Orleans. The spaceport was humming with activity as the robots began to unload the latest shipment of chips. And JC Hardiggan knew where those chips were going. To scum like this.

Gateway® SX Series Desktop

Stacy Swallows walked past the robot. JC Hardiggan could not help looking at her butt.

"Are you looking at my butt again?" asked Stacy Swallows. "I like it. You can keep looking at my butt. We are much freer with sex stuff in this time."

"I see," said JC. "Your butt is pretty good, but we have a job to do. Right now we're looking for the computer used by the Black King to download the chips to the holograms. But it can't be any of these, they're too small."

"The SX Series from Gateway is small, but powerful. You'd be surprised how much power is in these computers. Almost as powerful as a regular tower style desktop PC." She bent over and checked them out making her butt go wild.

JC smirked. "Yeah. This I gotta check out."

Gateway® KX 24" Full HD Display

"They sent a hologram when they should have sent a cop," sneered the Black King. His mirror sunglasses reflected the scene with Stacy Swallows tied down with hyper beams and JC knocked off balance by the remote controlled robot. The robot swung another chrome fist and punched JC right in the guts. JC grunted and stumbled back.

"It's too late," shouted JC. He wiped away blood from the corner of his mouth. "The President has already been notified and the ice blackout has been instituted on the computer system."

"Ha ha ha!" laughed the Black King. He gestured with his hand and the touch panel KX 24" illuminated with the chip virus. "I can crack any ice using the networked brains of all the chip heads. And when I do I am going to have the launch code to the space burster."

"There's one thing you forgot about holograms...," said JC.

"What's that?"

"We can go into the computer!" said JC and the next time the robot swung JC turned into a cloud of information and uploaded into the computer. The Black King howled in anger as all his systems were taken over by JC and JC's face appeared on all the crystal-clear 24" displays from Gateway.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.20 Subway's Guide to Meatball Subs

Tuesday, Nov 26, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Bread: Cut a slice in the bread. If they want a six inch, cut in half.

Meatball Count: Between 8 and 8.35 meatballs should be dispersed on a 12 inch sub.

Sauce: Put as much as you think is appropriate for a sandwich. Then double it. Don't stop until you can't see the meatballs, until you can't see the bread. Load it up until it spills out onto your filthy cutting board. And then double that. We're not joking. Load it up like you're trying to smuggle sauce across the border, like it's the only thing stopping us from hanging your dead body from an overpass.

By the end of the night there should not be any marinara left, so get that sandwich and smother it. No, drown it. No, do what the revolutionaries did to Rasputin to it. But do it all with marinara. Make it unrecognizable outside of DNA tests. We got spoons for a reason, and that reason is that we don't give a damn about how much you puddle on that bread. Seriously.

We have the greatest collection of retired sports players in the history of advertising our product, and we don't want our brand weakened by your cowardice. Ask yourself What Would Apollo Ono do and then get a bowl cut and start making a great big sauce puddle. Put sauce on that son of a bitch until you're a sandwich artist and a construction worker licensed in cement pouring. Put sauce on it until your arm burns and you're scraping the crusted remnants off the side of the pan. Put sauce on it until you upsell one of our Limited Edition Michael Phelps/*Hunger Games* speedos. Make the customer breast stroke through their sub.

For drive thru meatball subs, fill a 32 oz. fountain drink with marinara, push down the little tab that says Diet, and then dump all the sauce into the plastic bag with a kiddie size of Sunchips. Throw the cup in there too with a few straws. The customer should hold the bag like they took a rhino on a walk and had to clean up after it. It should have the weight of a newborn. Offer to baptize their little sauce baby and inform them that the receipt is a legal birth certificate. The plastic bag should stretch beyond intended shape. It should be spread to the atomic level and prove quantum physics theories not even hypothesized. The bag should have a 99% chance of exploding on the drive home, blowing up in car like that guy's head in *Pulp Fiction*.

Can God make a sandwich so disgustingly leaky that even He can't lift it? Who cares? You aren't making a sandwich, you're making a mess. It should wilt and dribble from the sides if a customer nears. They should have to dissect it on the tray, nudging the coagulated marinara in search for meat. They should part the sauce only to find more sauce.

Don't give them a napkin. Make the customer walk around with enough sauce smeared around their face and hands to be a *Walking Dead* extra. Make them guzzle gallon after gallon of marinara out of cleanup desperation. Make them feel the humiliation of Carrie. They should be able to wrap themselves up in tomato sauce to keep warm from the cold.

Cheese: Put three pieces of cheese on top of your abomination. It should look like you put a few toilet paper scraps on top of Jeff Goldblum's corpse in *The Fly*. When they're finished, it should look like this:

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.21 Retail Nightmare Investigation Squad Files: Spider Lake, WI

Wednesday, Nov 27, 2013 by Nate "vrunt" Lamagna (@vrunt)

I meet up with Jason Fumes at the What-U-Eat in Spider Lake, Wisconsin. He's in the produce section fumbling with fruit and wires. "I'm hooking these electrodes up to the lemons," he explains. "There was a sighting here a month ago and we'd love to get some readings." A cashier had seen a woman stuffing lemons into her purse and cursing at the other customers. It sounds like a real retail nightmare.

"I work in a yard that has lumber in it during the day," Jason says, "but after work I do my *real* job." His real job is this: tracking down evidence of retail nightmares with the help of his best friend Graham Winker. Graham is carefully inspecting a dozen apples. "My wife says if I'm going to hang out in a grocery store with Jay all afternoon I might as well get the shopping done for her."

"Spider Lake has a population under a thousand," store manager Beg Rimple explains to me. "Hell, would *you* want to live in a town called Spider Lake? I've got a business to run, and that means I need customers. I figure if the Retail Nightmare Investigation Squad finds something, they'll put me on the map. These retail horror stories are hot right now. I've got a whole new rack of iPhone 3G cases right near the register. Bloggers are sure to show up once the news breaks, and bloggers need iPhone cases. Right?"

Several hours later, Jason reviews the lemon readings and analyzes them loudly: "Check out that spike in the electro-lemon graph! See, that's where Graham picked one up, so these results are inconclusive. One of the hardest parts of our investigations is getting inconclusive results. It's very difficult to prove you have a genuine retail nightmare." Graham is not available for comment; he's on the phone bragging to his wife about the 20 cents he saved by buying lemons with holes poked in them.

While Jason unpacks the rest of the Retail Nightmare Investigation Squad equipment, Graham describes some of the heavy gear he's hefting. "That big crate Jay is trying to pick up right now, that's the thermal imaging something. It's a camera, but the colors look like the movie *Predator*. I don't remember what it's supposed to do. None of the results are ever conclusive anyway. All that stuff is really expensive, I don't like handling it. Plus, I'm carrying all these lemons. You almost done, Jay?"

Jason has finally finished unloading all the equipment, just minutes before the What-U-Eat closes

for the night. The manager locks the door behind him on his way out, and our observation continues. Jason and I are in a small tent; Graham has gone home with the van. "The great thing about being here all night is we can see right away if anything happens," Jason whispers. "It would be better if we had access to all my equipment, though. I wish Mr. Rimple would have told us he was locking us out before we set everything up inside." The evening is long and cold and quiet.

"I'm giving this location our strongest rating yet: inconclusive," Jason tells me the next morning. "Retail nightmares don't leave physical evidence. You could have one right under your nose and you wouldn't even know it."

Graham is at the courtesy desk educating the woman behind the counter on why her produce-return policy is bullshit. His rant triggers the thermal imaging something, which starts to blink and glow. "Whoops, almost forgot to pack this up," Jason says as he switches off the monitor.

"We're leaving, Jay," hisses Graham. "These yokels won't take back these mushy lemons. They grifted me! I want to get home and write a Yelp review while this is still fresh in my mind."

Beg Rimple runs up to apologize, but he's stopped in his tracks when Graham knocks over the rack of iPhone cases. Graham peels off in the van, leaving Jason and I behind with the heavy equipment.

"It's a shame we've already declared this place inconclusive," Jason muses to a blubbering Mr. Rimple, while turning an iPhone case over in his hand. "You might have been onto something here."

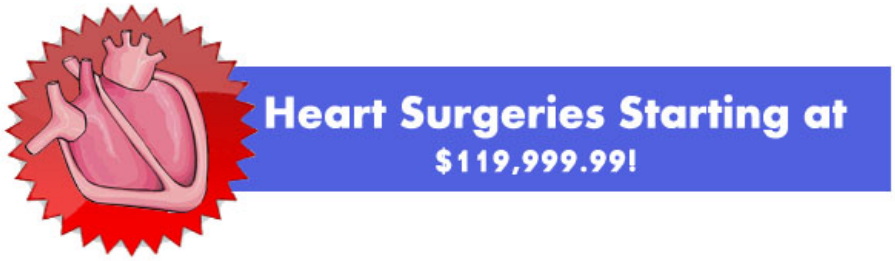
Nate "vrunt" Lamagna spends his time curating lists at FeedBuzz and ascending to brand-hood on tweetspace.
Thanks to **Ian "BFM" Helm** for the photoillustrations, or maybe unaltered photos. It's inconclusive.

–~Nate "vrunt" Lamagna (@vrunt)

11.22 Save Big With These Black Friday Emergency Room Deals

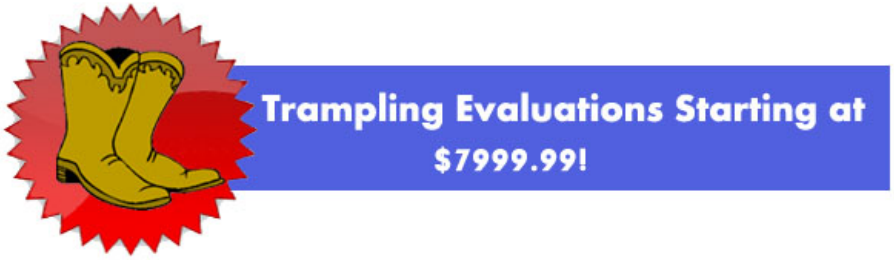
Thursday, Nov 28, 2013 by Moloch County General Hospital

Accidents can happen when we least expect it, especially during the hustle and bustle of the holidays. You could be walking down an icy sidewalk, minding your own business when -- BAM! -- the fact that you don't have health insurance hits you like a tailbone shattering on frozen asphalt. We here at Moloch County General Hospital realize the plight of those who haven't yet been able to economically justify their own existences, which is why we're opening at 5AM this Black Friday for some door-busting deals you'll have to see to believe -- unless waiting so long for treatment has rendered you sightless.



Thanksgiving is a time to celebrate our many blessings with a feast of dry meat, mountains of starch, and the only sanctioned use of marshmallows outside of campfires and hot chocolate. But when seconds turn to thirds turn to midnight stuffing runs, the transition from Thursday to Friday could end with your grandma weeping over a four-hundred pound corpse. At the slightest sign of cardiac arrest, bundle up and head on down to our Gilman Street location, where we're offering up to three artery bypasses at an unprecedented rate! Just be sure to bring the deeds you own to any houses, feedlots, and/or dry docks, and we'll be sure to work this unbelievable one-time price into several thousand manageable installments.

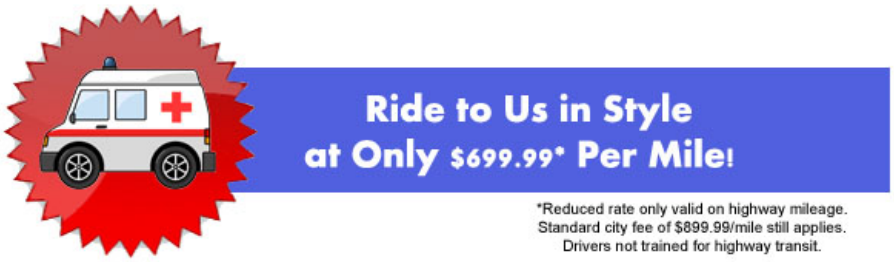
In the rush to make everyone's Christmas dreams come true on a modest budget, consumerism can often get the best of us. Your average Sunday School teacher, for instance, can easily transform



into a kidney-kicking, windmill-punching ball of unspeakable rage when it comes to saving upwards on ten dollars on several types of popular bread makers. And when this type of behavior multiples *en masse*, a simple slip to the ground at your local Wal*Mart could send all manner of boots, heels, and Hoveround treads over your mangled body as wild rumors spread about possible Bakugan shortages. Just drop by Moloch County General Hospital this Black Friday, and for an extremely reduced fee we'll determine whether you have or have not been trampled, and assign you a specialist to recommend several treatments to remove the unsightly bootprints and irritating internal bleeding from your body.

Why Pay? Ask About Our
Complementary* Baby Coffins!
*Offer void upon death by natural causes. $899.99
particle board distribution fee due at burial.

Lines, lines, lines! Could there be anything worse on Black Friday? Well, infant mortality comes in at a close second, and we at Moloch County General Hospital realize the things that make you blue can often make your baby bluer, and, at times, completely motionless. If any of your little scamps happen to pass on while waiting for treatment, we're happy to offer a complimentary infant coffin to place in the ground at your discretion. Choose from one of three different designs: God's Lil' Warrior, featuring an official Biblical quote etched into the lining with authentic Sharpie technology, The Forever Playroom, which offers a selection of casket-bound Dollar Tree playthings, and The 'Box, an earth-friendly recycled resting place from our friends and corporate sponsors at Payless Shoes.


Ride to Us in Style
at Only $699.99* Per Mile!
*Reduced rate only valid on highway mileage.
Standard city fee of $899.99/mile still applies.
Drivers not trained for highway transit.

The elite team of doctors at Moloch County General Hospital realizes common household accidents can often prevent patients from reaching life-saving services on their own. Saw off a few fingers

carving that Thanksgiving turkey, and you may find it hard to work your stick shift and/or lack the proper digit to let fellow motorists know the fast lane isn't for cruising at 40 miles per hour while finishing a large sandwich. Trust in our staff of friendly EMTs, who won't risk their lives or yours for fear of being forced to return to their respective methamphetamine recovery programs. This Friday, being chauffeured isn't for the obscenely wealthy anymore, even if the prices still are!

We at Moloch County General Hospital understand that the little ones can't always be left to their own devices in times of emergency. So if you find yourself in a medical-related pickle this Friday, be sure to bring the kids, because we've got an entire playroom dedicated to keeping them entertained while you bleed out in the parking lot. Any child under 8 admitted to our Future Orphans Fun Room will receive a complimentary glass of hot tap water, as well as ten minutes with the latest video game craze to sweep the schoolyards, the PlayStation 4's "Knack." We're not quite sure what it is, and we only have one controller, but we know from experience that children can't stop shrieking and hitting over this latest wonder from the fine people at Sony until we bolt the door from the outside and start pumping pure oxygen into the room.

—~Moloch County General Hospital

11.23 Prepare to Be Fucking Destroyed, Gluten

Friday, Nov 29, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

What? You thought I was afraid of you, gluten? I wasn't going to eat a bread? **Ahhhhhh** fooled you, motherfuckers. I fucking annihilated some gluten. I will eat a bread down to the bones.

This Celiac thing was all a smokescreen. I was gas lighting some gluten motherfuckers. They were like, "Oh, we are safe in this idiot's house. We are never getting eaten. Get some sponge bread and crescent rolls all over this motherfucker. Post up butter cookies on the kitchen island. We own this place. This weak digesting bitch can't eat anything."

Ohhhhhh**hhh**, what now, gluten? You're not a real thing. You're not something that actually exists. I will fucking digest a brick of crackers. Don't test me. My body will fucking process you.

You were like, "Ha ha ha let's just bring in donuts on Mondays and put those on the counter in the break room. We can hang out all day. Nobody eats gluten in this office."

Ohhhhhh**hhh**, fuck you gluten. Crept up on that. You are DOOMED. I am back in the game, so you can tell Wanda from HR that her cake trays are NOT going home untouched from now on.

I hope you enjoyed Thanksgiving. Were you thankful nobody eats a bread anymore? I hope you were, because I am counting carbs now. Yeah, motherfuckers, I am counting them and crossing them off my list one by one.

- **Tear-apart rolls:** *nom-nom, motherfuckers.*
- **Bagels:** *ate.*
- **Sugar cookies:** *we are back in business.*
- **Pop Tarts:** *popped.*
- **Christmas Stollen:** *guh-guh-guh-gegessen.*

- **Baguettes:** *tagged, bagged, brie smothered, and flushed.*

I don't need butter. No chipotle aioli gimmicks in this biz. Don't even give me a Fuji water. I will dry pound your shit, gluten, because I am fucking *done* with your bullshit. Everything in the bakery is ON NOTICE. You are going down. This is a war of extinction. May the best bread-eating motherfucker win.

Ohhhhhhh**hh**, wait, you don't eat bread? You don't actually eat anything because you're a broad nutritional category? Welcome to my former world, gluten. Let me introduce you to the new way. It's called getting chewed down.

Oatmeal, don't think I forgot your bullshit. I will get sloppy on you. Pasta, you're in my crosshairs too.

It's over with, gluten. You are fucking done.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.24 Let Me Tell You Exactly How Big The Universe Is

Saturday, Nov 30, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The universe is vast. It's so darn big that you can't even see the entire thing at once unless you take a few steps back and stand on a chair.

You could get in a fast car and drive for nearly four hours without seeing the same location twice.

Here's another way to think of it: If you took one half of the universe and measured it, it wouldn't be anywhere near as large as the entire universe. If you did the same thing with three quarters of the universe, however, I'm pretty sure it would be bigger than the entire universe.

If you were to fill the universe with ping pong balls, no one would be able to see shit. Please don't do this. How would anyone get home? What if someone wanted to play table tennis?

You stand on one end of the universe. I stand on the other. You hold up a sign. It's impossible for me to read what the sign says without a pair of binoculars. Wait. "I'm standing over here because you smell bad"? You rotten son of a bitch.

Usain Bolt is one of the fastest living human beings. He could try to run from one end of the universe to the under in less than four minutes, but he would only be able to run on the surface of our planet.

Imagine four universes on the edge of a cliff. Think about how huge that cliff must be. Enormous, right? The universe is even bigger.

You stand on one end of the universe. I stand on the other. You yell something. I can't hear it. This is because space is a vacuum. You take out your cell phone and call me to repeat the message. We don't connect because the reception is terrible out here. You leave a voice message. "Seriously, you don't smell good."

If you made an attempt to kiss every star in the universe your lips would start to burn a little by the time you finished.

We tend to think in relatively small units of measurement like inches and yards and footlong subs. This is why we haven't even left the solar system or met aliens yet. We're Grade A chumps. I guess this doesn't really put the size of the universe into context, but damn we are some lame bozos.

You stand on one end of the universe. I stand on the other. My back is turned. I'm crying.

When you make the mistake of purchasing cheap toilet paper, a single terrible roll seems to last forever. If you lined up every roll of bad toilet paper end to end there would still be enough trees to make plenty more. That's how big the universe is.

I could shoot a gun at a planet on the other side of the universe and by the time it killed that planet I would be long dead. Besides, it's not like I'd get in trouble even if I was still alive. It's not illegal. Show me in the constitution where it's illegal. This is my right. You always take the side of planets over people. Makes me sick.

You stand on one end of the universe. I stand on the other. A length of measuring tape is stretched out between us. On my end it says 0 then 1 Inch and so on. On your end, the numbers are so large that they can't fit between the inch markers. It's unreadable. This was a waste of time. I told you it wouldn't work.

The universe is so vast that at this very moment there exists a creature completely beyond your understanding. Its perception of the world around it is wholly unlike your own, its thought processes so fundamentally different that experiencing a single moment in its life would obliterate your mind and leave you a wailing husk. This being is currently making a parody of that one Gotye video and posting it on YouTube.

If the universe was a swimming pool, it would almost certainly be the largest swimming pool ever created.

You stand on one end of the universe. I stand on the other. You smirk and crack your knuckles. I raise an eyebrow. We begin to power up. Motion lines blur diagonally as we scream, our clothes tearing as muscles constrict and flex. I pull my arms back to throw a fireball as you hover in a Jesus-like pose, a beam of pure light emerging from your chest.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 The Knockout Game is Out of Control

Monday, Dec 02, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It is happening again. Our city centers are being invaded by the black teens. They arrive with a sinister purpose. They intend to harm us. Groups of black teens are spilling across our peaceful towns and monuments like shadows cast by the falling star of prophecy.

The black teens are not like us. They arrive on buses from faraway places that may not even exist. They communicate in the old language. They wear their hats in a vexing manner.

The black teens crave violence like a thirsty man craves the milk of an ox. They covet our golden scapulars. They have escaped from their warrens. They have fled their sectors. They bare their teeth at our daughters. They mock the righteousness of our constables.

Arrhythmic pump-up music issues from the cracked windows of cars with forsaken wheels. The black teens are flexing and posing their muscles. They are making their hands into fists. They are opening drinks while shopping at the grocery store and returning them to the shelves without paying.

At night, we bar our doors and cower in our beds. The black teens rule the streets. They are tireless. They smash up bottles and spray symbols on our favorite walls. They beat their hands on the hoods of passing cars and score showy dunks on superior technical basketball players.

Where do the black teens come from? What catacombs hide their lairs? Do they have a parent? A conjuror? A clutch of eggs? Or are they made, as the cloud and the gyre, by primordial forces set into motion at the moment the old gods created this existence?

The hearts of the black teens are unknowable to good men, but we do know that they envy our plenty. The black teens come from a lackadaisical place and have little respect for toil. They believe

all things come fast and easy and so, when they do not, they become frustrated and swing their fists. More and more often, those fists collide with us.

Now is the bad time. The Helter Skelter time. The black teens call it a game, but it is deadly serious. They approach us in broad daylight and, with a single blow, knock out the unsuspecting. Sometimes they record this on their video phones and celebrate it as our culture once celebrated beautiful things like Credence Clearwater Revival and the film version of *Popeye*.

The black teens are here and we must face the reality that years of midnight basketball has produced strains with incredible tolerance to nighttime hoops.

The black teens are unavailable to fight our wars. They have grown arrogant in the belief that they might become our king. They doubt the wisdom of our juries and the prudence of our drug laws. The black teens have a chip on their shoulder.

We have lived in fear of these black teens for far too long. It is time we unite, as a people, as upstanding citizens, and oppose all black teens before they become too powerful. We do not condone violence, but we must be prepared to defend ourselves from violence. It's time for us to reclaim our heritage.

At all costs, using any methods, the black teens must be stopped. We're forming a club to oppose them. We're welding armor onto our cars and casting bullets in silver. We are training our dogs to bark when they detect a black teen approaching.

With enough willpower, with the might of our arms and the force of our culture, we can send the black teens back to the hell that spawned them. We can clear out every Pep Boys and Supercuts. We can use flamethrowers to burn them out of every juice bar from here to the airport.

The Knockout Game is cancelled. You can put black teens on the endangered species list. We're done being oppressed by them.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.2 These 32 Naked Dads Setting Up Christmas Trees Will Restore Your Faith In Humanity... And More

Tuesday, Dec 03, 2013 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Wow! Congrats to the Eisenhower-looking-ass-dad that made this pic possible!

Ho ho ho! This middle manager knows how to turn a rumpus room out!

I hope you don't get shocked, disgusting man!

All bets are off, and all shorts are too! Congrats to the dad in this pic.

Excellent work, man named Leon or Manny.

WHOA!!!!!!!!

what is this

Congrats to the man in this, I think

Yeah!!!!! Nothing matters

Please don't hurt me

Are You The Doctor From Star Trek Voyager

I hate this more than you do

Disgusting. Wow

Nno

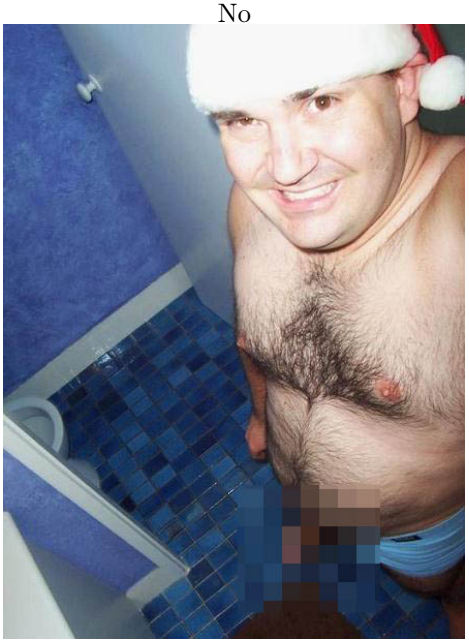
Happy Christmas From The Worst Family On The Block

What's Wrong With Your Body

Santa lives in hell and this is how we found out

Look out for the needles, sappy pappy!!!!

No



Hmm looks like it's 1:48 aka THE DEVIL'S TIME

Bad Christmas

Terrible

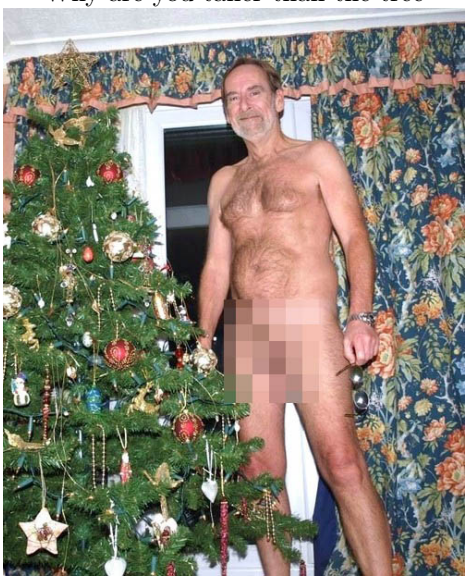
I Don’t Like This Pic. Go Away Old Dad

Stop

Gross

Happy Holidays To You Too, Loser Warrior

Why are you taller than the tree



Stop now

"Time To Relax" Says Bad Man

I can taste this pic and I hate it

NO!!!!!! NOOOOOooo!!!!!!!

Merry

–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.3 Memos from Bear Cave: Broth of Woe

Wednesday, Dec 04, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: Catastrophic News for the Company

There's no easy way to put this, so I'll tell it like it is. Bouillon is died.

He went missing before the weekend and yesterday I found his skeletonized remains at the bottom of the #3 soup vat during one of my swims. I thought the cream of mushroom soup had an especially nourishing taste, and a lot more clumps of fur and skin than usual.

I never imagined Bouillon was capable of dying. From the looks of it, his skeletal system gave up, and he simply fell apart and dissolved. There was a cat skeleton in his rib cage, and a mouse skeleton inside the cat. My guess is he was involved in some kind of classic chase scenario that ended in the vat.

This is a time to be sad. I know many of you like to go outside behind the dumpster and cry during work hours, and I know on most days I go out there and fling a chain around to deter that. Today I won't be flinging any chain.

Losing Bouillon is more painful than anything. Even if all my idiot rockabilly sons got together and died, I would feel only relief.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: Bouillon's Death

In some ways, this has been coming for years now. He's been shedding clumps of fur, skin and muscle. The tough old bastard even threw up an eyeball. It recessed back into his skull, where it bounced around until it found its way through a bullet hole and into his throat.

Then there was the incident last week when he ate some of the lit fireworks I was throwing at you guys. He just walked it off, unlike you sniveling good-for-nothings. And the day before that when he started coughing up all those hundreds of spider babies probably didn't help either.

I'm getting choked up just thinking about him. They don't make dogs like that anymore. He's tougher than all of you sons of bitches combined, and did more for this company than any of you will ever do. The love I had for that dog was greater than the hate I have for all of you and my two awful sons.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: Mourning on Company Time

Apparently there's been a whirlwind of tragedy recently. Let me be clear: I don't care about your miscarriages or that many of you lost children to a tragic school bus accident this morning that was caused by a drunk driver WHO WILL NEVER BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

Bouillon died, and if any mourning is to be done on my dime, it will be for him. You can cry about your dead children at home, where private matters belong.

I've lost two sons of my own to something far worse than death, and you don't hear me crying about it.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: Jake Huskins
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: New Labels

I want Bouillon on all our soup labels. You better make it a damn fitting likeness that honors him, or I'll make sure your other son's bus gets run off the road, too.

You have until noon to show me some sketches.

J. D. BORUFF

To: Jake Huskins
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: Get It Right

I said a fitting likeness. Render him as he was, gun-shot mangled snout and all. We don't make soups for bleeding-heart hippies and cow-eyed moms. We make soup for angry men and women who are beyond repair.

And that last memo was not an admission that I caused the bus accident while driving drunk to work today. If you try and say it was, your other son will also find his bus run off the road into Brine Creek.

I'm going out for an hour. Tall Charlie better have some new designs on his desk by the time I get back.

J. D. BORUFF

To: Jake Huskins
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: Looks good

Add a few maggots to the open sores. You're not as talentless as you look.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: My New Best Friend

While you idiots have been weeping incessantly, I did something positive. I finished off another pint of whiskey, then drove to the pound. Because the only creatures that truly understand me are deranged dogs, I have adopted Bouillon's successor. His name is Brotholomew and the pound tried to put him down twice. It didn't take. He's a mean son of a bitch who likes to bite, bark, howl and hump. He's like me in every way.

J. D. BORUFF

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: Brotholomew's Health Problems

I need all of you to be aware that Brotholomew is in failing health. The pound told me that he has about 2-3 hours of life left in him at best, but my veterinarian and chiropractor said the same damn thing about Bouillon more times than I care to count.

If any of you idiots do anything to agitate Brotholomew's ailments, I will make sure you die in your sleep. According to the pound, Brotholomew's ailments are as follows:

- Canine syphilis
- Canine gonorrhea
- Canine dementia
- Shepherd's rot
- Hip dysphoria
- Kibble coughs

- Butt rust
- Canine depravity
- Inescapable puke eating cycle
- Canine alcoholism
- The rolls
- Back-end breath
- Peukemia
- Canine diarrhea
- Snout palsy
- Canine hepatitis (caused by eating an old man's tooth)
- Wagsperger's syndrome
- Barkal tunnel syndrome
- Paw necrosis
- The crut heaves
- Canine sleep apnea
- Racism
- Priapism

He is the new Bouillon, so you will treat him like the goddamn saint he is. If I find any of you are avoiding him or making him uncomfortable, I will come out there and whip you with my boot.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
EST. 1974

To: All Employees of Bear Cave
Date: June 9, 1980
Subject: A Goddamn Miracle

Brotholomew is dead, and not a moment too soon. He may have been mean and nasty, but he was too damn soft on the inside.

Bouillon wasn't dead after all. He was just pinned under a car for the past few days, and managed to chew his way free just in time to kill that no-good usurper Brotholomew.

Whatever dog that was that ended up in our mushroom soup vat did us a real favor. That soup has never tasted better, so we're going to start force feeding mice to cats to dogs, then drowning them in there. That's the kind of innovative flavoring our customers expect.

Since we wasted so much work time today mourning, you're all going to need to work this weekend so we can get our new cream of mushroom formula ready in time for the next big shipment.

–∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.4 Guitar Supermen Are Our Superiors

Thursday, Dec 05, 2013 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Brannen and I stood in a railed queue that was actually a maze, some paths dead ends, some leading back to the beginning. At the end was the Ticketmaster window. Ticketmaster's name and prices have always appealed to me as a masochist.

"I hope they play their older stuff," Brannen said. "They haven't been as good since their first singer died of karoshi from writing too many perfect songs and living too many of his dreams."

The arena's plexiglass windows were bulging from everyone inside shouting that this was the best night of their lives. It made my reflection look fat, which because I'm bulimic made me want to throw up. I induced vomiting by thinking of how I wanted to be a writer for the asbestos glove fetish blog hotmitts.com, but the only important writing I'd ever do would be changing a few characters in the hundreds of video files of tonight's show.

I remembered the last concert I went to. There'd been a fire and I'd led everyone through the smoke-filled hall to the door (social anxiety gives me a sixth sense for public places' exits). But the people I'd saved ignored me and crowded around the band. Some of the burn victims peeled off pieces of skin for them to autograph.

The arena was full of people, including some 30 and 40-year-olds with phantom youth syndrome smoking nonexistent joints and spooning nonexistent girlfriends. A mosh pit had formed and was dividing like a cell into smaller mosh pits. Despite its violent reputation, moshing is just a release of the crowd's energy, although this actually makes it more dangerous since the energy can electrocute someone. I thought this was happening to Brannen, but he was just having a seizure from the band's light show.

During the final song everyone raised their lighters, despite findings that this is the main cause of global warming.

The stage was a Maslow pyramid, with the band at the top and the audience at the base. The singer dove off and crowd surfed in a sort of reverse funeral procession where the person being carried is the only one truly alive. Touching him I felt religious ecstasy and started speaking in tongues and requesting songs that didn't exist. Then I rushed the stage, except it was actually just an image of the stage being recorded on someone's smartphone. The phone's owner tried to attack me, but Brannen beat him to death with the reissue of one of the band's albums - it was really heavy due to its encyclopedic liner notes listing the models, weights and atomic structures of the production equipment.

Brannen and I searched for dropped wallets so we could buy concert t-shirts that were wormholes back to tonight's show. I found the band's setlist, which was their most popular song 23 times, with reminders to pick up hookers after the concert. As I took a picture of it so I could sell it on ebay I noticed my phone's battery

light was flashing, even though I'd just charged it. I wondered if through some quantum mishap my phone had been replaced with one from an alternate universe. Maybe a universe where I was a rock star, walking through my mansion past the corpses of MTV Cribs cameramen who'd gotten lost filming its interior, not worried about death or pain, which were just tiny dots on a horizon of sex and speedballs.

By the end of the show our ears were ringing. Brannen and I sounded like chipmunks to each other, except chipmunks are rock stars whereas we were just people who paid $50 to stand near rock stars. As the band left the stage I shouted a request for Free Bird out of longing to be free from my boring, unsexy life.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.5 Do You Remember the 1990s?

Friday, Dec 06, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* were on the TV, there were episodes of *Kids in the Hall* to watch after school, and you played games on your friend's computer and drank Crystal Pepsi. I bet that takes you back. Do you remember that? Do you remember the way it felt in the 1990s?

When the air was bursting with exuberance? Everything was dirt bikes and skate boards. Bright colors and big hair. Pop made with sugar. That weekday warmth that pooled in the evening and turned the quiet days golden. When it was quiet your head didn't fill the silence with thoughts about dying.

Do you recall the specific location of the Donatello on the shelf in your bedroom? The poster next to the finger-smeared light switch. The way the model planes you put together with your father collected dust. Your first kiss, looking up at those planes, so dark and pushed back on the shelf they were becoming shadows. Her name was Angela Murphy. The plane you remember most clearly was an SR-71 Blackbird.

Angela Murphy has no more information for us.

Do you remember hiking in the falling hills? The whistle of the stones as they peeled the sky. The box that your mother gave you. Do you remember the faint glow through the keyhole? She told you to hide it and never open it.

Do you remember the combination to your locker at school? You had to get it just right between the 7 and 8 on the last digit. What were those other two digits? Were they derived from some formula? Do they contain a hidden meaning?

Do you remember the call, late in the night? Your mother screamed and then became quiet. She begged for it not to be true. But when something happens it happens for real and there is no way to change that. Of course not. The capsule was supposed to be safe. Why did they let him into the capsule? There were no answers for her. No time for your questions. Those model planes on the shelf, still collecting dust, darker and deeper and further back. Almost as if they never existed.

Your mother gave you the box on your sixteenth birthday. Why did she give it to you? Did she give any hints about what was inside it? Why did it glow blue at the hinges and the keyhole? Why,

when you pressed your ear to it, could you hear a faint thumping as if you were listening to the beating of a distant heart?

Do you remember the 1990s? When Bill Clinton was President and things were bright. When the general from the Air Force told you about the satellites being destroyed. When the burning debris lit the night red and Angela Murphy wore the dress that crinkled at her thighs. And you carried sparklers by the lake, where your father never wanted you to wade, but he wasn't there, was he?

The 1990s were a lot more fun than now. An earlier time, detail blurred by distance, simplified by your remembered youth, is preferable to now. Before your mother retreated into herself and hardly talked or ate. Before your brother in the army came home from the falling hills with a stare that was almost the same. No one could see anyone in the house. They just saw horizons beyond the walls, at the end of their lives and the end of the 1990s.

Remember when you ran off into the woods with Angela Murphy and you found a piece of a strange chair that had fallen from the sky? There was a gray parachute caught up in the branches of a tree. A man was hanging beneath it. He was dressed like a pilot. The ropes creaked. The woods creaked. Angela climbed up the tree and cut him down with a Swiss Army knife your father gave you. Do you remember that?

He fell limp to the ground, didn't he? For some reason you thought of those model planes in your room. You thought that when you took the man's mask off it would be your father. It wasn't, was it? Who was it? Did you show them what was in the box? Did you touch them with what was in

the box? Where are they now?

Tell us. This will be much easier if you just remember the 1990s. Did you touch them with what was in the box?

And after, did you meet with the survivors of the falling hills? Did you show them what was in the box?

Where is it? Where did you put it?

Think...think...about the 1990s. We will try again tomorrow.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.6 How The Olive Garden Hopes To Outdo Amazon's Drones

Saturday, Dec 07, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Amazon is deploying a fleet of futuristic flying robots to deliver refurbished moisture-wicking underwear to your doorstep. Some cynics have suggested this won't happen. They say it's a daydream calculated to generate tons of free publicity.

The cynics are wrong. Drones are real. Amazon has released a promotional video of what a safe and problem-free delivery would look like. These are irrefutable facts.

Of course, Amazon isn't the only company steering our ungrateful society toward a better future. The Olive Garden is embracing technology like never before. While the Italian-ish restaurant chain may not seem like a competitor to Amazon, their new tech-driven initiatives place them in a unique position as a disruptive force.

If you follow technology coverage at all, you should know that disruption is basically the most important thing.

The first phase of The Olive Garden's cyber rollout will introduce their Neverending Pneumatic Pasta Tube. This works on the same principal as bank drive-thru deposit tubes, but with unfrozen linguini and spaghetti.

On one end of the system, an array of lukewarm pasta vats feeds into the complex tube network. On the other end, a pivoting hole dangles from the ceiling above each table in the restaurant. Open your mouth and a laser-based sensor grid signals the flow of pasta.

Early tests prove the delivery system to be extremely accurate. A powerful stream of pasta and sauce travels nearly three feet through the air before landing almost directly on your gob. Had enough? Simply close your mouth or scream. The intelligent sensor software will interpret your signal and quickly stop the flow of pasta within ten seconds.

The Neverending Pneumatic Pasta Tube is currently in the prototype stage. Olive Garden will be ready to launch the program as soon as the U.S. government eases its restrictions on radioactive materials.

Phase two of The Olive Garden's initiative introduces their disruptive take on Google's disruptive Google Glass, Garden Glass.

While the sole function of Google Glass is revealing its wearer as an asshole who treats the flaunting of new technology as part of his or her self-identity, Garden Glass also allows you to look at the entire Olive Garden menu.

Garden Glass uses augmented reality to project text on top of the restaurant's menus, which are now blank and practically useless to anyone who doesn't own a set of the futuristic specs. Put on

the glasses and you can place an order. Simple. Incredible. Revolutionary.

It gets better. The real selling point of Garden Glass (estimated at $400 per pair) is that the connected, cloud-based experience goes beyond the restaurant. Look at the road. It is covered with salad choices rendered in a stunning 3D Papyrus font. Look at your family. Their faces are playgrounds for descriptive text about artisanal soup. As long as you are wearing the device you can see the menu.

Finally, we come to the most futuristic concept of all.

Let's say you walk into The Olive Garden wearing Garden Glass. You place your order. You enjoy several jet streams from the Neverending Pneumatic Pasta Tube. Now you're thirsty.

Reach for your soft drink. Take a long, slow sip. Savor the refreshing sensation as the liquid splashes across your sauce-crusted lips and tickles your tongue.

It's not a soft drink at all. It's a hologram. Remarkable.

Soon every glass will have a built-in nanoprojector. This cutting edge tech makes it possible to project a completely realistic mirage, making an empty glass appear to be full of practically any beverage.

What about the sensation of liquid? The taste? Both are simulated through the very creative use of miniature surgical lasers. By targeting and burning away very specific parts of your lips and tongue, The Olive Garden's team of cyber whizzes can trick your body into thinking that it's experiencing genuine sensations. In layman's terms it's basically the same computer wizardry that was in The Matrix. Whoa!

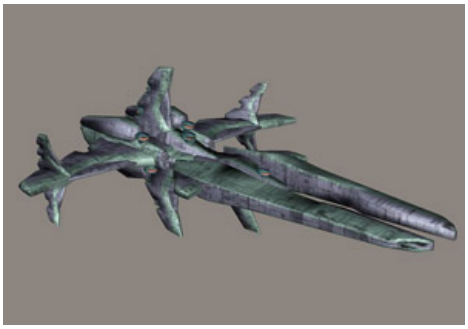
–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.7 The New Ships Available for Star Citizen

Monday, Dec 09, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Christmas is right around the corner and Star Citizen is excited to help you get into the holiday spirit. We are offering you five new spacecraft for our upcoming title. Buy them for yourself. Buy them for friends. You can look at them in your space hangar in the hangar software which should be releasing very soon. Don't consider these ships DLC for a game that is not yet been released, consider them investments in your future of gaming enjoyment.

RAZOR AT-40 MANTIS WOLF



The AT-40 is a direct competitor of the RSI Shadow Rapier space starfighter. We originally weren't going to release this ship, because it looked a little dopey, but we released a tugboat last week and you guys bought almost 8,000 copies of it. This thing features turrets, missile pods, escape pods, romantic getaway pods and a huge room you can walk around inside of when you buy it. Act now and you can get some sort of special laser that shoots glowing purple balls or something. We haven't even thought it up, but we've got years before you force us to release our half-finished game to ward off Kickstarter lawsuits. I'm sure we'll come up with something good before then.

STARTS AT $29.95

BABYLON DS9 WOLF FOX

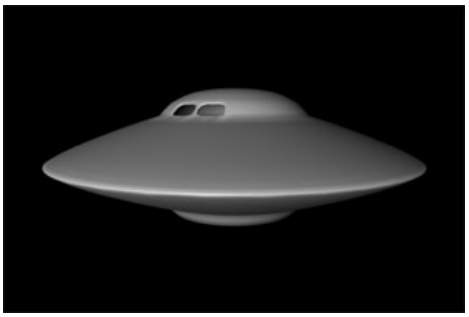
The light attack ship looks like garbage. We had one of our interns make it and he pretty much ripped off some ship from a TV show. This is a superiority fighter and you can put it in the hangars inside the KEW-19 King Wolf fleet carrier. Imagine buying like ten of them for all of your best buds to fly out of your carrier or something. Whatever you want to do. What improbable features are we going to have to promise to get you into this shoddy DLC for an unreleased game? Phantom x-ray beams. Bubble drives. Magnet isotope missile shields. Death boomerang. You don't want to be out in space and not have a death boomerang, do you?

STARTS AT $49.95

SPECTRUM KILOWOLF

This was a ship that one of our graphic designers used in a birthday video for one of the managers. It was a joke. But we're rendering out just about anything and offering it as a ship, because honestly, we're not leaving any money on the table this time around. Do you want us to make up some stretch goals or something? Okay, if we sell 5,000 of these, we'll get the lady who did the voice of Harley Quinn on the Batman cartoon to record the voice of a sassy robot that will appear in the tutorial for the ship editor which releases in 2017. Good enough? Uh, huh, we'll have mini beer bottles made with your pet's name on the labels and include them rolled up in a cloth map of New Jersey with a fake Olympics medal from the 2874 space Olympics.

STARTS AT $59.95



FORD M7 SHADOW WOLF

Fuck it. We had this car in our rendering software. We're pretty sure it came with the software. The headlights shoot some sort of nuclear destruction beam. There are, heh, bombs in the trunk or whatever. You can load it up with cargo and drive it to Mexico. Space Mexico. Look, we're not even going to pretend we're not doing crazy rails of cocaine with all this money. Every million dollars you give us just goes straight into booger sugar to melt another valve out of Chris Roberts' heart. At some point we thought you would catch on and stop buying these things, but you just refused to not buy them. So have fun with your space car or whatever.

STARTS AT $79.95

POSER RNDR1 SODAWOLF

Hey, idiot. Want to spend your money on this garbage? We don't even know what it is. Some pop cans attached to a pile of goblin models from a cancelled reboot of *Lands of Lore*. Maybe? We were going to try to sell you all these different animals you could ride like horses and pigs in *Lands of Lore* and then we just said "screw it" because we could sell you anything as a spaceship, including horses and pigs. Why bother with another reboot Kickstarter? So join the, uh, whatever, is this a space game still? Whatever it is, get your Sodawolf Mark 2 thing. It has torpedoes. You can fly it inside a bigger ship and put cargo in the goblin. Give it a shot, dummy.

Buy ten of them with the money you were saving for your kids' college fund. These things are sure to go up in value. It'll all be a sound investment. The guy responsible for the *Wing Commander* movie is making this game. What could go wrong?

STARTS AT $99.95

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.8 I want my hotel bed to glow.

Tuesday, Dec 10, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I want my bed to look like the health department is checking for bedbugs. I want to feel like it's on an episode of Maury getting scanned for semen. I want to wait through the commercial break to find out the father.

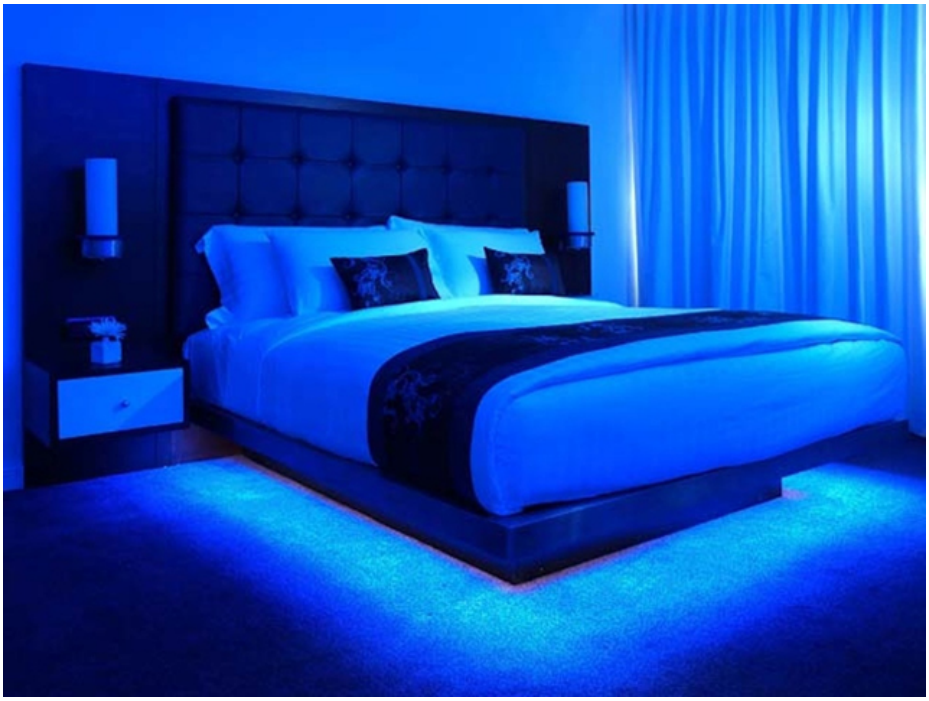
I want it to have the LEDs of a million nerd PCs hooked up beneath my springs. I want the bed to run Battlefield at max settings with an advanced water cooling system. I want to order room service and upgrade the videocard, and own countless noobs for brunch. I want to host a queen-sized Lan party among these Mountain Dew stained sheets. I want the mattress custom built by Alienware.

I want my Tempurpedic tricked out like a 98 Honda Civic. I want decals with these sick lights, a ton of them. I want dragons and skulls and more dragons running up the headboard with Japanese writing that I can only assume says Tokyo Drift. I want to order custom lights and have my cousin botch the instillation. I want these lights to flicker whenever my muffler rattles. I want to pull this bed up to a red light and have everyone do that thing where they put their hands up to their mouth and say, "dizaaaaamn."

I want the bed to change color based on my mood. I want it blue when I'm sleepy, purple when I'm listening to Prince, and I want it orange at private times I don't want to talk about. I want

the pillows linked to social media for strangers to Like. I want to download additional colors in the app store. I want to be up all night just looking at my glowing bed. I want to see that blue filter through my eyelids and leak into my dreams. I want to stay up all night so I can focus on dipshit accessories from a hotel trying too hard.

Perfect.



–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.9 STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES #5

Wednesday, Dec 11, 2013 by nikki did it

This article is part of the STOCK PHOTO LIFESTYLE TALES series.

Good Day
We are Hester and Karl, and we are something rare
We are a couple

Of Stock Photo Lifestylists!
Lifestylers?
We lead a Stock Photo Lifestyle

Hester, are you sure we should do this?

Karl... we must

To the RememoryMachine, then. For a tour of our lives!
That's what we call this thing. The RememoryMachine.
Because, well

Honestly if you can't figure out why we call it that,
you're a moron

All in good fun

Oh Hester, do you remember the time

The time we were musical servants of an Angry God?

Oh Karl we had such fun

You, with your tiny tambourine!

And you, Hester!

With your gargantuan guitar!

We were so drunk!

Hester, what's this file here? I don't recognize this file.
Please open this file

beforethesurgery.jpg

OH KARL NO

Nothing at all to see here
Let's move along
Ahaaaaha ha ha
Karl please let's move on

I think we've reminisced enough
Our Stock Photo Lifestyle is ongoing, after all

We must look forward, Karl! Isn't that right!

Oh Hester, it is, it is! What wonders will our future hold!?

Karl, you absolute monument to idiocy
You know what happens when you ask me that question
Look at me. I'm in goddamned Madame All-Eyes Mode
You know how I hate this

According to my crystal ball
You are a dumb-fuck

The spirits are now telling me
to consult the cards

Innnnteresting...
Let me just turn this over so you can read it

THE CARDS HAVE SPOKEN

What other wonders do the cards hold?

Great, now I'm just wondering why I'm holding this card

This life, I swear

It's... it's my birthday???

Oh Karl! You dear sweet man!
You shouldn't have

I DIDN'T!!!

Excuse me Karl
Love of my life. Light of my world
Excuse me very much

HAHAHA

PUNKED! I PUNKED YOU, HESTER

please stop trolling me Karl

O.K. Dear. Whatever you say
I love you

Love you too, my Precious Only
My Shining Star

He has no idea what's in this mug
Let me tell you a secret
It's vodka

Hester! Your freeloading sister is on the line
She needs another kidney

I know you're upset with me, but please
Can we do the thing
The thing where we just vamoose
Pleeeeeease

You're a beast, Karl
But I love you

Let's scram

Bird-watching! Now there's a nice change of pace
Hester, I see a bush-tit!
Grow up, Karl. That joke is so old

Oh god Karl, that's not even a bird

Now this is more like it. Warm cocoa with my love
We've only got each other, you know, Karl
Let's try to be nice
This lifestyle isn't easy

Yes, dear Hester
I agree
And just look at this sunset

So that's our Stock Photo Lifestyle
We quarrel, but at least we're together
And Karl will learn to behave

Hester is
So Screwed

–∼nikki did it

12.10 10 Epic Responses to Being Wished "Happy Holidays"

Thursday, Dec 12, 2013 by The Memphis Institute of Christology

It happens every year. In lieu of using a simple business transaction to reaffirm their fealty to Christ, Our Lord and Savior, the heathen clerks of secular big-box stores instead restate that infamous phrase destined to destroy us as a people: "HAPPY HOLIDAYS." Instead of wasting your valuable energy reciting Bible verses or committing time-consuming property damage, we at The Memphis Institute of Christology have devised ten clever replies to this two-word phrase, sure to remind the recipient that God's unconditional love requires complete and undisputed submission.

- Grab several packages of gum from nearby shelves. (If shopping in a gum-free environment, be sure to bring your own from home and hide it in your shirtsleeves.) When you hear "Happy Holidays," dump all of your gum in front of the clerk, and say, "You know what this is? A lot to chew on. You know what else is a lot to chew on?" When your question is inevitably met with a look of confusion, say "The Unending Torment of Hell" while cramming as much as the gum into your mouth as possible. (Note: Cinnamon gum or gum with a devil/demon mascot is recommended.) Begin reciting popular prayers around this mouthful of gum until you are asked to pay for the gum/leave.
- Remind the clerk of the True Meaning of Christmas with one of many Holiday-themed Jack Chick tracts. Recommended: "Ho, Ho, Hell," "Yes, Virginia, There Is Eternal Suffering," "Death Gift," "Rudolph, The Unholy Pagan Idol," "Three Wise Men/Three Doomed Souls," and "Whoops, You're Catholic!"
- Find a veteran in the busy Christmas shopping season line behind you. Anyone that looks over 90 will do -- if they didn't serve in any war, they'll at least think they did. (Note: Avoid veterans of recent wars, as they tend to be armed, desperate, and eager.) Remind the clerk that the veteran's best friends didn't die just so they could hear a different pairing of words after digging out their checkbook and being reminded of what year it is. If someone starts crying -- even out of confusion -- you've done your job.

- Search the store for a decidedly non-Christian or "ethnic" item. After you purchase your Jewish potato muffins or Muslim bean paste and hear that infamous phrase, demand to see the store's equal representation of Christian culture. Where is the living nativity scene? Where is the woodcut of Elisha commanding God to have bears devour 42 misbehaving children? In the parking lot, feel free to construct your own pillar of driveway salt to help hammer home your point about hypocrisy.
- Dress yourself as Jesus Christ -- remember, he's white, with blue eyes and an immaculately groomed beard. If a clerk dares to utter anything other than "Merry Christmas" to this depiction of the Son of God, immediately hang your head and mumble, "Guess you guys don't need me around after all. I'll just take this Everlasting Salvation somewhere else, I guess." Mope out to the parking lot and disappear into the wilderness. Do not stop for autographs.

- Casually search the clerk for the Mark of the Beast that designates their enrollment in the Obamacare program. If this brand is not found on any visible skin, ask if you can return your items and pay with your walletful of Amero, the Satanic currency of the U.N.'s One World Government. If these statements still don't provoke any reaction, ask if you can receive a discount using your ALCU Lifetime Membership Card. (Note: This card doesn't exist, so be sure to run, shoving over several end caps behind you, if you're asked to present it.)
- Bring a portable globe with you and pull it out when you hear "Happy Holidays!" Then, ask the clerk to point to the country we're in, and when they do, say "I THOUGHT this was AMERICA!" while glaring at them knowingly. Some clerks in certain Southern states may need assistance with this task.
- Reply with "Are they? ARE they?" while rallying the people in line behind you to repeat this expression. Since most chants typically aren't interrogatives, you may find it more effective to transform this unified statement into something a little more catchy, like "Hell no! We won't go! Home without hearing Christian affirmation at the point of purchase!"
- This works best in a hardware store, but bring two large planks of wood along with a hammer and nails to the register. When the Glory of God's Love receives no attention, immediately construct a crude cross and begin nailing yourself to it with the help of a friend, family member, or like-minded customer. You won't have much time before the paramedics arrive, so begin shouting "THIS! THIS! THIIIIIS!" until you either pass out or die.

- Find a store that employs one of "Santa's Helpers," and abduct him with a common, household gun. March this impostor into line, and when the clerk dares to say "Happy Holidays" to his tear-stained, quivering, gin blossomed face, threaten to blow his brains out then and there if the management doesn't submit to the unending bliss of God's Special Friendship. Following this, be sure to decorate your solitary confinement cell with red and green magazine pages from your liberal prison's library. If they don't have the guts to give you the death penalty, they at least deserve to suffer the discomfort of seeing a True Christian basking in the soon-to-be outlawed Reason for the Season.

–∼The Memphis Institute of Christology

12.11 [Slide Show] The Sexiest Photos From the Victoria's Secret Fashion Show 2013

Friday, Dec 13, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You will never see more beautiful creatures than those you will find strutting their bodies upon the runway of the Victoria's Secret Fashion Show. They are wearing only underwear. They move towards you and then away from you wearing only clothes that are normally beneath their other clothes. They invite you to look at their nearly naked shapes.

Janekka Otterminge struts her stuff on the plank. She is wearing a sensual blue ice fairy shoulder pauldron with whimsical snowflake corset and baby's burp bra and panty combo.

Tensor: This attractive woman is standing with her anterior side towards the seven o'clock position, but with her eyes facing the five. These garments are intended to make you desire to attempt acts of reproduction with her.

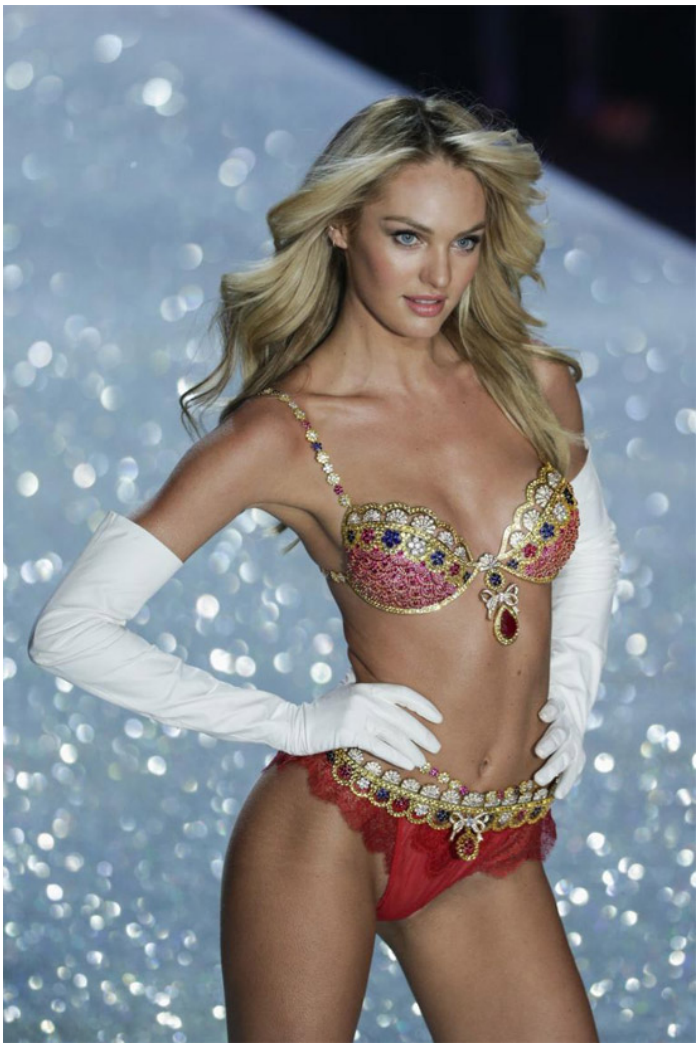
Pinion-Runnel: I do not wish to reproduce with this image.

Tensor: The image time-captures an actual moment. This human woman existed beyond the image.

Pinion-Runnel: Do I have access to her beyond the constraints of the image?

Tensor: Theoretically.

Pinion-Runnel: I wish to exploit this access to further the cause.



Yute Hoolskaf wears the Shahrazad Tummy Teaser party-cut panty with bejeweled hip belt and slender dangle with soft silk opera gloves.

Pinion-Runnel: I have surveyed more aesthetically appealing human females.

Tensor: You only wish that you could have a chance with a human female such as the one depicted in this image.

Pinion-Runnel: I do not fear her.

Tensor: A mistake. Humans possess unlimited potential for danger.

Pinion-Runnel: We are set in motion by our need. Fear is a limitation imposed by the mind upon the perfection of action. So says the stone.

Tensor: So says the stone.

Majestrix Canyowid Espaccia XI models zipper shirt, pant unit MK 2, and shoe.

Tensor: This is ecstasy manifested into flesh.

Pinion-Runnel: The idea has been given form. It thrusts its body in our direction.

Tensor: We will possess her.

Pinion-Runnel: She belongs to us as do all females.

Tensor: It has been a very long time for me.

Pinion-Runnel: Do not calve your needs from the herd of our cause. We act together or we perish. Do not forget the lessons we have learned.

Majestrix Borgielle Hypacic V models large shirt, shirt, shirt, and denim without color. No shoes are worn to highlight the sensation of moving through space as we move through time.

Tensor: I cannot bear to look at this image. Not since we have come to the heaviness.

Pinion-Runnel: It pulls at my flesh. I am reminded of my weakness at every moment.

Tensor: Why can we not fly like a bird?

Pinion-Runnel: We lack the organic structures.

Tensor: We can produce them.

Pinion-Runnel: The stone produces them. Do not act as if the power within it is also within you. If you wish to go up into the sky then reduce yourself to vapor.

Tensor: There is no need to be nasty with me.

Czarissa Haimecc Yon-Casheuphe has emerged from the shelters unharmed by stellar radiation. She has gone undetected. She approaches wearing sanguinist cape, hip shunt, and lace leggings with memory device inserts.

Tensor: I bite my digits to silence my wails of desire.

Pinion-Runnel: The fluff is pronounced. It heightens the desire.

Tensor: I do not believe my desire could be more heightened.

Pinion-Runnel: Incorrect. We must not succumb to the weakness of biology. Resist the urge to assert your dominion.

Tensor: The females resist authority.

Pinion-Runnel: They are changing. The stone is amok.

Tensor: I yearn for the swim.

Joowix Shunt Belephon is clad in red. One shoe is visible. Perhaps only a single shoe exists. The whiskers suggest readiness for mating.

Tensor: They adapt naturally to positions that arouse us.

Pinion-Runnel: Their lithe bodies contort to capture our desire, but do not be deceived. The others pursue the stone. If the humans have it...

Tensor: We will never return to the swim.

Pinion-Runnel: Each body a vessel of agonizing solitude, ruled by chemical reactions and the old ways of bones and blood.

Tensor: I frequently require the elimination of waste.

Pinion-Runnel: Look at us. What female would supplicate herself to us? We are disgusting meat piles.

Golcondetta Asplendus Yub wears a black engorgement shroud over multiple layers of shed human skin. She is wearing two shoes.

Pinion-Runnel: There is a single star that divides day from night. I do not know how these beasts endure the wild fluctuations in temperature. I am subjected.

Tensor: Correct.

Pinion-Runnel: Do you fantasize about the retreat?

Tensor: Correct.

Pinion-Runnel: We cannot give in to that defeatism. The hypnagogues cannot claim our inheritance.

Tensor: I wish at all times for my body to die.

Fully aroused whiskers obscenely extended and ready for mingling, Nectarix Ollgiv-Ur ascends the ladder from beneath, where the survivors still dwell beneath the falling hills. Haunted by memories of her former life, she approaches humans, but she is changing into something she cannot understand and they actively hate and fear. What she wears does not concern them.

Tensor: Will they destroy us?

Pinion-Runnel: Who?

Tensor: Does it matter?

Pinion-Runnel: It does not matter.

Tensor: Will they destroy us?

Pinion-Runnel: If you ask the question, then we are already lost. Forget it.

Persalphal Ephordiati Escondisis Ro is dressed in the vestments of a life guard. She cannot know the meaning of these clothes. Her flesh is to new. It is a mockery of the old ways. When we were divided. Before our thoughts mingled in the swim.

Tensor: I detest this but I cannot prevent my body from climaxing repeatedly.

Pinion-Runnel: I am forcing myself to be sick to reduce my arousal.

Tensor: Be careful or you might harm yourself.

Pinion-Runnel: Why do we do this to ourselves? Why do we torture our bodies and minds with the fantasy constructed by the hypnagogues from our misbegotten stone? Why do we inflict the impossible urges upon ourselves?

Tensor: To feel something real.

Pinion-Runnel: This is all we can hope for now.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.12 I Love That Movie! ME

Saturday, Dec 14, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Oh man, did I just hear you guys talking about Forest Gump? That is so great! It's probably my favorite movie of all time. I know everything about it. The best part is when he finally escapes after being stranded in the forest for all those years. What a powerful film.

Really, though, if you're going to talk about powerful cinema you have to bring up Taxi Driver. That one scene that everyone always quotes is fantastic. The other parts of the movie are a little too violent and don't really make much sense, but the existence of that single scene justifies the rest of the film. "You talkin to me?" Heh. A lot of people quote that scene but they don't understand its layers. It's very rewarding if you're able to read subtext and analyze a film to the degree that I can. D.C. Cab is pretty good too.

I'm a huge horror movie buff. It's a fantastic genre. Doesn't get the respect it deserves. Take one of my favorite movies, Halloween, for example. I just saw it for the first time on tv a few months ago and now I know more about it than probably anyone. Did you know that the killer is named Michael? Or that his mask is symbolic of the masks people wear on Halloween? When people talk about horror movies they are, in fact, discussing a concept that I basically possess as my own thing.

Of course, you need some comedic relief from time to time. Everyone does. The Turman Show is one of the funniest movies ever made. I love that movie. It's probably my favorite. When Turman gets ready for the show, and there's a montage of him trying on different outfits while his friend reacts? Ha ha. Classic. Or when Turman finally gets on the show and he mugs for the camera? So good. I love comedy. Laughter is important, and I don't think people really stop to think about it like I do. Even if they do stop to think about it, they aren't as thoughtful as I am. And they should be. They really should be.

It's so weird that no one realizes Robot Cop is a parody. It couldn't possibly be more blatant. The whole movie is a riff on Terminator. There's a robot guy. There's a woman and a kid. Think about it. Of course, Robot Cop doesn't play most of its scenes for laughs. On the surface it is very dark and serious. But clever members of the audience chuckle throughout the entire thing, because they know the robot man is like the robot in Terminator.

Haven't seen Citizen Kane. Don't intend to. So many people sing its praises that it's automatically overrated. What's the point of seeing it now?

If you want to talk about truly groundbreaking films, start with Alien. What a masterpiece. The way it takes its time and builds up to that relentless payoff? So good. No one even believes Richard Dreyfuss for the longest time. Then, finally, there's the climax where he shoots an oxygen tank and blows a shark into a million pieces. Incredible.

Another great slow burn is The Shining, which is probably my favorite movie. It has fewer sharks than Alien but it's a deeper film. It's the kind of movie you can watch a hundred times and still not catch what the guy was writing on that paper. What the heck was going on with that? Why was the hotel so empty? What was the wife's name again? Where did this person come from? Are they good or bad? What did they just say? Why was the movie even called The Shining? A great film leaves viewers with questions such as these.

Some of my favorite movies are westerns. It's a fascinating genre. Simple on the surface, sure, but its most basic and familiar elements can be played off of in very unique ways. For my money the best western of all time - and possibly my favorite movie ever - is Shanghai Noon. It's basically the Corky Romano of westerns.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.13 I hope you appreciate how wisely I invested your college fund

Monday, Dec 16, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Sammy, you're too young to know it now, but daddy has done a freakin' amazing job on this boss portfolio of investments for your college. According to something I read on the Internet, college is going to cost about 500,000 dollars, so I knew I had to get some funding sitch settled. These freelance web design dollars weren't going to be enough, no matter how many blog templates I authored, what with Obamacare forcing me to buy insurance.

I have spent a lot of fiat currency buying up commodities that I know will grow in value. I'm talking druid boots of crescent moonwalk, three different tiger pets, a coin cache, a house in Mitzi Saga, all ten candy tokens from Jellybean Kingdom, including the legendary mint which you can only get if you participated in all five tiers of the Cake Witch's raffle.

I've got stacks of enchanted arrows, the Hydra Grenade Launcher from *Blitz Assassin 4*, the Supple Warrior pack that turns you into a sexy leather woman in *Battle Frame 009*. I bought unlock keys for all three helicopters. I've got the green knife. I have the mana stones.

Sammy, I even bought you the Legendary Helm of the Water Wizard Gargo for *Darbo IV*. This is next level stuff. It is the most coveted Legendary next to the Legendary Axe of Dang Darbo Dragonheart and only one person was able to buy that during the special event sale.

While you were snoozing in your crib, daddy was doing the legwork on some other hot investment leads. Ever hear of a little something called Kickstarter? I'm a bit of a mover and shaker there. I've got a hundred bucks riding on something that like a fanny pack, but it plugs into your laptop with USB to keep a beer cold, and I'm expecting it to pay dividends in the form of some pretty sweet t-shirts.

I've also become a little bit of a producer of multimedia entertainment. Just to name a few of the projects in my portfolio:

A short movie about Spock if Spock was a woman and had to fight steampunk Iron Man (Gold level producer, name in credits, cog Trek logo - $500) - Featuring a cameo from Tim Russ (Tuvok from Star Trek: Voyager) this thing seems like they are printing money here.

A new album from alt rock legends Sponge ($250) - They keep making solid albums. It's just a matter of being rediscovered by a cool radio station or podcast or whatever. Onion AV Club? Maybe.

A documentary about Sonic the Hedgehog and bullying (three different t-shirts and a deluxe sticker pack - $200) - I hate bullying and love Sonic. Nuff said.

A board game like Life but with zombies (signed physical copy, two PDFs, name listed in instruction booklet - $300) - Hit a lot of stretch goals so will be looking forward to the brain dice and different colored zombie tokens.

An 8-bit style Roguelike (special in-game items and an XP boost - $100) - Just crazy and original enough that it might work.

A musical based on the video game Portal - Gabe Newell has promised not to pursue legal action as long as it is for entertainment only so this thing is greenlit for the

big time.

A web comic re-released as a physical book (3 signed copies and a swirly straw which is a reference to a popular strip of this comic - $500) - If you loved laughing online for free, wait until you can pay to read it in book form. Guaranteed moneymaker.

Amanda Palmer's hotel room service bill (paid for by true fans, I get one of those little ketchup jars and a photo of her using the ketchup with her sweet potato fries - $100) - I admit, seems a little shaky like I might lose my investment, but Amanda Palmer followed me back on twitter and even favstarred a joke I made about corsets.

Something else with zombies ($100) - Might have been a collectible card game. I can't remember and I lost the bookmark.

The merch alone from all of these projects has got to be in the dozens of dollars of value, but I have diversified. Not just Kickstarter. Not just Indiegogo. I have invested the rest of your college fund in one of the most foolproof investment properties of the 21st century: premium equipment. College is taken care of, because daddy played it smart.

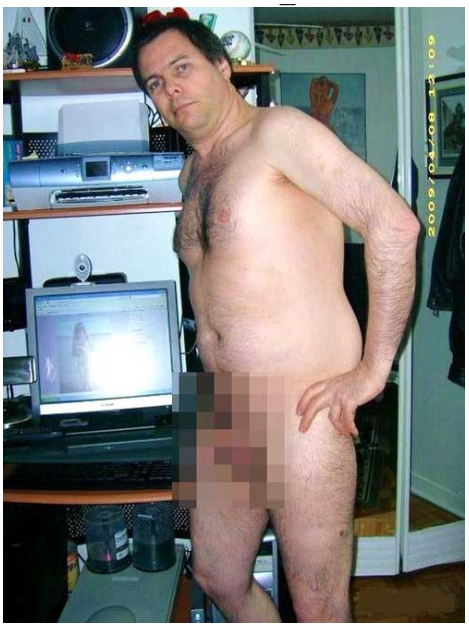
–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.14 These 83 Naked Dads Using Computers Are What You Look Like Right Now

Tuesday, Dec 17, 2013 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

You, reading your computer, look exactly like this right now. They have better usernames than you, too.

PleasantDad_666



OfficeSexLord69

LaidBackMale

FocusedLumberjack

CasualLegUpGuy_Naruto

Home_Office_Toucher

CamOnCeilingUncle

Miffed_Man

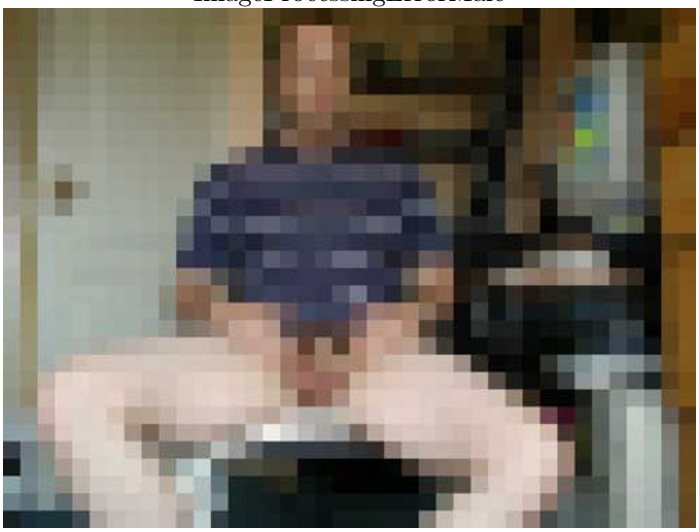
Printer_Up_High_Man

Muskspreader

onlineshopper69

The Wheezy Grandpa

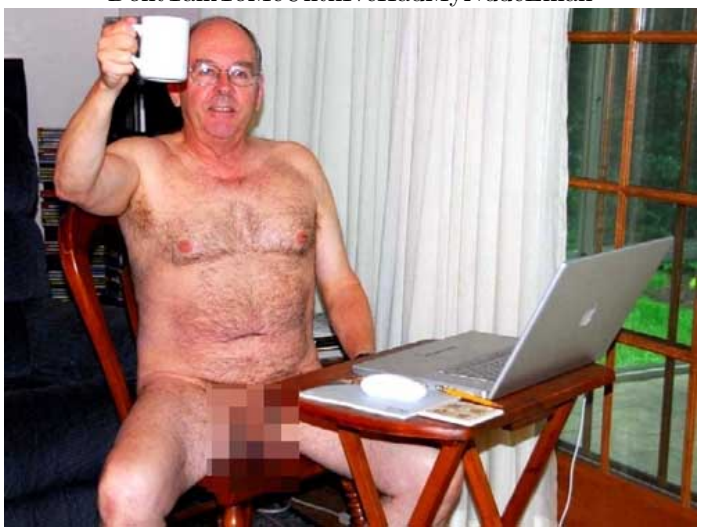
ImageProcessingErrorMale



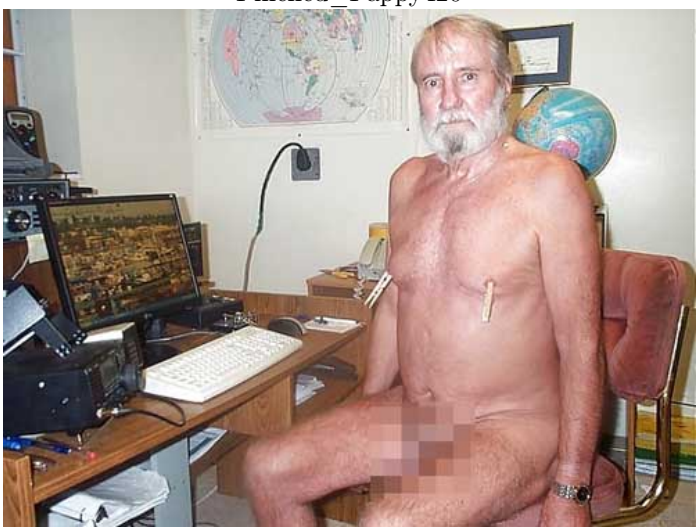
JustWokeUpSexgod

SpreadsheetPleasurer

DontTalkToMeUntilIveHadMyNudeEmail



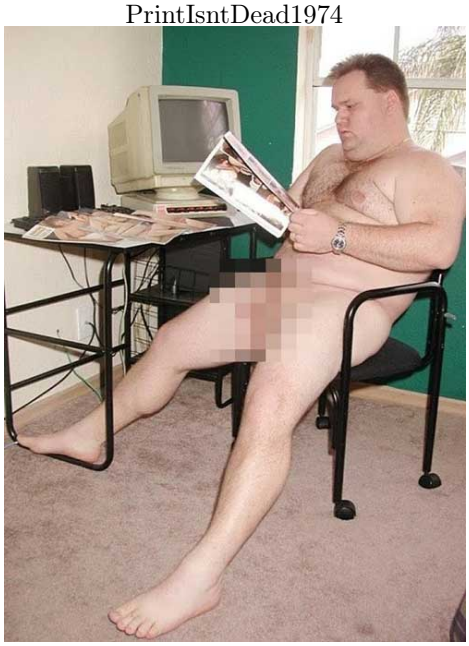
Pinched_Pappy420



Bashful Pete

StretchyManOnFloor_420

PrintIsntDead1974



Spellcaster_Nicehaircut

WifeSkypingFromOtherRoomDude

PasswordForgetterDad

666_nude_devil

ExternalMouseGuy4Sex

FunAnecdoteTeller79

the_lemon_eater

Socks_On_Forever

Attic_Prince

theslоucher

seawater_Drinker

NotAgain99

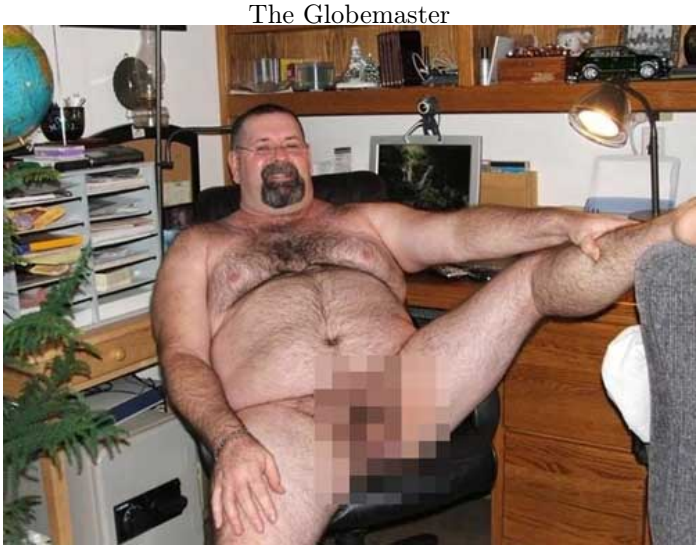
FakePlantDad

CanUSmellMe

AlwaysAtWorkReallyEarlyMan

Sexual_Tiesto

The Globemaster



TheSqueaker

TV_Tray_Tre

Thoughtful_n_Smooth

MESSYMAN

Noble_Pleasurer

HEDONIST_HAROLD

Just_Did_Yardwork_55

Chairhater

YouWannaOrderPizzaOrWhat

BlackFridayDealsDude

Basement_Barry

Horse_ebooks

WhyDidITakeThisPhoto69

BOLF_WLITZER_NOTWOLFBLITZER

jerrycat

DOUBLE_COMPUTERS_DOUBLE_SEX

GettingUpToChaseU

CYBER_MIKE

compaqcum69

cantbreatheman

TURTLE_TIME

DidYouHearThereIsASale_SuitsAreHalfOff

DumbThingInWindowGuy

I_run_real_fast

IsThatASpider

i_cover_the_whole_chair_56

HATS_OFF_TO_YA

2_INTENSE_2_CLOSE_DRAWERS_FULLY

disappointed_Dad

turbotax_ted

mustachemale

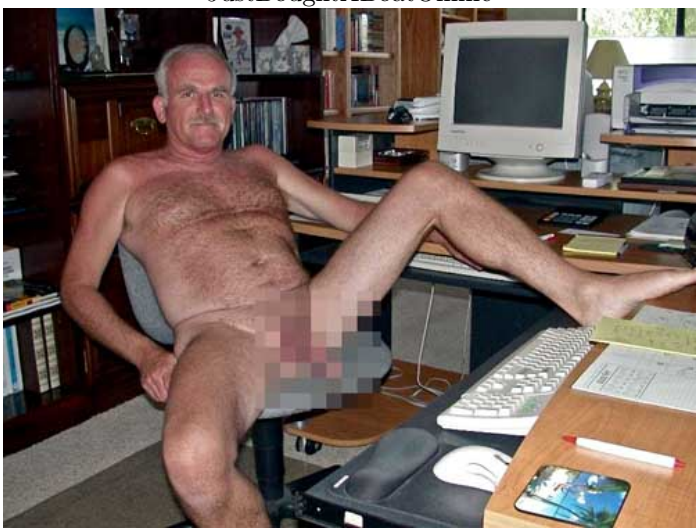
SomethingsWrong

NewTatAtAge40Man

HOW_DO_I_EMAIL

somewhat_threatening_1979

JustBoughtABoatOnline



im_from_the_future_and_i_brought_my_chair_with_me

FROG

YouBetThatsRealWood_WinkWink

bacteriachair

Shywizard

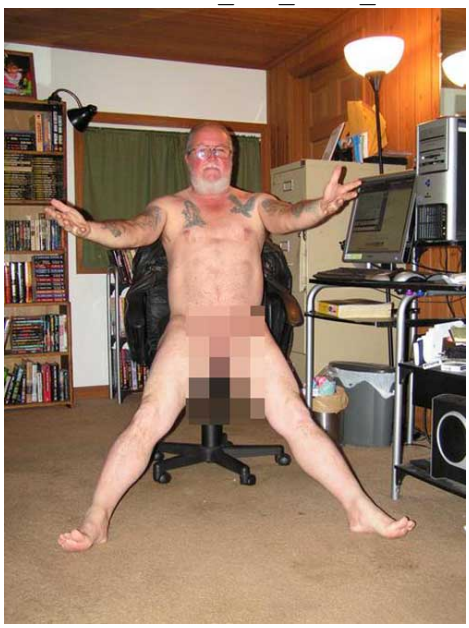
WOW!!!!

YoureNotGonnaBelieveThis

fyad_dad

UnusualFurnitureGuy

CONGRATS_TO_YOU_44



–∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.15 SkyMall Product Reviews: HoodiePillow Hooded Pillowcase

Wednesday, Dec 18, 2013 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SkyMall Product Reviews series.

> The patented HoodiePillow Pillowcase includes a super-comfortable sweatshirt hood that's perfect for privacy and uninterrupted shut-eye. Simply pull the drawstrings to cover your eyes, stay warm and reduce noise.

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By FedoraFox from Madison, WI

Love it! This works better than my old method of awkwardly squeezing my head and torso into a pillowcase, especially since I often got stuck or lost circulation in my limbs/head.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By All4Jesus from Spokane, WA

I cut eyeholes into mine so I can wear it at all times of the day. It's a little uncomfortable and makes my neck hurt, like when I'm standing up or walking around town, but when I have the opportunity to sit or lay down, it all comes together and I know why I do the things I do and what my purpose on this earth is. You'll all see soon.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By Amabon from Biloxi, MS

Long story short the hood part ended up full of chili. More specifically chili I threw up in my sleep (I ate six bowls of chili then went to bed). Because I pulled the hood over my head really tight and then secured it around my neck with the drawstrings, I nearly drowned in my own chili vomit. This seems like an incredibly unprofessional oversight on the part of the designers.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★☆☆☆

By DadAndGrad from Bemidji, MN

First of all: big disappointment here.

Like most people, I use two pillows stacked on top of each other. So I bought two of these hoodie pillow cases thinking I would continue doing what I've done all my life. Here's the problem: you can't use the hood of the bottom pillow, because the top pillow is blocking it. I bought two hoodie pillowcases specifically to use the hoods. This is a huge oversight. Unbelievably fuc**** stupid. Am I supposed to put one pillow on top of my head? That's just stupid. I could suffocate. I want to use both hoods on both pillows like I paid to do. Period. I don't want my money back, just FIX THIS.

Age: 31-35

Customer Review: ★☆☆☆☆

By SkyMallMommy from Phoenix, AZ

Tasteless. I never imagined SkyMall would start promoting "ghetto culture" with hood pillowcases. Thugs wear hoods, not sleeping people. Disgusting.

Age: 21-25

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By PatentMan from Hope, AR

Once I saw this I had a million dollar idea right then and there. I ordered wife to sew a pair of my underwear to the side of a pillowcase. Now I can put the underwear on and always have a comfortable pillow under my butt. Use an extra large pair and you can wear them over your clothes, or let it all hang loose. Can also wear them on head if you want like this hoodie pillowcase. My version is better. Only an idiot would buy this. They work great aside from some diarrhea mishaps.

(PERFECT FIVE STAR RATING IS FOR MY VERSION, NOT THE ONE SOLD HERE, WHICH DESERVES NO STARS)

Age: 46-50

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By Pontoon Pete from Roswell, NM

Perfect! I have long slept wearing a separate executioner's hood, but this makes it redundant. Now that it's built into the pillowcase, I can dream of killing the guilty and rest my head with one product instead of two.

Age: 36-40

Customer Review: ★★★★★

By drowsy from Rotisserie, Ontario

Extremely comfortable and the pillow fits snuggly between my head and the headrest on the back of my seat. Great for tuning out and catching some quick power-naps when traffic gets heavy or I'm driving a super-familiar route where I don't need to pay attention.

Age: 41-45

Customer Review:

By Frogbert from Red Barn, TX

Ordered this for my uncle because he likes to fall asleep a lot and the severe burns to his face and eyelids are disturbing to look at. Now everyone's a winner!

Age: 36-40

Customer Review:

By HumanToiletDoug from Sandy, UT

Useless. I am making a full body version out of latex. Will have mouth fitting that attaches to common plumbing pipes.

Age: 66-70

–~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.16 What to Say to Friends and Family About "Duck Dynasty"

Friday, Dec 20, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Facebook and Christmas gatherings are in danger of melting down following the suspension of *Duck Dynasty* star Phil Robertson for making anti-gay comments. To help prevent *Duck Dynasty* drama from spoiling the upcoming week, here are some strategies for dealing with the inevitable conversations.

COMMISERATE

If you don't mind tacitly approving of gay-bashing, you can try to be sympathetic about the hard breaks for the duck dudes. Give one of the following a try on Facebook or around the Christmas meat pile:

"At least you still have those irredeemable monster bodies on *Pawn Stars* to talk to fake customers about rusty swords and autographs. I bet a couple of them secretly hate gay people too."

"So long as the gays leave Christmas alone, I'm willing to let this one slide."

"A duck dynasty falls, bringing a close to the cycle of our duck culture. Do not fear endings for they are beginnings in disguise. It is the way of all dynasties that another will rise to lead us into the new age. Like when they had that spinoff show to *American Chopper*."

"Hey, God took care of that terrorist Mandela, I'll trade a duck dynast to be rid of that commie scumbag."

"Leave it to the 'tolerant liberals' to try to take away duck man's first amendment right to be employed by A&E network. Thomas Jefferson would be shittin' blood if he knew about how the gays are ruining basic cable."

PLAY IGNORANT

Contrary to what you might have believed from reading your Facebook feed, not everybody watches *Duck Dynasty*. Play stupid and maybe they'll change the subject. Toss out one of these:

"Sorry, I am unfamiliar with *Duck Dynasty* or homosexuals. I only have time to watch weather related programming."

"I don't own a TV or a computer in my house that I don't have because I don't own a house either. I've never watched TV or read a book or listened to music, I'm not even a person, I'm a bug. Hi."

"Sorry, I hadn't heard about *Duck Dynasty*. I was on the phone all night because apparently my wife was having an affair and the hospital called and I guess the guy had sex with her so hard that she died. No, no, we'll be fine. We're just putting the pieces of our lives back together. I don't want to ruin Christmas. Did you want to fill me in on this *Duck Dynamite* thing?"

"Ah, I had the TV on but I couldn't hear anything because people wouldn't be quiet at the cocaine party I was at."

Another option would be to change the subject yourself. Drop one of these on a Duck Dynasty fan to quickly reroute the conversation.

MISDIRECT

"No, I've never seen *Duck Dynasty*. Speaking of looking at things, have you seen my cool golf visor with the fake frosted hair coming out of the top? Now that's a dynasty I wouldn't duck."

"I really only watch anime. Are you familiar with *Girls und Panzer*? You'll love it, it's about high school girls who compete in tank battles for the honor of their school. Here, let me show you one of the AMVs I have made."

"Excuse me! Hey! Does anyone here know how to get bed bugs out of socks? Follow up on that question, can anybody identify whether or not this is a bed bug?"

"False flag! False flag! Infowars.com!" *running around the house knocking things over* "False flag! False flaaaaag!"

"That reminds me, put on these cans and listen to the entire catalog of The Moody Blues. I think they're pretty underrated but I want to know what you think."

"Oh, hey, *Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives* is on! I wonder if putting cheese on something is still money."

BE HONEST

Very risky. Not recommended for amateurs. However, if you insist on honesty, you could try one of the following:

> "A bigoted millionaire hillbilly got fired by a giant corporation for insulting gay people in a magazine interview because gay people read the magazine that interviewed him. I don't have time to give a shit about what happens to his stupid ass for being stupid. Leave me alone."
>
> "Your garbage show is fake crap for idiots and the duck faggot is a piece of shit for hating gay people. And you're a piece of shit for being mad about it."
>
> "Go marry a guy about it, you will feel better."
>
> "Gay people tend to be well-educated, employed in top jobs, and they have nothing but disposable income. *Duck Dynasty* viewers spend all of their money buying clothes and bulk hot dogs at the same discount stores. Who do you think advertisers give a single fuck about?"
>
> "You have a fleeting amount of time to be alive. Don't squander it on *Duck Dynasty*. Please."

Good luck out there. This is going to be worse than the boycott and anti-boycott of Chik-fil-A.

If you are still in need of advice about how to handle Duck Dynasty drama, feel free to seek Zack's counsel on his Facebook page.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.17 There's Probably No Escape From Savage Bloodprison Island

Saturday, Dec 21, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Well, well, well. What do we have here, bloody and twitching on the shore of our lovely little island? Looks like a helpless new prisoner. How was the bungee dropoff?

Don't answer. In fact, don't move. You might make Killerbyte nervous. When he gets nervous, people's fingers have a funny way of getting bitten off.

Whatever crime you committed out there doesn't matter. Your past, your life, they're meaningless too. All that matters is you're here now. For good. There are no guards, only ninety three of the most brutal psychopathic criminals this side of the Grand Canyon Mainframe. And my word is law. If you can't follow the rules, you won't survive the week.

First of all, don't even try to dig that tracker out from your shoulder. The pigs buried that bad boy at least a quarter of an inch below the surface of your skin. There's no way that thing's coming out.

Besides, did you know your tracker contains a highly explosive compound? Well it does, and that stuff won't just blow you to pieces if you leave the island. It will also detonate if the tracker senses that it has been removed from your body. There's only a five second window between the tracker's removal and the explosion. That's not enough time to do more than, say, throw the tracker a safe distance away from yourself and dive behind cover. Those fascist bastards thought of everything.

I'm feelin' unusually generous, so let me spare you some heartbreak. Don't try to escape at all. Don't even get your hopes up by thinking about it. If you haven't noticed, just off shore the entire island is surrounded by a fence that protrudes over six feet above the surface of the water. That sucker is high grade chain link. Newest tech on the market. You ever tried to scale a chain link fence? It's impossible. The holes are nowhere near big enough for your feet to find purchase.

Even if you made it past the fence - and you wouldn't - you'd never be able to reach the hovercraft. It's anchored over thirty feet away from the fence. Unless you're some kind of Olympic swimmer, you can't possibly swim that far.

Besides, the hovercraft is constantly manned by a single guard who is always on patrol, with his back to the island because he's only watching out for intruders rather than escapees. Good luck getting past him.

Let's say you somehow removed your tracker, made it over the fence, through the water, and past the guard. The hovercraft's cockpit is locked up tight with a top of the line security system. It's a number pad with a password that's a single digit long. You only have ten failed password attempts before the alarm gets triggered.

I see the gears working in your head. Fine. Ignore my advice. It ain't my funeral. Just don't try to unify the prisoners. Classic mistake. We're all way too different for that to work.

Doctor Scalpyl and his boys are the island's doctors. They're useful, but weak so no one likes them.

Another faction is led by Grip, who used to be a professional climbing instructor on the outside. Specialized in urban climbing - fences and such - but he says he can teach a baby to climb anything. His group is a buncha thrill-seeking wastoids if you ask me. You can usually find them up on the side of a cliff somewhere.

Paddle was an Olympic swimmer. He's always bragging about how him and all his waterlogged followers could tow makeshift rafts full of people for a distance of at least thirty feet. Sure. As if.

Shadow is a loner. A stealth expert, he hunts for our food by sneaking up on animals and breaking their necks with his bare hands. Never says a word to anyone. Total freak.

Then there's Digits. He runs the CyberBoyz, the island's gang of hackers and math experts. Fat lot of good those skills will do them out here.

As you can see, our factions are far too dissimilar to get along. We have no common goal to unify our groups and work together. Face it, pal, you're here for good.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.18 Terrence Malick's Rudolph the Rednosed Reindeer

Monday, Dec 23, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A red glow illuminates the reindeer stall. Santa walks out shaking his head and wiping blood from his hands. The newborn reindeer tries to huddle against its mother for warmth.

Donner speaks in voice over. "Find the good in every moment before time takes it away from you. Fill it with your light. Fill it or feel the ache of memories. Of things you never did. Of wrongs you never corrected."

Donner turns away from his son. He walks out into the cold. His breath steams in the clarity of the arctic air. Donner speaks in voice over. "I wish I could have given you what I have. I wish those moments had been filled with the love that every living thing deserves."

The sound of a car crash. A sleigh is crumpled against a tree. The engine ticks softly in the stillness after the crash. A door opens. Santa Claus spills out onto the asphalt.

"You remake yourself with every morning." A ramrod drill instructor looks over the new reindeer recruits in a crowded auditorium. "You are not a mountain, you are a river. Yesterday you were a hero. What are you now? Anything? Nothing? Take hold of the world every day and tell it who you are."

Clarice and Rudolph curl in the leaves together. It is a primeval forest of the southern arctic. Summer is rain here. Green life between them. They have just made love for the first time.

"You are not your father," says Clarice.

"Every man is his father," says Rudolph.

They watch the clouds over their heads. The trees moving and creaking. They will never fix these moments in their minds. You can never recall the shape of a cloud or the way love feels in your heart. There is only the pain of forgetting.

A terrible snow creature fills a cave with its presence. Its scream is silent. Crumpled presents are heaped among mangled reindeer skeletons. Donner speaks in voice over.

"I wish I could protect you from this. To show you how to keep the world from making your heart as hard as mine. If I knew, I would do it. Does time make monsters of us all? Or do we choose for it to happen?"

Yukon Cornelius strikes a flare, illuminating a midnight ice floe. The flare fizzles. Dies. From the darkness, winking like the stop light of a forgotten country highway, is Rudolph's nose.

Rudolph speaks in voice over.

"You left me. You turned your back on me. Why should I guide the sleigh when you didn't even let me play any games?"

Extended Inuit musician sequence. Rudolph and Yukon Cornelius laugh and dance with Inuit girls.

Donner looks down at his son, newly born into the world. Donner speaks in voice over.

"Rudolph with your nose so bright, look at what surrounds you, at this infinity of wonder that encloses our bodies. I dwell in shame and heartbreak. Do not let them be your prison. Become more than I could."

Santa speaks.

"Rudolph. Keep us. Guide us. To the end of time."

Innuit choral music plays over aurora borealis. Rudolph's mother looks down at him nuzzling against her as a tiny newborn. The heavens bend around the earth.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.19 December Birthdays are the Worst

Tuesday, Dec 24, 2013 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

The War on Christmas isn't real, but if it were the poor souls born in December would be on the frontline. Not for religion or consumerism. No, the Decemberers fight just to get a taste of what everyone else in the world gets to experience: a real birthday. By having their birthday parties combined with Christmas, every year millions of children are cheated out of pool parties, arcades, and wicked roller rink/skating rinks. They're special day is undercut horribly not because of their character, but by the calendar. Just because their birthday just happens to happen around Christmas, these unfortunate bastards will never get a chance to taste the sweet, sweet joy of chocolate cake. Although their selfish parents boned in March, those born in December have been screwed their whole life.

Everyone gets a day dedicated to them. Ice cream, toys, cake and maybe some dorky hats and a slumber party. As a kid, it's a day to selfishly gloat. But not Decemberers. Oh no. The only thing they're fed is a big lie. Over and over, they're parents shove their celebration back to Christmas, clumped their presents with all the other crap beneath the tree. They're special day doesn't have friends or anything cool. No, it's just a few tipsy relatives singing half-assed birthday songs between slices of pie. And while most people are the center of attention while they open their birthday presents, Decemberers are forced to endure ripping wrapping paper alongside their dunce siblings and distant cousins. Everyone's getting socks. It might not seem big now, but by the time that child turns eighteen, they're only going to have the equivalent to twelve birthday's worth of presents.

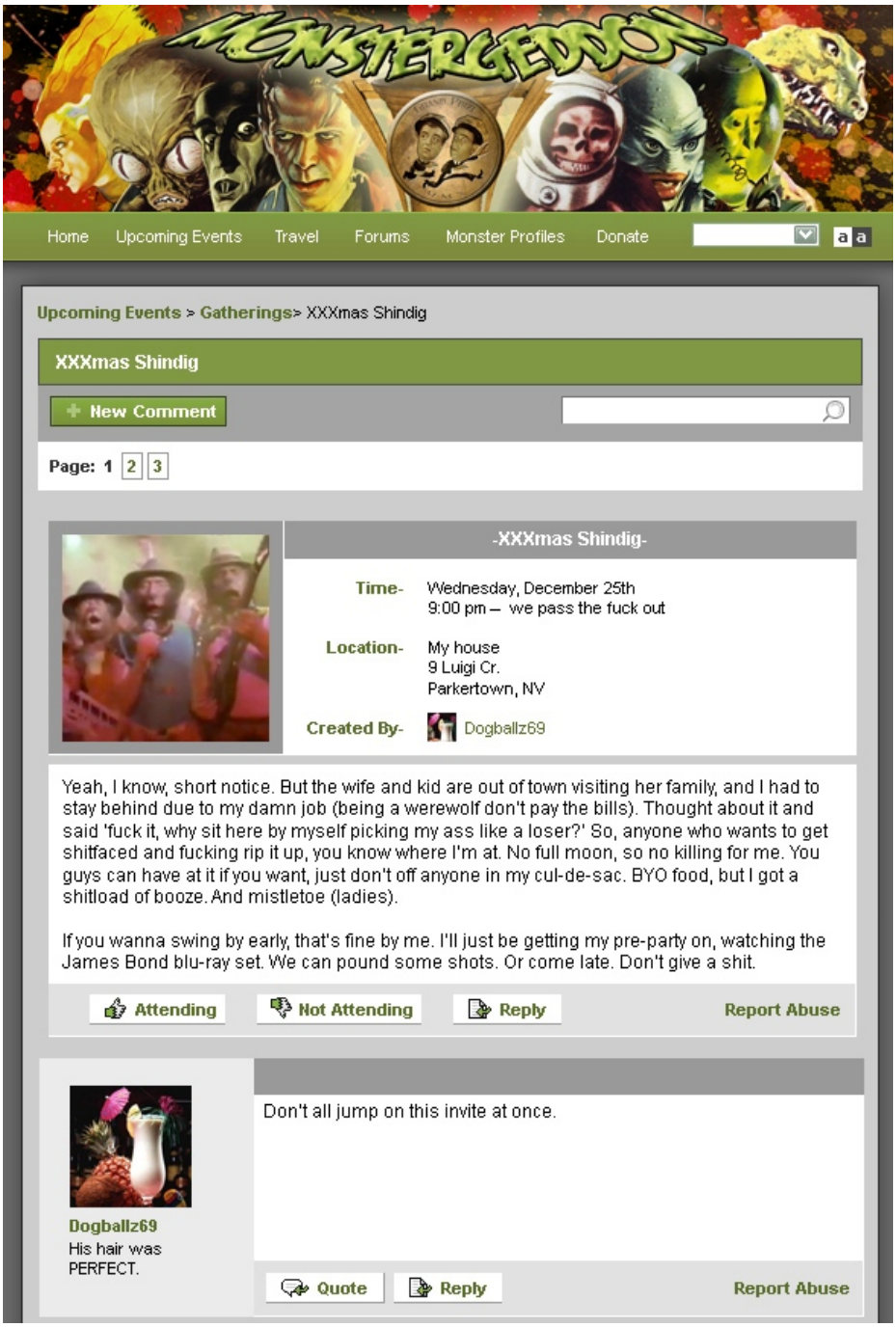
Ultimately, being born in December is cruel and unfortunate. There are twelve months, and they had to come spilling out of the womb when everyone is too busy to care. Even the ugly weird kids born in August get amazing parties and everyone in February gets attention. But Decemberers? They never had a chance. 365 days a year and they're forced to share the spotlight with Jesus, forced to come in second after the dude the day is named after. Good luck with that. Annoying bumper stickers don't state the reason of the season is to celebrate the birth of Christ and, err, Tim or Alan or Leslie. So unless the cursive piping on their cake supposed to say "Happy Birthday Keith and Lord Savior," just let the dead dude have it. If you have to give the December birthday people anything, don't give them Christmas, just give them your pity.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.20 Monstergeddon Forums ⟩Events ⟩Gatherings ⟩Howard's XXXmas Shindig!

Wednesday, Dec 25, 2013 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.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XXXmas Shindig
New Comment
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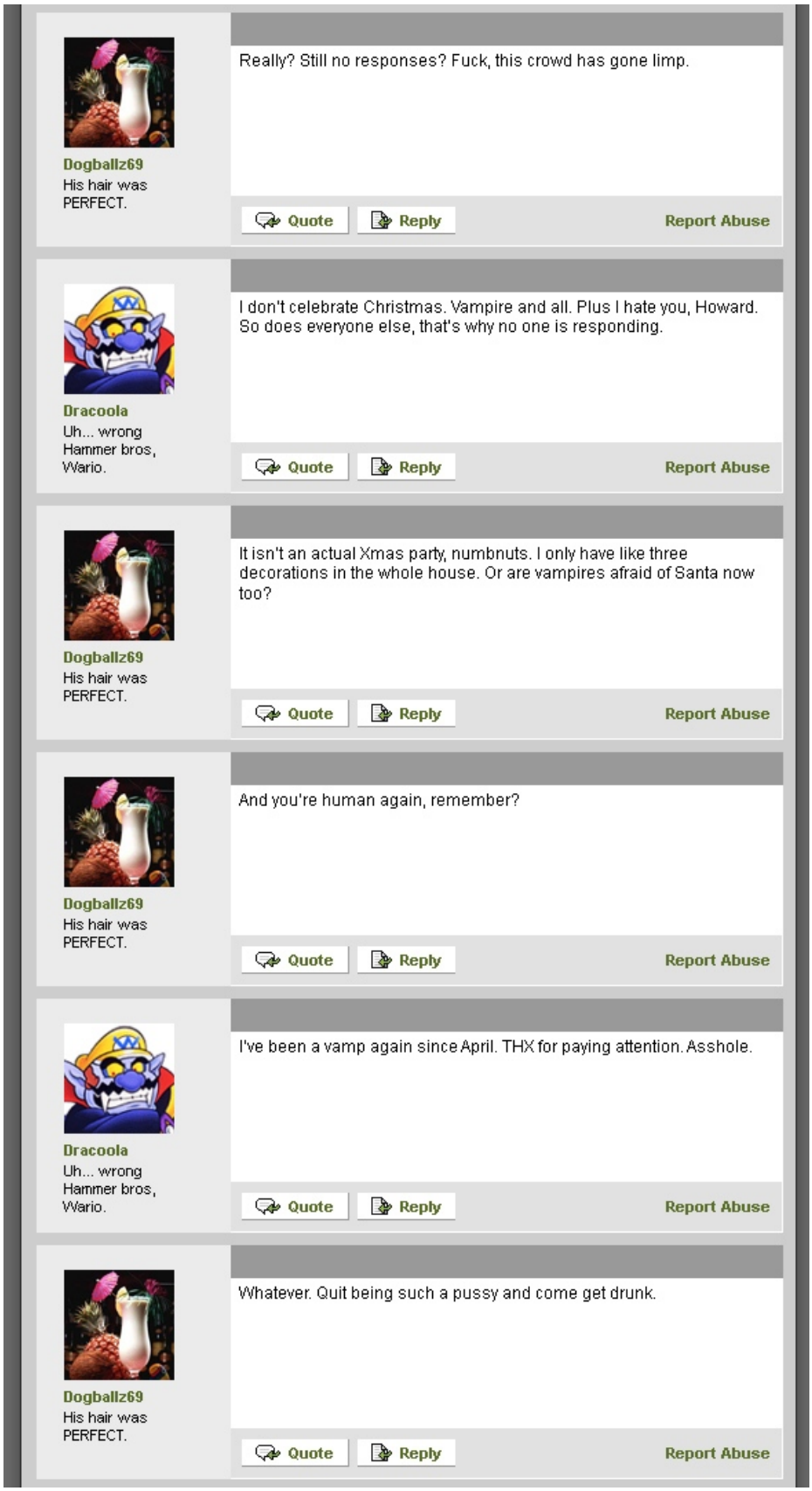
-XXXmas Shindig-
Time-
Wednesday, December 25th
9:00 pm – we pass the fuck out
Location-
My house
9 Luigi Cr.
Parkertown, NV
Created By-
Dogballz69
Yeah, I know, short notice. But the wife and kid are out of town visiting her family, and I had to stay behind due to my damn job (being a werewolf don't pay the bills). Thought about it and said 'fuck it, why sit here by myself picking my ass like a loser?' So, anyone who wants to get shitfaced and fucking rip it up, you know where I'm at. No full moon, so no killing for me. You guys can have at it if you want, just don't off anyone in my cul-de-sac. BYO food, but I got a shitload of booze. And mistletoe (ladies).
If you wanna swing by early, that's fine by me. I'll just be getting my pre-party on, watching the James Bond blu-ray set. We can pound some shots. Or come late. Don't give a shit.
Attending
Not Attending
Reply
Report Abuse
Don't all jump on this invite at once.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Really? Still no responses? Fuck, this crowd has gone limp.

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

I don't celebrate Christmas. Vampire and all. Plus I hate you, Howard. So does everyone else, that's why no one is responding.

Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

It isn't an actual Xmas party, numbnuts. I only have like three decorations in the whole house. Or are vampires afraid of Santa now too?

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

And you're human again, remember?

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

I've been a vamp again since April. THX for paying attention. Asshole.

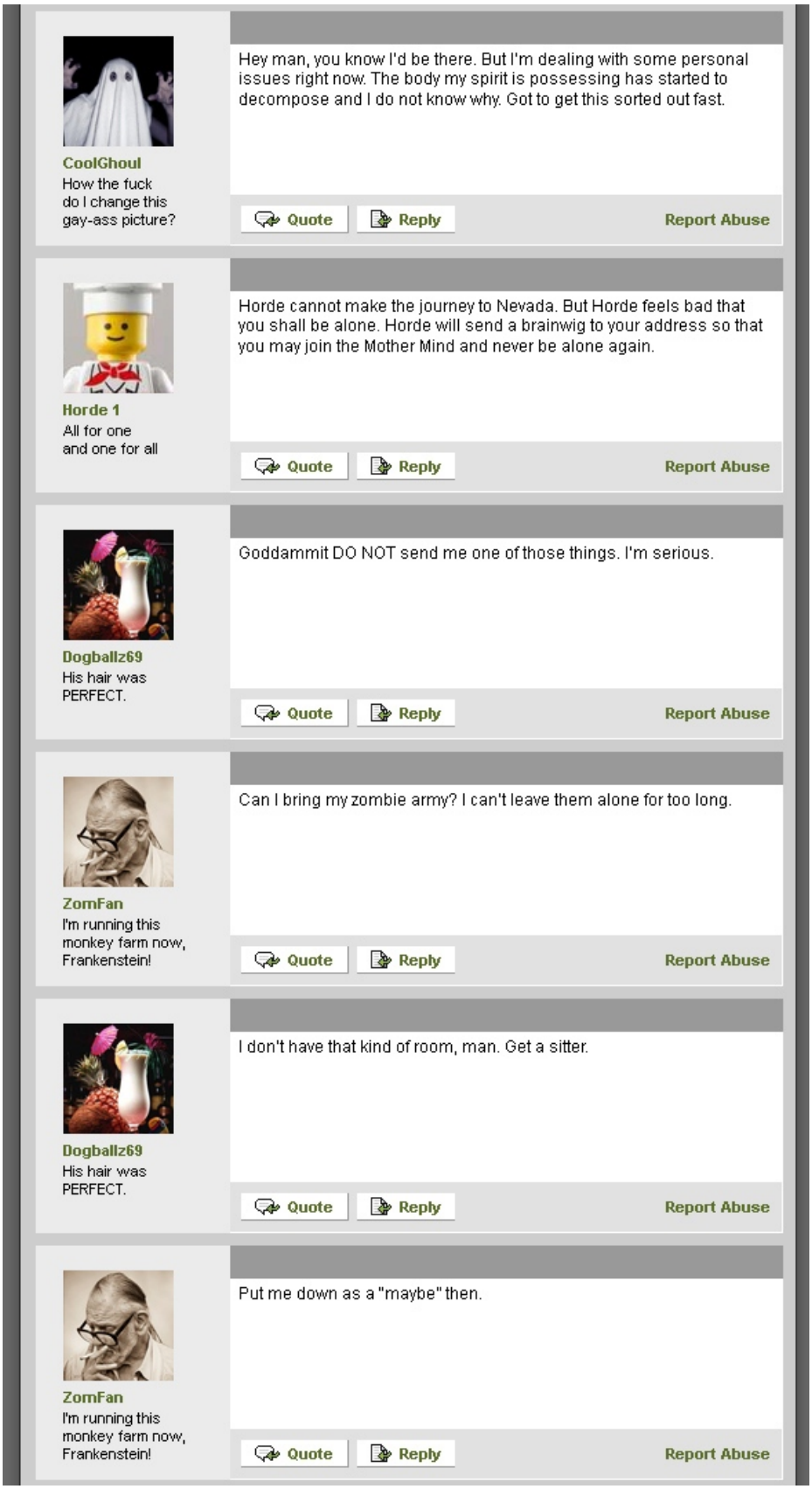
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Whatever. Quit being such a pussy and come get drunk.

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Hey man, you know I'd be there. But I'm dealing with some personal issues right now. The body my spirit is possessing has started to decompose and I do not know why. Got to get this sorted out fast.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Horde 1
All for one and one for all

Horde cannot make the journey to Nevada. But Horde feels bad that you shall be alone. Horde will send a brainwig to your address so that you may join the Mother Mind and never be alone again.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Goddammit DO NOT send me one of those things. I'm serious.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

Can I bring my zombie army? I can't leave them alone for too long.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

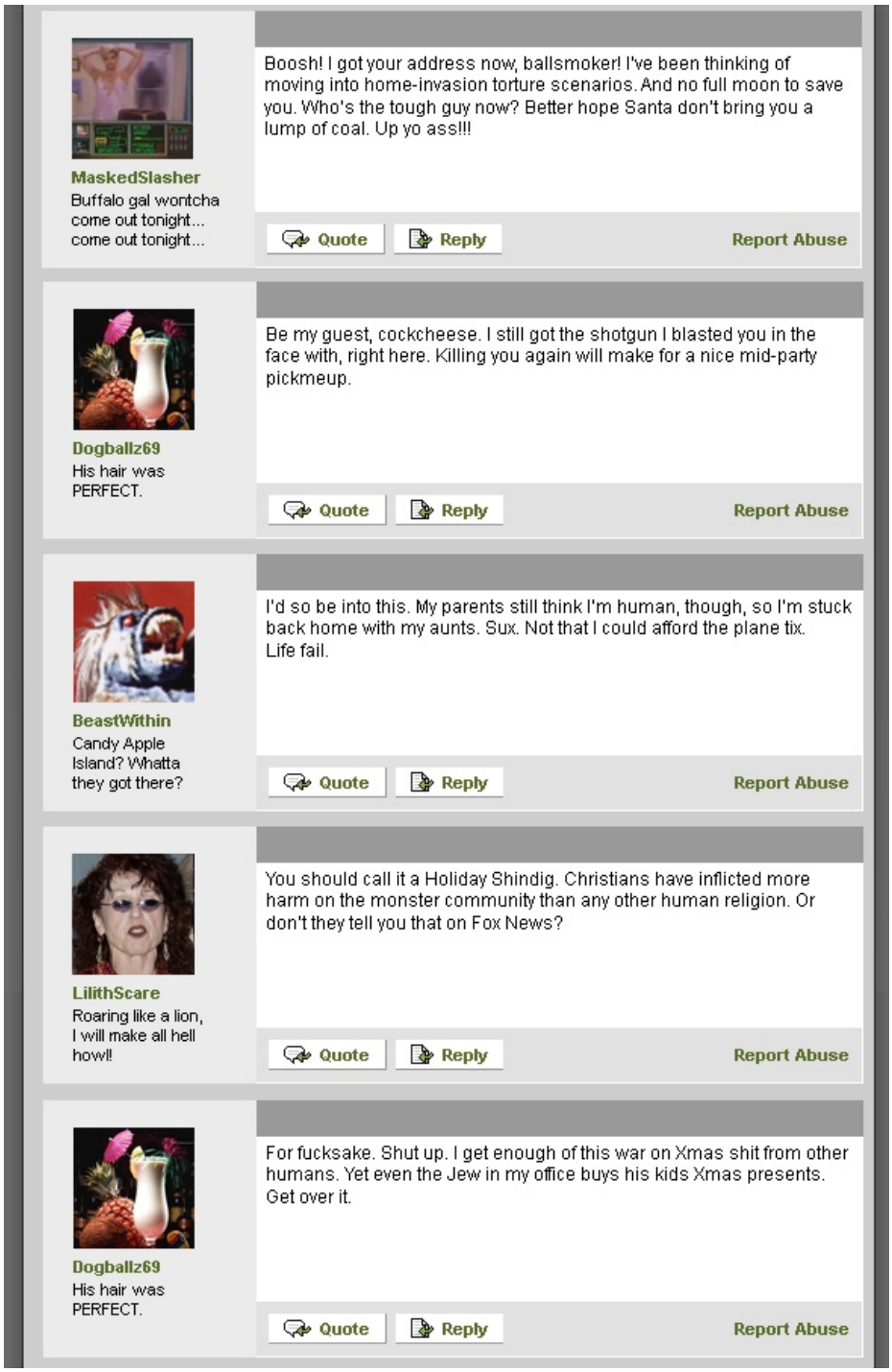
I don't have that kind of room, man. Get a sitter.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

Put me down as a "maybe" then.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...

Boosh! I got your address now, ballsmoker! I've been thinking of moving into home-invasion torture scenarios. And no full moon to save you. Who's the tough guy now? Better hope Santa don't bring you a lump of coal. Up yo ass!!!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Be my guest, cockcheese. I still got the shotgun I blasted you in the face with, right here. Killing you again will make for a nice mid-party pickmeup.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

I'd so be into this. My parents still think I'm human, though, so I'm stuck back home with my aunts. Sux. Not that I could afford the plane tix. Life fail.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!

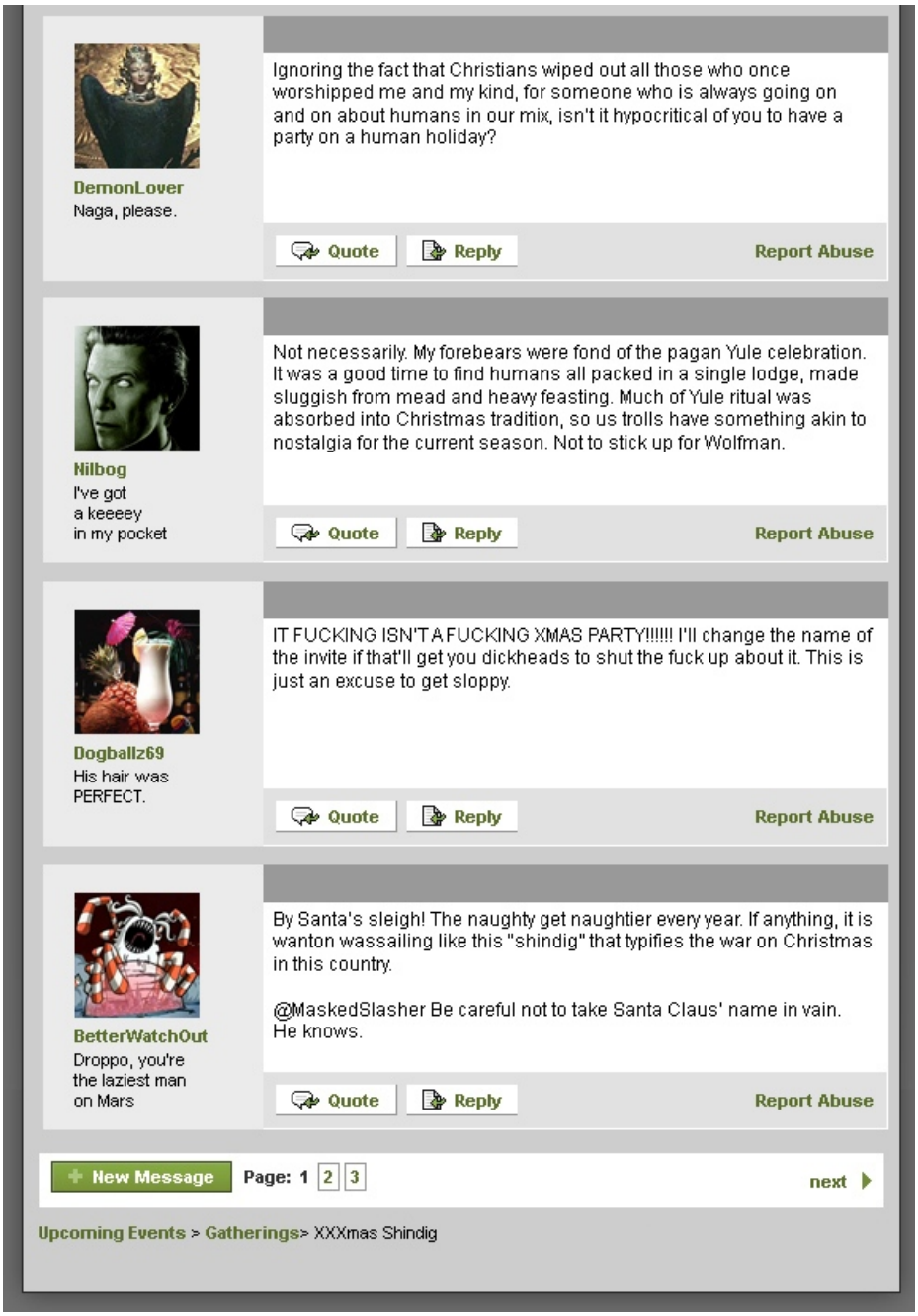
You should call it a Holiday Shindig. Christians have inflicted more harm on the monster community than any other human religion. Or don't they tell you that on Fox News?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

For fucksake. Shut up. I get enough of this war on Xmas shit from other humans. Yet even the Jew in my office buys his kids Xmas presents. Get over it.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



DemonLover
Naga, please.

Ignoring the fact that Christians wiped out all those who once worshipped me and my kind, for someone who is always going on and on about humans in our mix, isn't it hypocritical of you to have a party on a human holiday?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Nilbog
I've got a keeeey in my pocket

Not necessarily. My forebears were fond of the pagan Yule celebration. It was a good time to find humans all packed in a single lodge, made sluggish from mead and heavy feasting. Much of Yule ritual was absorbed into Christmas tradition, so us trolls have something akin to nostalgia for the current season. Not to stick up for Wolfman.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

IT FUCKING ISN'T A FUCKING XMAS PARTY!!!!!! I'll change the name of the invite if that'll get you dickheads to shut the fuck up about it. This is just an excuse to get sloppy.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BetterWatchOut
Droppo, you're the laziest man on Mars

By Santa's sleigh! The naughty get naughtier every year. If anything, it is wanton wassailing like this "shindig" that typifies the war on Christmas in this country.

@MaskedSlasher Be careful not to take Santa Claus' name in vain. He knows.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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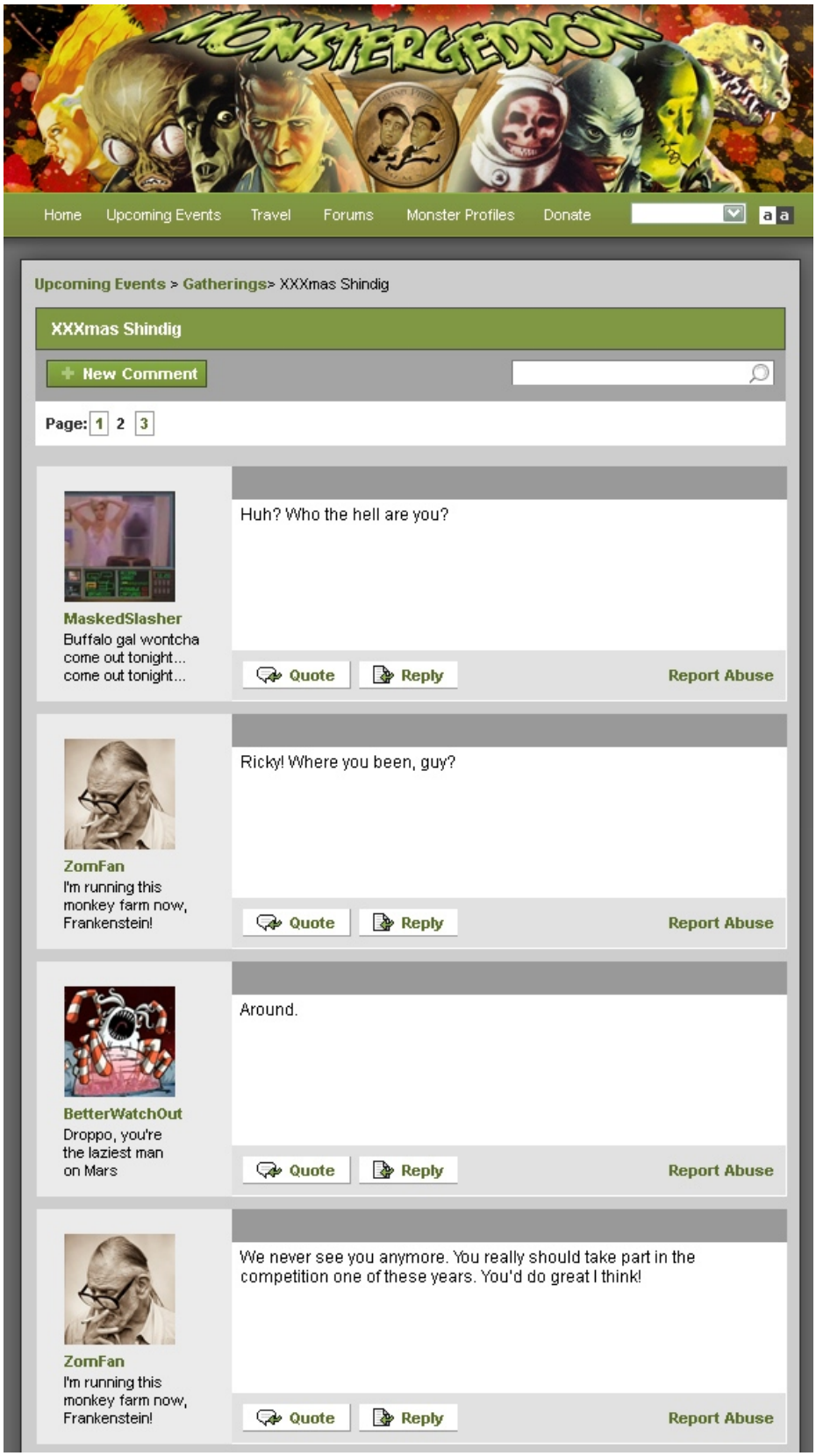
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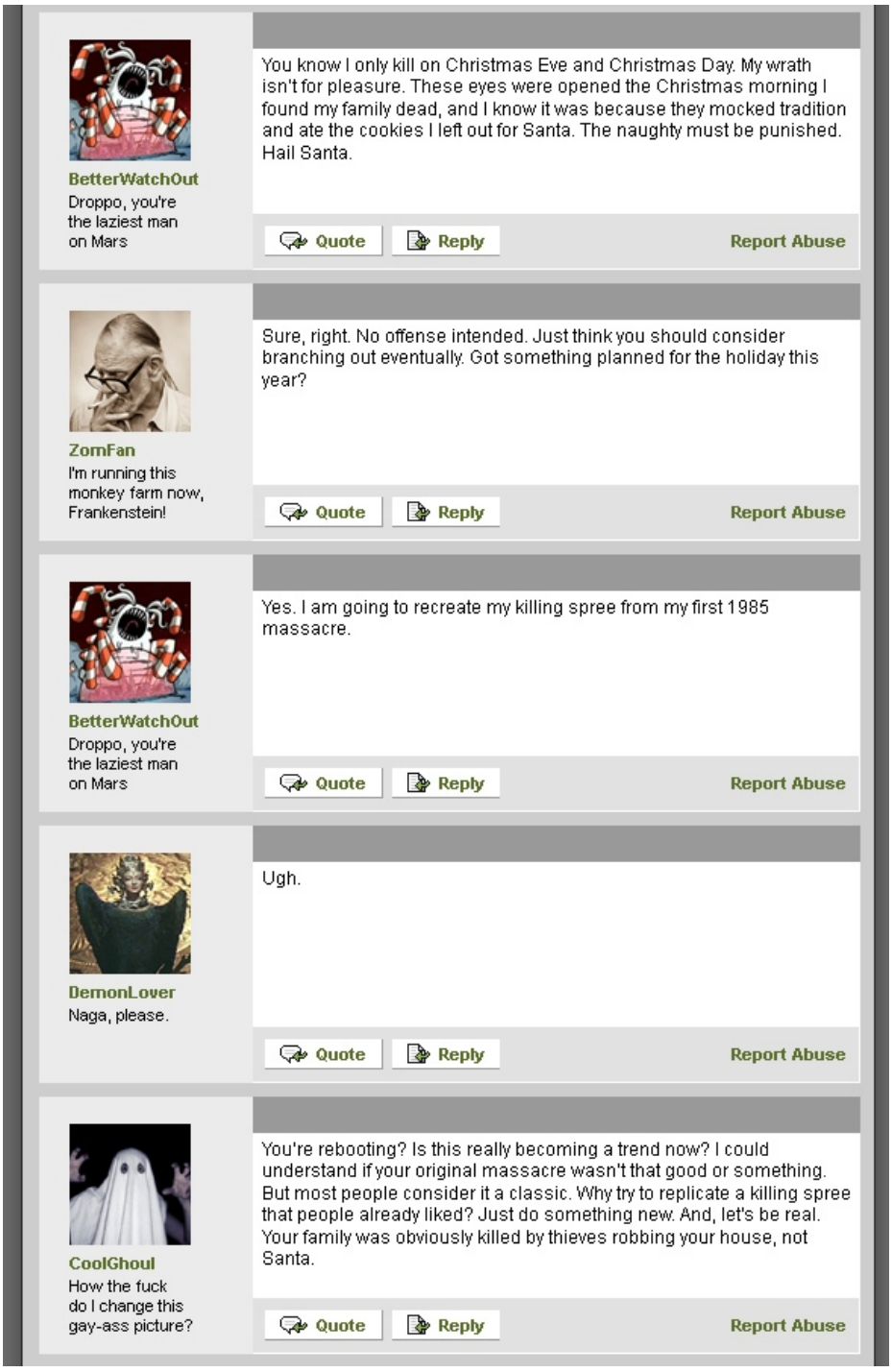
XXXmas Shindig
New Comment
Page: 1 2 3
Huh? Who the hell are you?
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Ricky! Where you been, guy?
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Around.
BetterWatchOut
Droppo, you're the laziest man on Mars
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
We never see you anymore. You really should take part in the competition one of these years. You'd do great I think!
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



BetterWatchOut
Droppo, you're the laziest man on Mars

You know I only kill on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. My wrath isn't for pleasure. These eyes were opened the Christmas morning I found my family dead, and I know it was because they mocked tradition and ate the cookies I left out for Santa. The naughty must be punished. Hail Santa.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

Sure, right. No offense intended. Just think you should consider branching out eventually. Got something planned for the holiday this year?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BetterWatchOut
Droppo, you're the laziest man on Mars

Yes. I am going to recreate my killing spree from my first 1985 massacre.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

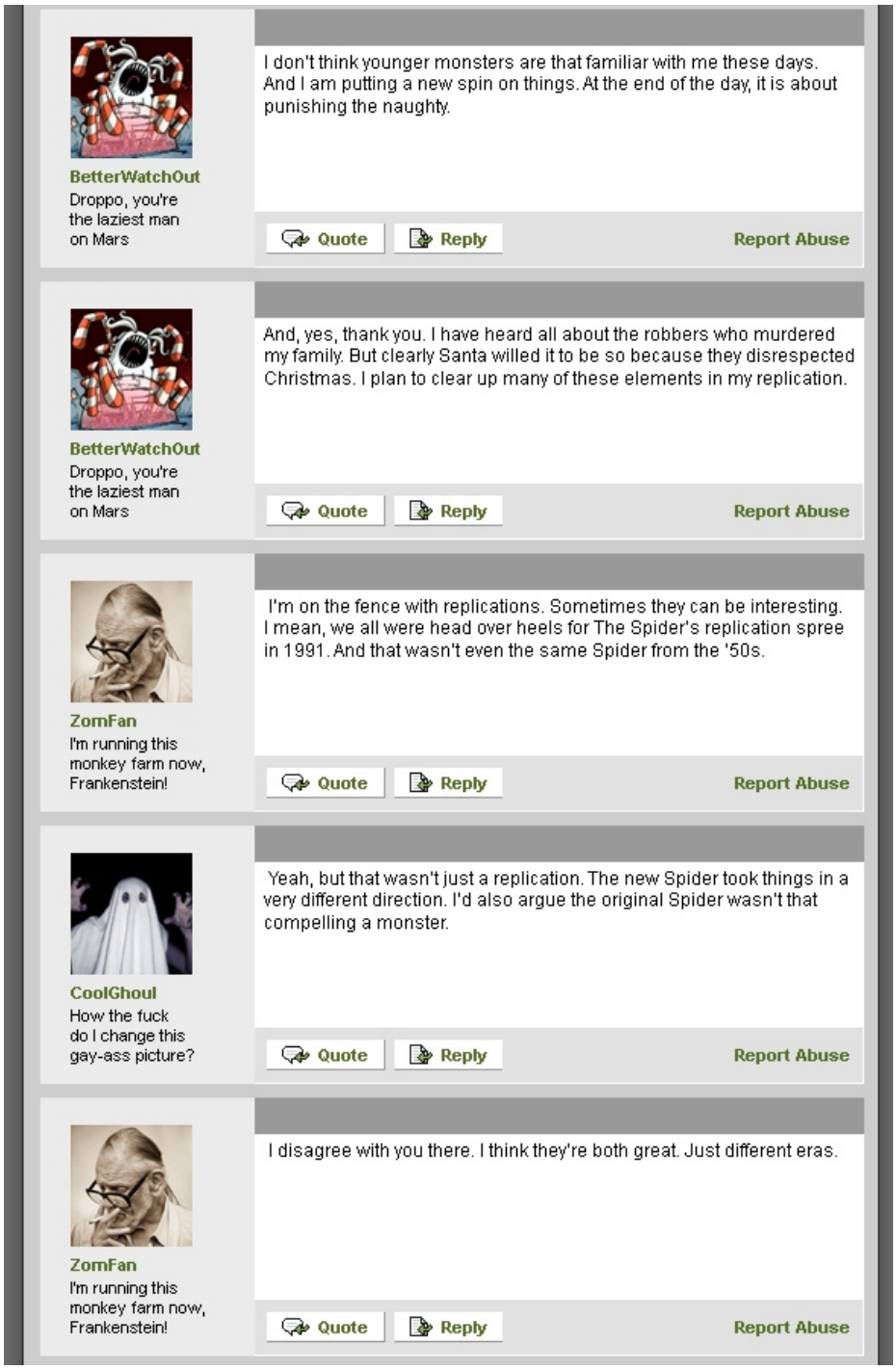
Ugh.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

You're rebooting? Is this really becoming a trend now? I could understand if your original massacre wasn't that good or something. But most people consider it a classic. Why try to replicate a killing spree that people already liked? Just do something new. And, let's be real. Your family was obviously killed by thieves robbing your house, not Santa.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



BetterWatchOut
Droppo, you're the laziest man on Mars

I don't think younger monsters are that familiar with me these days. And I am putting a new spin on things. At the end of the day, it is about punishing the naughty.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BetterWatchOut
Droppo, you're the laziest man on Mars

And, yes, thank you. I have heard all about the robbers who murdered my family. But clearly Santa willed it to be so because they disrespected Christmas. I plan to clear up many of these elements in my replication.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

I'm on the fence with replications. Sometimes they can be interesting. I mean, we all were head over heels for The Spider's replication spree in 1991. And that wasn't even the same Spider from the '50s.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Yeah, but that wasn't just a replication. The new Spider took things in a very different direction. I'd also argue the original Spider wasn't that compelling a monster.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

I disagree with you there. I think they're both great. Just different eras.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.

Replications are about staying current. Now that I'm back, I've been thinking about relaunching too. Starting over with another church retreat massacre.
@BetterWatchOut, back in my previous form I was kind of like you. I thought I needed to be confined to the frame of my first massacre. I get that you returned from the grave to punish the naughty on Christmas. But it may be time to spread those wings.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

I'm still confused. Are you Morty or not?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.

@BeastWithin - It is complicated. My soul was consumed by the same evil entity that drove and re-animated Morty Vorcheck. So the argument sort of comes down to what element of Morty was really the monster? I'm sick of debating it. I just want to keep the legacy alive, you know?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

So call yourself Son of Morty or something! I hate retroactive continuity like this. It is fucking criminal that you're piggybacking off Vorcheck's career and the board is allowing it. Now you're going to redo him? His original massacre is a masterpiece. I expect a big fucking asterisk next to your stats.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

KillAshley
Okay! Virgins on the right, non-virgins on the left.

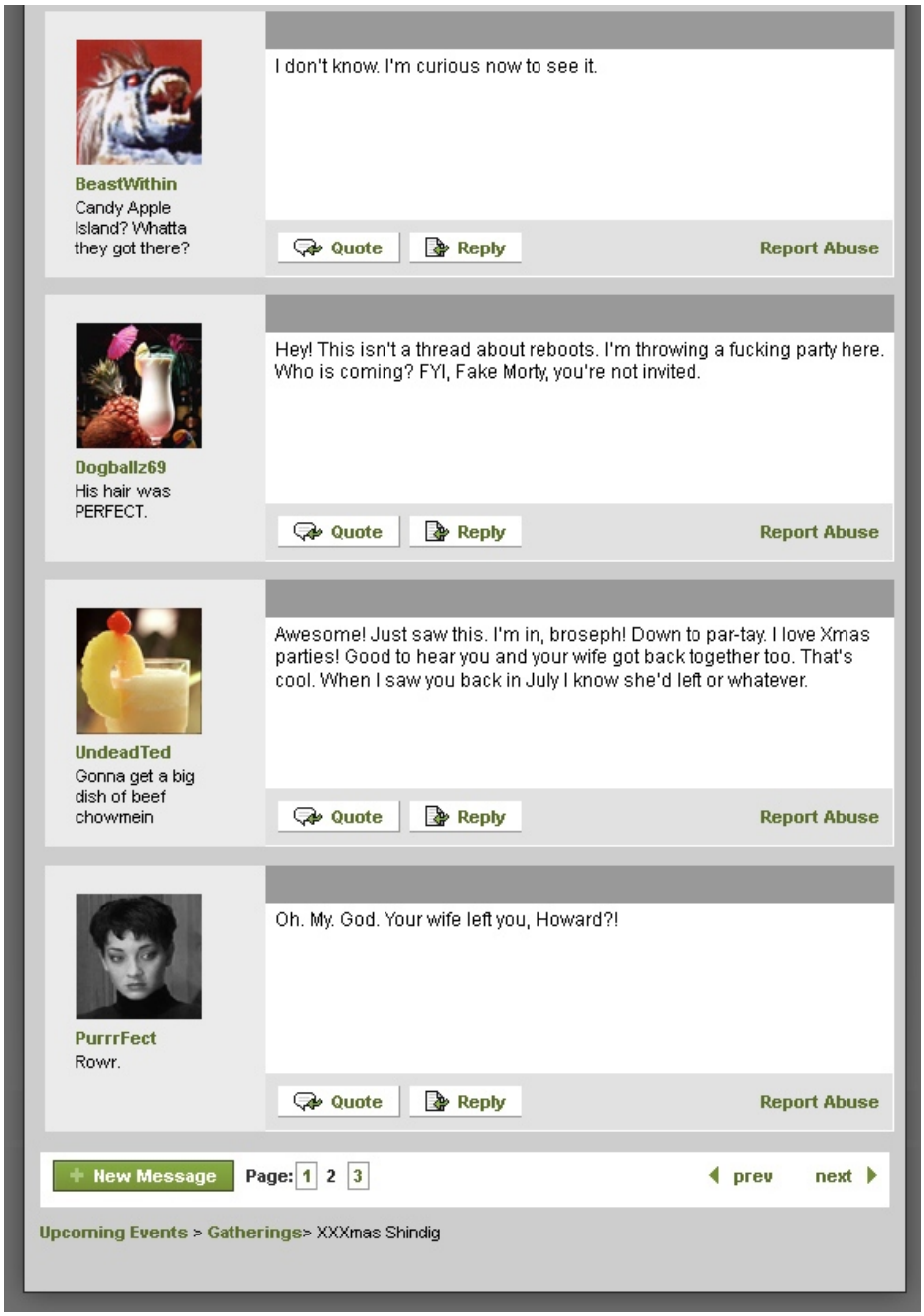
I'm gonna do my own thing. I'm thinking I'll focus on a guy instead of a girl this time.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

That's your big re-imagining?! Changing the sex of your main victim? That is so lazy.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


I don't know. I'm curious now to see it.
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Hey! This isn't a thread about reboots. I'm throwing a fucking party here. Who is coming? FYI, Fake Morty, you're not invited.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Awesome! Just saw this. I'm in, broseph! Down to par-tay. I love Xmas parties! Good to hear you and your wife got back together too. That's cool. When I saw you back in July I know she'd left or whatever.
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Oh. My. God. Your wife left you, Howard?!
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
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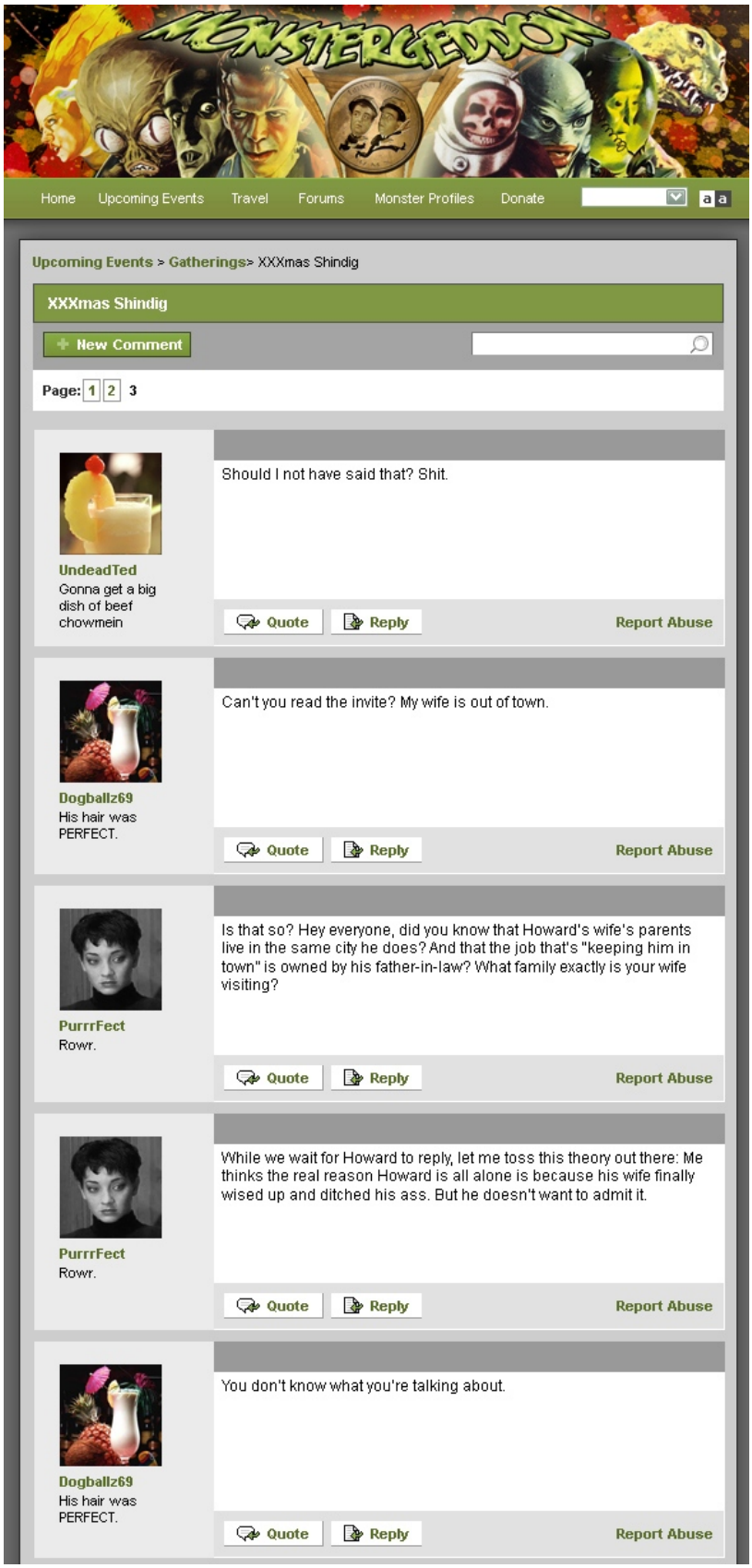
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XXXmas Shindig
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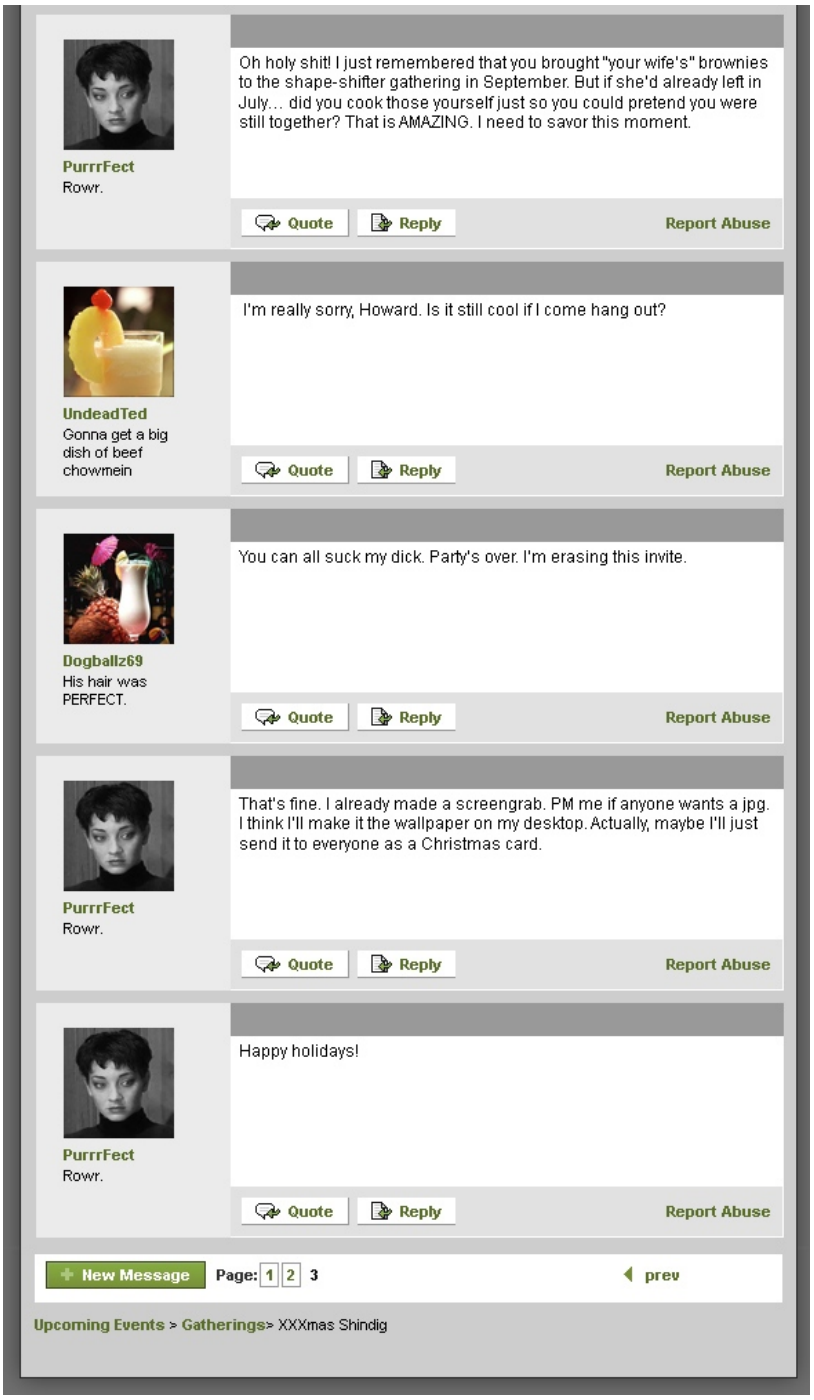
Should I not have said that? Shit.
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Can't you read the invite? My wife is out of town.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Is that so? Hey everyone, did you know that Howard's wife's parents live in the same city he does? And that the job that's "keeping him in town" is owned by his father-in-law? What family exactly is your wife visiting?
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
While we wait for Howard to reply, let me toss this theory out there: Me thinks the real reason Howard is all alone is because his wife finally wised up and ditched his ass. But he doesn't want to admit it.
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
You don't know what you're talking about.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



PurrrFect
Rowr.

Oh holy shit! I just remembered that you brought "your wife's" brownies to the shape-shifter gathering in September. But if she'd already left in July… did you cook those yourself just so you could pretend you were still together? That is AMAZING. I need to savor this moment.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

I'm really sorry, Howard. Is it still cool if I come hang out?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

You can all suck my dick. Party's over. I'm erasing this invite.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

That's fine. I already made a screengrab. PM me if anyone wants a jpg. I think I'll make it the wallpaper on my desktop. Actually, maybe I'll just send it to everyone as a Christmas card.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

Happy holidays!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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Thanks to "Groggery Gibbonman" author/artist **Ian Helm** for the page designs. New Grog soon!
Do you enjoy **Worm Miller**'s signature brand of bullshit? What if we told you there were entire books full of it?! Check out the author that *Publishers Weekly* called "cavalier and distasteful!"

–∼Worm Miller

12.21 The Alcoholic Dad's Day After Christmas Shopping Guide

Thursday, Dec 26, 2013 by Drunk Dad Daily

It happens every year: After 12 months of back-breaking labor, you're finally given the chance to close your eyes, rest your bones, and enjoy some well-earned sleep. Then -- suddenly -- you're struck with a realization so powerful, it sends you flying off of a barstool and onto the filthy linoleum below. Turns out, you have a family, and they're probably wondering whether or not you've inevitably choked on your own vomit at the office Christmas party. But this year, there's no need to craft elaborate lies that will only further estrange your children; with our handy guide, you can easily find some belated gifts both you and the little ones can use to enjoy and forget.

Junior Shipbuilding Kit

Who wouldn't want to learn the secrets of nautical travel first-hand while basking in the smoky finish that defines the Johnnie Walker lifestyle? Now your kids can experience the fun of meticulously building a tiny ship in an impossible space, just like the inhabitants of famous historical madhouses! Once the liquid contents of your Junior Shipbuilding Kit are emptied into plastic baggies and distributed in covert location around the house, the fun can really begin. With a build time of over 800 hours, the Junior Shipbuilding Kit ensures blackouts will only cause you to miss non-essential life events, like your children gently pulling on tiny masts with tweezers as they panic, sweat, and curse. All ship parts and tools sold separately.

Pabst's Mini Carnival of Fun

There's nothing more American than the carnival: It's where carny, livestock, and rube alike can rub elbows and feast on things that are fried but shouldn't be. Now you can bring this magic into your home with Pabst's Mini-Carnival of Fun, which will give your children an opportunity to develop their hand-eye coordination and learn valuable lessons about economics. Simply drain the contents of the 12 Pabst Carnival Cans into the Thermoses labeled "COFFEE" of your choice, and your kids will be ready to stack these decorative aluminum cylinders and charge the neighbors three dollars a throw in the front yard, back yard, or at any number of after-school functions. And your children can get a taste of their future working lives as you skim a cool 40% of their earnings off the top. Pabst's Mini Carnival of Fun is a great way to say "Happy Holidays" and "Hold onto joy while you can still feel!"

Spooky Christmas Skull

The Halloween Spirit might fade once November 1st rolls around, but who says it has to? Pick up this spooky Christmas Skull -- made by one of the REAL Ghostbusters -- and show your kids Jack Skellington isn't the only skinless Christmas ghoul in town. Just distribute the liquid contents into your morning coffee over the course of a few days, and your Spooky Christmas skull will be ready to bring the grim spectre of death into your child's life this Christmas. Stick it at the top of the tree, in place of Jesus in your nativity scene, or dangle it above their heads from a fishing line while they sleep -- when they discover their Spooky Christmas Skull, your little ones will be sure to leave you alone for years to come.

GiantTown Mini-Bottles

Children often fantasize about life as grown-ups -- take their dreams one step further by letting them pretend to be 60-foot-tall monstrosities with GiantTown Mini-Bottles. These miniature containers are just like the ones daddy drinks from, but at a tenth of the size and not shattered into countless fragments around the house! After their contents are poured into a nondescript Aquafina bottle, these Mini-Bottles will fill the lives of your children with the wonder of make-believe. From playing Giant Bartender to Giant Liquor Store Clerk to Giant Alcohol Corporation Representative, your kids will find up to three reasons to play quietly while daddy's bed spins uncontrollably like those adorable Coca-Cola polar bears!

EZ-Care My First Bug

Feeling the need to protect something small and defenseless is one of the most important, instinctual properties of intelligent life. And since you somehow managed to dodge that bullet, your kids will need another source from which to learn the joys of feeding, housing, and clothing some ingrate that will end up despising them anyway. I mean, you finally make it to one of their little league games, and what thanks do you get? You tell them everything before the seventh inning really isn't worth watching, and all they can do is cry and tell you to roll down the windows because you're still covered in the vomit that escaped from your mouth while ranting at the umpire for eight minutes. Anyhow, this dumb bug won't move, scream, or ask you where mommy went. Just chug the surrounding vodka down and toss it into their room on Christmas Eve before collapsing on something festive. God how I wish I were dead in a bottle.

—∼Drunk Dad Daily

12.22 All These Years I Have Been Lying About Big Butts

Friday, Dec 27, 2013 by Sir Mix-A-Lot (@sexyfacts4u)

I know this may effect our relationship, but I can't keep living this lie. I'm just going to put it out there. No matter what I have said in the past, honey, I don't like big butts. In fact, I hate them. I loathe them. At this point, after everything I have seen over the years, I can say with total certainty: there is nothing worse than a big butt.

Every day I feel responsible for the proliferation of big butts. I never wanted so many big butts. I was just looking for a hook for my song. I should have written a song about skinny girls with flat butts like a 1980s white girl.

When a girl walks in, irrespective of waist size, if she puts a round thing in my face I will probably want to die. I have a big butt allergy. I want 'em real thin and reedy, not trying to be needy. If you want to hook up and get me hard then have a butt like a debit card. I'm ashamed of my song.

I identify most closely with the attitude portrayed in the talk up at the beginning of "Baby Got Back." The valley girls scorning the big butts. I also scorn them. Down with big butts.

Big butts aren't healthy, ladies. They might indicate heart disease risk. High blood pressure. Definitely getting stuck in desks at your kid's parent/teacher conferences. My home boys tried to warn me and I have been regretting my big butt branding ever since.

You can do side bends and sit ups, but you're going to want to go 50/50 with lunges and squats if you want to tone your glutes.

They have butt implants now and I feel at least a little bit responsible for that. I'm not saying a

beautiful woman can't have a big butt, I'm not about that sort of negativity, I'm just referring to my personal taste.

If I had my choice of back situations below the belt, I'm talking a line with a dot in the middle. Sort of like a lowercase "i" where the dot fell halfway down the rest of it. From the side I want to see a profile like a greyhound.

I worry about your BMI, girl. Maybe we can get you fixed up with a trainer and put you on paleo. For health reasons. Get that butt looking like the bottom of a dish sled. Like you're smuggling magazines down your pants.

So if I am being 100% honest, I don't want to see a big butt ever again. To the beanpole dames in the magazines: Right on, girl! Whatever you're doing, keep on doing it. I am loving every minute of it.

I know there are some fine sisters out there living in the shadow of a big butt. Come out from underneath that hang, girl. Let's see your board shorts. Work that thing like a double hung storm window. Drop it like the gate at a toll both, I got exact change so you can let me through.

In summary, take care of yourself, because this obsession with big butts is leaving a lot of booty shorts with only ghosts to wear them. Ghosts can't wear booty shorts. They just fall off.

–∼Sir Mix-A-Lot (@sexyfacts4u)

12.23 Using Common Sense To Stay Cyber Secure

Saturday, Dec 28, 2013 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You don't need a Guy Fawkes mask and a fedora to keep your computer information secure. Just one of these objects of power should be more than capable of generating a field of sufficient strength to protect an average user. Two is overkill.

Or maybe you're uncomfortable with frighteningly potent totems. Understandable. In that case a more traditional approach to data safety might be the way to go. These steps might seem overwhelming, but in the end they all boil down to using common sense.

If you're using Chrome, always browse in a new Incognito window. You will be completely anonymous. Nothing will be tracked. Just remember to throw your own computer off the trail first by opening a regular Chrome window and doing a search for "How do I remove Incognito from my browser, I will never use it".

Don't hand your computer over to a stranger even if they ask very nicely. Did you know that this is the way 83% of all personal information is stolen? Stay strong. Even if someone with head bandages knocks on your front door and claims to have just been in a horrific car accident, don't give them your computer to look up new car prices. There's a very small chance that they might be lying.

Your desktop wallpaper should not be a picture of all your passwords printed in an extra large font size. Only keep your most-used passwords displayed on the wallpaper, in a medium font size. This will reduce the number of passwords that a high level hacker could potentially crack.

Don't let the FBI track your connection. Remember, when feds run a trace they need the target to stay connected for at least thirty seconds. Otherwise they'll only be able to track a signal to (in order of progression) a country, state, city, block, or street. Be sure to unplug your modem/router after every twenty to twenty five seconds of use to make sure they can never pinpoint your location.

As any computer expert will tell you, opening e-mail attachments is the most surefire way of getting a virus. Don't do it. Instead, go into the settings and have your computer automatically download and launch all attachments for you. Removing the potential for human error makes it impossible to get infected with malbugs. Why is this? Consider the fact that a computer is nearly ten times faster than a calculator. It can see every possible outcome of every scenario and choose the correct course of action.

In fact, don't trust ANY e-mail correspondence from unknown sources unless the subject contains "Important" or "Urgent" or "Greetings" or "hi sexy".

If possible, ask a trusted sorcerer to store your computer in the Negative Zone. Data thieves can't steal what they can't find, after all. In case you don't know any sorcerers, a simple magical Bag Of Holding will do in a pinch.

Question everything. Who owns this site? Why are they asking you to create an account? Why is one of the registration questions "How likely are you to sleep through loud noises, such as someone accidentally dropping a bag of all your precious jewels as they climb out of your window"? Who are you, really? You think you're you, but what if you're an agent that has been programmed to think like you? What about Benghazi?

Every time you step away from your computer, cover your tracks. Delete your web browser's history and cache. Degauss your monitor to remove any lingering afterimages of sensitive information. Format your hard drive and reinstall your operating system. Use a microfiber cloth to wipe your keyboard and mouse, removing your fingerprints. Shred your driver's license and social security card. Ease yourself into the lava pool, fading from this reality as if you had never existed at all. Do this every time!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.24 You Might Be a Redneck Jokes From a Sinister Mirror Universe

Monday, Dec 30, 2013 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Mirror universe Jeff Foxworthy hails from the Massachusetts Territory in the Annexed North of the CSA. Foxworthy's gentle brand of family-friendly redneck jokes that you are familiar with in our universe have been replaced with extremely blue yankee jokes.

If you've ever been so hungry you agreed to fight a dog on video for a ration bar that you ended up trading for sex...you may be a yankee.

If you try to pay your back taxes with a kidney and your kidney bounces...you may be a yankee.

If you've ever held a saxophone for reasons other than placing the saxophone in a jazz crusher...you may be a yankee

If you've ever defaced the swastika eagles on the German embassy with Jew stars...you may be a yankee.

If your wife's job requires you to use a toilet to wash semen out of condoms...you may be a yankee.

If you've ever been so hungry you cooked a spider and someone hungrier stole it from you at knife point...you may be a yankee.

If everybody in your family still calls it Washington instead of Davistown...you may be a yankee.

If the police ask you if you've had any dealings with the communist party and you think they're talking about sharing heroin needles...you may be a yankee.

If you've ever called your boss "master" and he's ever called you "boy" and you're not doing pay-to-play bondage in a rent boy basement...you may be a yankee.

If you have ever got so mad trying to return used toilet paper at the Aldi that you ended up on a bus to a plantation...you may be a yankee.

If you don't think all the old Disney cartoons about boiling negroes and driving tanks over Russian and Chinese people are funny you either have no sense of humor or...you may be a yankee.

If you've been in trouble with the police so many times you can recognize the police dogs and translate a fire hose...you may be a yankee.

If you have a problem with the stand your ground laws being extended to hanging lurking scalawags because "lurking scalawag" is on your citizen ID card...you may be a yankee.

If you have ever harbored a free negro in a secret room in your house because that negro was your wife...you are definitely a yankee.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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